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REMARKS ON THE MALT-TAX—LETTER FROM A WHIG TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON THE BUDGET.

The Ministers have been beaten by their friends, the country gentlemen, who have stolen a march upon the metropolis. The Malt-tax is to be reduced one-half. Very well. How is the revenue to be made up?—Not by further cuttings down; because if that be *possible now*, it should have been possible *before;* and a reduction of expenses, as the only consequence of reduced taxation, will be a premium to every man to attack every tax. No—the Malt-tax must be made up by some other tax: what that may be, Heaven knows!—it ought, perhaps, to fall on that class who have repealed this one,—viz. the country gentlemen. The Assessed Taxes—will they go too? Sooner or later all these takings off must terminate in one great putting on: the tide of events makes towards a Property Tax. And objectionable, in many respects, as that tax certainly is, it will be, perhaps, the most popular of taxes on the whole. We may see, by the bye, in the divisions on these recent debates, what is the *real* feeling of the House of Commons. There is but a very *faint* desire for further constitutional change; consequently, the minority on the Ballot is small—the debate attracted no interest—the House was thin—the discussion wretchedly cold and feeble. But the debates on the Currency, Mr. Robinson's motion for a Property-tax, the recent victory over the Malt-tax, and the meditated sallies against the rest of the Budget, prove that the House is, on the whole, faithful to the great trust confided to it by the people, and anxious, above all things, for a relief from fiscal burthens. God defend us, at all events, from quackeries! and not condemn us to lose our credit by the economy of resisting our debts.

We cannot here too strongly reprobate the language used at the Metropolitan meeting against the Assessed Taxes, and the treasonable threat of men too rich, at least, to have the plea of distress, that they will refuse to pay taxes imposed by the nation to pay the debts of the nation.

We pause here to give insertion to a letter on the Budget, from an

honest Ten-pound Householder. He is a little hard upon some parts of the proposed alleviations; but his letter may serve to put in a clear point of view the state of feeling in the provinces;—it may show a Government that is beset with unprecedented difficulties, that both Tory and Radical are gaining ground upon them, and that the middle class, which ought to be their natural strength, are beginning the most to desert them. For our own part we should deeply regret their abdication. They have done much that would have secured the everlasting gratitude of the nation, if they had not, by a sort of voluntary perverseness, counterbalanced the benefit. There are evidently two parties in the Cabinet;—and if the people are pleased to-day, one of these parties insists on the right of disappointing them to-morrow. Heaven help them and us! for we dislike and fear these times more and more. Would to God the Ministers, by a firm and consistent conduct, would suffer us to rally round them as the great landmarks of good government! In so much that is vague and uncertain, fain would we keep our eyes to one certain point. We dread that the day is coming when the honest friends of the people, in their determination to defend national faith and individual property at all hazards, will be the stanchest opponents to the popular demand. But now to our Householder's letter:—

Letter from a Whig Ten-Pound Householder to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Budget.

I am, my Lord, but a poor man, who, thanks to the exertions of the administration to which your Lordship belongs, was admitted to the right of voting for Members of Parliament, for the first time, in the last election. The ministers, no doubt, *had* their difficulties in obtaining Parliamentary Reform—humble individual though I be, I also have had *mine!* I am a tradesman with a large family, and most of the custom which I receive has been given to me by certain great families in my town—the Parson, and the Captain, and his worship the Mayor, and the Squire who lives at the hall as you enter the town. I dare say your Lordship would laugh to hear these called great families; but I assure you they are quite as proud, and think as much of commanding their tradespeople and their tenants, as if they were the richest peers in the realm. They are mighty particular in exacting the votes of all whom they deal with, and they call that sort of exaction "the legitimate influence of property." Now, your Lordship must know, that these great people are all violent Tories, and thereby opposed to your Lordship's administration. They brought down a fine young gentleman, a lord's son, and insisted on our voting for him, because *he* had voted in the last Parliament against reform, and was resolved to vote against your Lordship, should we return him to the next. There were two other candi-

dates in the field—one was what is called an out-and-out Radical; the other was "a gentleman Reformer," and of an old Whig family. Our borough returns only one member—we returned the Whig. For my part I would not vote for the Tory, who abused your Lordship, because I thought the time was come for considerable changes in the mode—partly of governing, but principally of taxing, the people. Neither would I vote for the Radical, who abused your Lordship still more, because I thought that your administration would be the best for carrying these changes into effect;—I voted, accordingly, for the Whig candidate;—I lost my Tory customers, and ever since I have been several shillings a week the poorer for my patriotism. What is very provoking, I am not considered exactly a patriot for my pains—and the Radicals look upon me as a half-and-half sort of fellow. Had I voted with them I should have got praise—had I voted for the Tory I should have got pence—as it is, I have got neither the one nor the other.

Still, my Lord, I have consoled myself, and, let me add, I do still console myself, by hoping that your Lordship and your colleagues will make all smooth, and that by your exertions, economy, and wisdom, I shall gain more from a reduction in taxes than I shall lose from a loss of custom;—on the other hand, there is some pleasure in the triumph I shall enjoy over the Radicals, by pointing to the acts of the ministers, and saying, "You see what they have done." Now, my Lord, if you ask me why I expected and expect so much, I will tell you, that your own language taught me to expect it from a reformed parliament and a reforming ministry. When you attacked the unreformed parliament, for what did you blame it?—For its profligate expenditure! When they told you it had worked well—you replied, "No; that it had not worked well—for it had been always exceedingly extravagant." When they asked you what you wanted a reformed parliament for—you answered, "As a court wherein to effect other reforms." I have a file of old newspapers—I keep them in my back parlour—they are very convenient in refreshing one's memory. Well, my Lord, I find those were the arguments used by Lord Grey, by Mr. Stanley, by Mr. Macaulay, and by your Lordship, to say nothing of other fine speakers who support the ministers, but are not at present in office;—I had, therefore, every reason for believing that you intended to be much better than those who had gone before you; and that indeed you have been,—but to be better than bad is hardly sufficient. Indeed, I confess that I, and my friends in the town of ——, began to be a little staggered when we saw that the very first thing your Lordship and your supporters did, was to put into the chair of your reformed house a gentleman who, had he given his vote one way or the other, would have prevented a reformed parliament ever meeting at all. "Why," said my neighbour Styles to me—(Styles is a very active, acute man)—"when we summon a public meeting about

Negro slavery, we don't call on Mr. Whipcord, the planter, to take the chair—when we meet to petition for a reform in the church, we don't beg the Rector to preside over us—and I must say, it is a little discouraging to see, after all the pains and so forth that we have just taken to return reformers, that the very first thing these gentlemen do is to elect an anti-reformer. Why, it seems as if they were laughing at us." "No!" said I, "the ministers are economical—you know we save four thousand a-year by it." This was an argument undoubtedly of much importance. The whole country considered it as such; the House of Commons—the reformed House of Commons—did the same; and I think old Styles *might* have been wrong to this day. Well, but if some thought choosing a Tory for your chairman was an inauspicious beginning, they opened their eyes in good earnest when they saw what you did next. Our fellow countrymen in Ireland had been oppressed, and harassed, and impoverished—you finish the matter by taking away from them every shred of the constitution. They were so wronged that their petitions grew noisy—you took away the right of meeting to petition altogether. By way of making the matter up to them, you have certainly promised to reform the Church—you have taken off ten Bishops—but many say that they would sooner see Bishops in the pulpit than soldiers in the jury-box—and the blackness of the physic makes them think very little of the size of the sugar-plum. This is the common opinion in my town. However, Ireland is—*Ireland!* and, like the eels, she is used to the culinary operations of legislative benevolence. Besides, property must be preserved, &c. &c.; and having doubts upon the subject, I put my scruples in my pocket. The next cry that was raised amongst our more reading and radical folks was on the Sinecure votes. I thought you were wrong, I confess; but there was a good deal of unjust clamour on the subject,—and, after all, I have a great respect for the prerogative. Besides, I waited for the budget. It is out, my Lord; and I won't flatter your Lordship—there are only two opinions on the matter—the Tories laugh at it—the Radicals, even the moderate Radicals, abuse it. There are two grievances in taxation that we especially complain of in our part of the world—and our part of the world is very little different, I fancy, from the rest of England—these two are the taxes on knowledge and the taxes on industry. By the taxes on knowledge, we mean no abstract and refined idea, which is to be picked up only from philosophers. Some people say—"Why, you can't eat and drink knowledge; why should you be so anxious to abolish the taxes upon it?" The answer is very plain—"because knowledge teaches us the cheapest modes of obtaining meat and drink." Our town, my Lord, is situated in one of those districts which, a short time since, were called "the disturbed." Two years ago riots, and machine-breaking, and incendiarism, were common among

us. It was not only the bad characters that were engaged in these offences—several of our most industrious and hardworking labourers were among the criminals—induced by the force of example, and by the *ignorant* persuasion—1st. That to destroy corn would raise wages; and, 2dly. That the law could only sentence them, if detected, to a month's confinement to hard labour (and to hard labour, God knows, they had been condemned all their lives!) We have seen these men taken away from their families, and sent to the hulks, for no other crime than that of not knowing their own interest and the laws of their country. We wished therefore to have in future amongst us those cheap modes of publication which may allow every man, however poor, to know the nature of his offence and the penalty which he incurs. These modes of diffusing cheap information are only to be obtained from cheap periodicals; and therefore, my Lord, as in our Christian and civilized district we happen to have a regard for the lives and virtue of our poor neighbours, we did desire, and from a reformed Parliament we did expect, that the stamp duty, which now prohibits cheap periodicals, would be abolished. We expected this the more, because you yourself had assured us that you *were convinced of the fact I have just stated*, and that you *were* conscious that a stamp duty on periodicals was a premium upon vice, and the main means of perpetuating distress. You allowed this in Parliament publicly—you argued against this tax out of office—you professed the same opinion in office—you declared your creed to be, that ignorance was the cause of immorality—that immorality (and this all the recent evidence on the Poor Laws goes to prove) was the cause of distress—and we did not doubt therefore, that, as far as you could, you would remove that ignorance which was the root of national affliction. You bring forward your budget—you have 1,500,000*l.* to dispose of—this tax upon knowledge is not one-third part of that sum—we conclude that, of course, you will redeem your pledges—not a whit of it—you have not taken off a single shilling of that tax. With the candour which marks your words, you declare, in your speech, that you think this tax "*poisons the mind of the people;*" and then, leaving the poison to operate as it may, you declare you have something better to do with the money!—something better than the morals of a nation! Well—I said our second grievance in taxation was the burthens upon industry: if you would not take off the tax which makes men criminals, we might comfort ourselves, with a sigh, that your excuse would be the necessity of taking off those which make men paupers. You proceed like the "Devil on Two Sticks," you make a descent on the housetops, and lavish your fiscal generosity upon tiles. What do the poor care for tiles?—It is not a tax upon the poor, but a tax upon the rich gentlemen who build houses, and let them at eight per cent.! And these are the people you have relieved. Marine insurances!—Does your Lordship think we have so much leisure that

we make summer excursions on the sea? Raw cotton!—Well, there *is* some sense in taking off a tax upon *that*, I allow; but when my Lord Althorp takes off the tax upon raw cotton, he makes no boon to the people—none in the world. For who *put the tax upon* raw cotton?—Why, my Lord Althorp himself! He makes the giants first, and *then* he kills them. The soap duty—you take off half.—We are very much obliged to you—cleanliness is a virtue. You allow then that soap is necessary for the body; but there is a soap also for the mind—and on that you keep up the price of cleanliness. Half the duty on soap!—it is well meant—the best thing you have done. I might say that it is still not low enough to defeat the contraband trader—and that

"The smuggler and the poor divide the prize."

But I will not be too critical where I see some merit. You reduced the duty on advertisements,—in what way?—so as to make a man who can afford three advertisements pay prodigiously less than the poor devil who can only pay one. In this instance, it would seem as if there had been a sort of fellowship with certain quack doctors, who advertise to unfortunate youths and maidens destruction on scientific principles every day in the week. The servant and the clerk, who can only afford one advertisement, are put to the highest terms—the overgrown razor-vender and the quack doctor to the lowest. True, it is now said that the newspapers have shamed your Lordship out of this gradation; but there it is—there is what I complain of,—so obvious and easy an improvement would have suggested itself to you, had your Lordship but consulted practical individuals. Under such profound secrecy you can but prepare the public disappointment; I complain also, that, while you prepare nothing by deliberation, you concede amendment only to clamour. You consult nobody; and therefore you must err, however honest and able;—and it then depends on the quantum of noise made as to the quantum of error that is redressed!

So much for the principal part of your Lordship's budget. Oh! I forgot though—there is the window tax! In this you actually make such an adjustment of taxes, that the rich man, who has a large store-room with five windows, shall be, indeed, considered and eased; but the poor shopkeeper, with only one window to his front shop, gets no relief at all. But perhaps your Lordship, as you never consult anybody, did not know that there are some shops in existence that *have* only one window; perhaps you supposed that a shop so small as not to have a warehouse did not exist. I have read a story of poor Marie Antoinette, that when the people complained of the want of bread, she said innocently, "Why don't they eat cakes then?" Your Lordship is not unjust—I suppose you, therefore, a *leetle* in the dark as to practical matters; and whenever the people complain of not having bread enough, I dare

be sworn you will recommend them to go to the cake-shop; but, however, a man gains *something*, even when he is in the wrong, if his error gives *somebody* satisfaction. These rich aristocrats of dowlas and tallow,—these five-windowed traders,—these mighty ones of Bond-street and Marylebone,—what do *they* say? Are *they* pleased—are *they* contented? Not a bit of it; they have summoned a great meeting to assure you of their disappointment and talk treason. You have framed your relief so unhappily, that even those who gain the most by it are discontented.

This, then, is the history of your Lordship's budget. You had 1,500,000*l.* to spend: you have thrown the greater part of the sum entirely away,—you have managed to spend it with at least the smallest possible benefit to the people,—you have hit on a solution of the arithmetical problem, "Given 1,500,000*l.*—reduce them to 0." By a series of small boons, by trying to please this man and ease that man,—you have neither pleased nor eased any one. A great load might have been taken from the shoulders of one class or another; you have preferred dabbling to the weight of pins' heads with all classes. What ought to have been the obvious plan to a financier? Should he not have said, "In taxation small benefits are no benefits?" Should he not have applied to some one or two great taxes, and got rid at once of the tax and the expense of collecting it? He should not have made all the grinding-stones go round a little slower, but he should have broken up one of the grinding-stones, and sold the materials to improve the others. He should have got rid of the whole tax in order to get rid of the whole machinery. Thus, even with 1,500,000*l.*, some *great* good might have been effected, and the country have beheld the dawn of effectual relief, not in the amount of the reduction, but in the large mind which learned upon what principles to reduce.

But let me be still more plain. When the people struggled for a Reformed Parliament,—when they underwent the ordeal of excitement and suspense,—when they saw without complaint their trade suffering and their commerce stagnant,—when, in defiance of the threats of the great warrior, they braved the vengeance of his returning power, and rallied round a baffled and fainting Administration,—when they bore you back amidst bonfires and huzzas to your proud pre-eminences,—believe me, they did not calculate on a budget that was to promise relief only to the amount of a million and a half. They expected, at least, that you would say, as an excuse for so diminutive a saving, "This is all we can do, supposing our present expenditure continues the same. You see that it is not enough. What is the consequence? Why, that with a bold and unsparing hand we *must* cut down all expenses on the one hand, or modify the unequal principle of taxation on the other." Of the first you give us no hope; hope of the second you have already denied.

My Lord, I am not, as I have before said, what is called a Radical;—no; I am a moderate, quiet man, who hates rash schemes, and has no wish to sacrifice this generation for the experiment of benefiting posterity. But I, and all of the Whig party in our town, (and on Saturdays the market makes it wonderfully full,) feel our confidence in the Administration beginning to shake. We don't know what to say when we are told—"This is the very Parliament *you* summoned: you have the mightiest majority at your back that the House of Commons ever saw,—and what have you done? Elected to your chair an avowed enemy of Reform!—declared Sinecures a part of the prerogative!—put Ireland under Military Law!—(by the by, we are to pay for the soldiers!)—refused a Commutation of Taxes!—and brought forward a Budget, in which the most solemn expectations are violated, and the principle of DO LITTLE is illustrated by the principle of DO IT BADLY!"

We don't know well what to say when we are told this. You have no idea how many amongst your old friends now exclaim, with old Styles—"It was not for this that I—(yes, we must all look to ourselves)—that *I* renounced my Tory customers that I might return Lord Grey's supporter—it was not for this that I bore the jeers of the Radicals, that I might assist his friend. I candidly confess, that unless the second session regain the confidence Ministers have lost in the first, I shall be Whig no more—I will either be a Tory and Conservative of my customer, or a Radical—and then content myself, at least, with the praise of undeniable patriotism."

All this, there is no doubt, is very improper in one man to address to another—if that other has the power to ruin him; for what seems to me very odd is, that the more harm a man has the power to do you, the more impertinent it is thought in you to beg him to refrain from harming you. *But I have not yet renounced all that confidence* I entertained so warmly four short months ago.—And I think that when you see a man walking into a quagmire, it is a sign of liking, not of hatred, to pull him pretty sharply by the shoulder, and beg him to see where he is going.

So, wishing long life to your Lordship, and better health to your Lordship's next budget,

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

A WHIG TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER.

April 25, 1833.

"ARMY REFORM.

"BY A CI-DEVANT CAVALRY OFFICER."

THE subject of this pamphlet, rather than the pamphlet itself, induces us to offer a few observations on it: and our reason is, that in fact by the amount of our current expenditure, under the head of military charges, (for this is the largest of all the estimates to be provided for,) the extent and pressure of taxation must mainly be regulated. Now, those who know what that pressure is, and the distress consequent on it, will probably excuse a page or two being devoted to so dry a topic.

We cannot compliment the anonymous writer of this brochure on the amenity or kindly feeling evinced in it towards the profession he states himself to have belonged to; but some of his remarks are nevertheless shrewd, to the point, and worthy of the attention of those who, not already conversant with such details, may yet be desirous of taking part in discussions on the estimates.

"The system," (he says,) "of perpetuating the *half-pay*, by young men *purchasing* old officers' half-pay, (including generals') has rendered it *immortal;* after eighteen years of peace, it flourishes like an evergreen." This has been a flagrant abuse, and has been carried to a shameful extent. In truth, the system of purchasing commissions in the army is altogether a monstrous specimen of unblushing impudence and corruption. But abuses long continued are no longer recognized as such. And whatever plausible cant may be urged in favour of the practice, it is certain it did not originate in any of the reasons which have been since excogitated in its defence, and which, if they were worth any thing, would be equally applicable to the sea service. The truth is, the practice originated with corrupt and corrupting ministers, who, having contrived or permitted that commissions in the army should become articles of traffic, gave them to their political adherents as money's worth. Eventually, the system having become general, is openly sanctioned by authority. Ours is the only army in the world in which there is a pecuniary qualification for command, instead of zeal, conduct, or valour.

The writer proposes, on the ground of economy, the establishment of a large force of *stationary colonial* corps. In this there is no novelty, but it involves important considerations which do not appear to have entered into his speculations. He attacks the *sinecures*, *pluralities*, and *regimental colonelcies* of the generals; and, were he less flippant and indiscriminate, not without reason. He insinuates that the present appointments and former pecuniary rewards enjoyed by his Grace the

Duke of Wellington are enormous and excessive. These are, unquestionably, points fairly open to debate. But when he attempts to depreciate the military exploits of the Duke, when he repeats the hackneyed, futile pretexts of some French pamphlet writers, to prove that the battles of *Quatre Bras* and *Waterloo* were only won by the English army through *accident*, he betrays an entire ignorance of the matter; and if he prove anything, it is that he himself most probably never shared in any such services. But a warrior of the barrack-yard, or of Hounslow Heath, may still be capable of contributing to administrative economy.

His objections on the subject of Chelsea Hospital we in a great degree concur in; and would add a word or two from our own knowledge. In this institution the system of jobbing has flourished, and the King's regulations have been utterly violated—so much so, that instead of veteran soldiers, non-commissioned officers, or meritorious subalterns filling certain appointments, as was the intention of the Legislature, there have in many instances been selected for them the valets-de-chambre, gamekeepers, butlers, electioneering or political agents, or partisans, and other such protégés of former *Postmasters-General*, or of their friends or colleagues. We are well aware that the present noble Lord at the head of the Pay Office is incapable of making such appointments. He will do well, however, to clear the public establishment under his auspices from this species of vermin, and so send them back to the unscrupulous patrons who thus pensioned them off at the public expense.

We coincide in many of his strictures concerning the Guards. The advantages, peculiar privileges, and superior pay and rank enjoyed by this corps over the rest of the army, are invidious and undeserved distinctions. This regiment is, in fact, an aristocratical institution, engrafted on a public service. On this gewgaw of royalty, this select preserve of the Aristocracy, about 70,000*l.* yearly* of the public money is wasted. But the prejudice to the *morale* of the Army generally, by the existence of a privileged corps, not selected on account of merit or service, is a consideration of more consequence. The carpings of the writer on the History of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mackinnon, are paltry and contemptible. Colonel Mackinnon is a Guardsman; he writes as a Guardsman; and his account of the Coldstream is distinguished by good sense, much and careful research, contains many curious and interesting historical facts, and altogether does him great credit.

The writer proposes a most sweeping reduction of from 20 to 35 per cent. from the pay of all generals, officers, and soldiers, without distinction or exception; and, having great confidence in the Whig mi-

* Beyond a similar number of troops of the line.

nistry, counts on their adopting this crude, extravagant proposition, forgetting how they served Sir Henry Parnell for having suggested some fractional part of this species of retrenchment.—But we must draw these observations to a close.

Constant complaints, we find, are made in Parliament, on the subject of the taxes. But while many of the popular members loudly call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to repeal various and considerable imposts, they yet allow him to pass almost *sub silentio*, or at least with little serious opposition, those estimates which justify and even compel him to continue the imposts against which they declaim! This, in our opinion, is an inconsistency which electors should see to, by giving more definite instructions to those in the guardianship of their interests.

But the real difficulty of any essential and well-considered plan of reduction being carried into effect with respect to the Army, is, that certain false friends of the court set their faces against it. They deem any such proceedings as most "*destructive*,"—and look upon a standing army, a *generous* scale of expenditure, a liberal distribution of commissions and promotions, as the true and indispensable attribute of a monarchy, especially surrounded, as ours is, by a splendid and powerful, but also for their junior branches and followers, a needy and grasping Aristocracy. But the views of the court in this respect are well supported elsewhere. There are probably, *at least*, two hundred members of the House of Commons' Patriots, Whigs and Tories, of all shades and gradations, who have good and sufficient personal or family reasons for not desiring a too vigilant curtailment of this wide and convenient branch of expenditure. Thus it is, that from amidst friends and foes the ministers find an overpowering body of supporters on both sides of the House, —all desirous, on this question, not to thwart the court and the chiefs of the army. For the scions of the great families, the Army is an excellent resource.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S MEMOIRS ON THE IRISH UNION.

The affairs of Ireland have come of late so frequently under discussion, that the book of Sir J. Barrington, evincing upon the whole considerable ability, is a work of interest. Ramblingly written, it extends over that period of years which commences with the struggle of Ireland for independence, and continues down to her union as an independent state with the independent state of Great Britain.

The claim of the British Parliament to bind Ireland by British statutes was first disputed in a little pamphlet, by Mr. Molyneux, which, now scarce and almost forgotten, obtained for the writer a reputation the more considerable to him from the circumstance that the book was burnt by the hangman. This work appeared in 1698: but up to 1779, at which period Ireland appears to have been in the most despondng and depressed condition, little effort had been made to procure either constitutional or commercial liberty for the Irish people. As long as Poyning's well-known law, which prohibited the Irish Parliament from more than simply assenting to or dissenting from the will of the English Privy Council, was in force—as long as that law was in force, and the law enacted in the 6th year of George the First—and which gave to England the express power of legislating for Ireland whenever it was thought proper to insert her name in any statute—as long as these two laws existed and were acted upon, it is quite clear that the Legislature of Ireland was a mere mockery of the magnificent name that it assumed, and that the Parliament of Ireland was no more a national parliament than the coronet of the Lord Lieutenant was a sovereign's crown.

The name existed, and that was all; and so little indeed was the insignificance of senatorship thought an honour to dispute, that almost up to this time the member duly elected was not given the trouble to be elected again—once a member, he remained always a member, to the great ease and comfort of his constituents.

The contest with America humbled the pride of England; a disposition to concede was wrung from her by a mighty concession; and the demand of Ireland for a free constitution, however disagreeable, was still less obnoxious than the demand of the United States for absolute separation. But this was not all: the French royalists were leagued with the American revolutionists; Ireland was threatened with invasion—"Ireland, without money, militia, or standing army, without ordnance or fortifications," was threatened with invasion; and since no less dangerous alternative remained, she was allowed to act in her own defence. The volunteers, the most singular military force that ever existed in any country, and bearing no resemblance to any, if we except, perhaps, the German Landwehr, in the last campaigns of 1812 and 1813—the Irish volunteers were formed, and formed with an eagerness and enthusiasm which resulted from the love of military enterprise natural to the Irish people.

"Self-governed, they accepted no commissions whatever from the crown, and acknowledged no connexion whatever with the government. The private men appointed their own officers, and occasionally cashiered them for misconduct or incapacity—they accepted no pay whatever—

the more wealthy soldier cheerfully shared his funds with his poorer comrade, and the officers contributed their proportions to the general stock-purse." No army could be enrolled under regulations more contrary to our notions of discipline, no army was ever better disciplined. The influence of rank and character which conferred command was sufficient to procure obedience—every man was a soldier, and the best citizen stood highest in the service. One peculiarity attended an army so peculiarly formed—its desires for a time were sure to be the desires of the community. Arming, then, against a foreign foe, it became anxious to secure domestic benefits. Mr. Grattan, thus supported at the opening of the session of 1779—80, made an amendment to the address which Mr. Burgh (then prime sergeant) afterwards couched in the terms, "that it is not by temporary expedients, but by free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin;" and this amendment of the Irish parliament was followed by the British parliament "proceeding to pass various resolutions, declaring that it was expedient forthwith to repeal the several statutes and laws of Great Britain which restrained the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, and, in that respect, partially to place her on a level with British subjects."

But concessions made to people with arms in their hands should never be short of full and ample satisfaction: resist and conquer, or concede and satisfy, are the only alternatives that present themselves to an able and stern-minded minister in such a difficult conjuncture. Few ministers, however, are statesmen of this character, and there are few examples of such a wholesome policy being pursued. Commercial concessions were followed by constitutional demands; the question whether Ireland was or was not an independent kingdom,—a question that depended upon no abstruse or logistical reasoning, but on the very simple fact of whether she was in a situation to assert her independence or not—was theoretically treated as matter of argument, but brought rather practically to issue by a proposition of Sir Lucius O'Brien, that the King of Great Britain should, as King of Ireland, declare war against Portugal, with whom the neighbouring United State was in the strictest term of friendship and amity. The cause was one which appealed powerfully to the Irish nation: the Portuguese had refused to receive their articles of commerce, as by treaty they were bound to do those of England. Sir L. O'Brien's amendment was of course lost, but it gave the keenest spur to the desire, already popular, for some express acknowledgment of that which the Irish doubted of—while they claimed it as unquestionable—their national independence: this the volunteers, and, backed by the volunteers, the parliament, were determined at every risk to obtain. The meeting at Dungannon of 200 volunteer delegates took place:—the armed bodies throughout Ireland echoed the resolutions of their delegates. The Irish parliament granted the supplies for six months instead of two years—the Priests, Catholic and Dissenting, claimed that liberty "without which," said they, "life is but a prison, and society a place of bondage." The ministry of Lord North was dismissed; Lord Carlisle was recalled; and the Duke of Portland, as the envoy of Lord Rockingham's cabinet, proceeded to Ireland with the message, "that mistrusts and jealousies had arisen there, and that it was highly necessary to take the same into immediate consideration, in order to a *final* adjustment." To this message, delivered at the meeting of parliament, by Mr. Hutch-

inson, Mr. Grattan replied, by moving a declaration that "the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof." The effect of Mr. Grattan's speech and amendment, says Sir J. Barrington, who was present, "was instantaneous and decisive; Ireland was committed, and must persist; Great Britain had lavished in America her powers of resistance;" and even Fitzgibbon, the stern, stubborn, and the tyrannical Fitzgibbon, called upon the people "to stand firm in the unretractable position in which they had placed themselves." It is not our intention to follow further a subject which must be so well known to the generality of our readers as that of the tacit acknowledgment of Ireland's right which was made by the repeal of the British statute (6th George I.) Divisions among the liberal party now arose; Mr. Flood demanding a positive recognition of Irish independence, Mr. Grattan being satisfied at the repeal of those laws which interfered with it. Gratitude for the Whig ministry prevailed, and Mr. Grattan was for the time triumphant. Shortly after, the Duke of Portland closed the parliament in a speech "that every cause of party jealousies and discontents was finally removed; and that both countries having pledged good faith to each other, their best security will be an inviolable interest to their compact." It is to this compact, to this final adjustment, that Sir Jonah Barrington perpetually refers, in contending against the union; from which, he asserts, the two nations were barred by their previous declarations. Is it necessary to say, that all final adjustments and final compacts are absurd? The fallacy of supposing that any government can finally bind a succeeding government is almost too antiquated, we should hope, to call for present refutation. An adjustment spoken of as final at any time can only mean that at that time it settles all pending disputes; and really the accusation of duplicity and treachery, and so forth, against the Duke of Portland, and against the English nation for subsequently effecting another arrangement, is neither worthy the Irish cause nor the talents of its advocate. The Union is to be defended or to be assailed on the ground of its utility or its necessity at the period when it took place. As to the champions or the opponents of the Union, they indeed, as individuals, may be judged according to their motives; and we believe, that neither the one party nor the other were guided by perfectly pure and unselfish ones. Some made their fortunes by it, some saw they would be ruined if it took place. To some it cleared the road to advancement in Ireland, to some it opened the road to advancement in England; and in the most corrupt and most intriguing of all corrupt and intriguing parliaments, as many jobbers or would-be jobbers stood, in all probability, by one side as by the other. The first debate on the subject of the Union took place 22d January, 1799. On the 24th was the main debate. It commenced about seven o'clock. Silence prevailed in the galleries; an indecent noise ran through the corridors; it was the bustle of the canvass. Lord Castlereagh, silent, ran his eye anxiously round the assembly. Several opposition members rose at once to tell the Secretary their opinion of his merits. Sir J. Parnell opened the discussion. Mr. Ponsonby's speech, directed personally against Lord

Castlereagh, was very effective; but Mr. Plunkett's, on the same side, was the great speech of that night; and it was then that he vowed the little Hannibals of Mr. Cobbett to an eternal hostility to the invaders, as he called them, of his country's freedom.

For the address . . .	105
Against	111
Majority against government	6

That this majority was not decisive Sir Jonah Barrington attributes to the subsequent motion of Mr. Ponsonby, "That this house will ever maintain the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, by preserving an independent parliament of Lords and Commons resident in the kingdom," being met by two or three members, Mr. Fortescue the first, declaring that though they had voted decidedly against the Union, they did not wish to bind themselves for *ever*; and this declaration, which at once showed that the triumph of the anti-unionists was but momentary, and that the defeat of government could not be considered final, introduced doubt and irresolution into the one party, and hope, almost amounting to confidence, into the other. The augury was true; for in the next session the question was carried for the ministry by a majority fluctuating between forty and fifty,—never less than the one, never more than the other.

The blackness of the transaction on the side of government was the gross and indisputable treachery with which the Catholics were inveigled into dissension with the anti-unionists, and subsequently betrayed by the pious monarch and his perfidious minion. On the side of the parliament, the historian and eulogist of the parliament says enough to convince us that there never was an assembly so ill qualified to superintend the interests of a nation as that which, according to his own account, unblushingly sold those interests. The unparalleled profligacy, the profligacy unparalleled even in parliamentary annals, with which members on the same night spoke on both sides of the question—the disgraceful haggling after the price of political prostitution, which, in one or two instances, Sir J. Barrington lays before the public eye, give as sordid a picture of patriotism as any who wished to caricature the independent parliament, *bullied* by Fitzgibbon, and *bought* by Castlereagh, might well desire.

From the year 1780 to the year 1800 we are far from denying that Ireland made considerable progress in civilization; and the commercial advantages which she then, for the first time, enjoyed, are sufficient to account for this. But during the whole of this period, there is not one moment when she may be said to have enjoyed anything like political tranquillity. She was in a state which might procure temporary advantages to liberty, but which, if continued, could alone be favourable to military despotism. The government of armed men, and the pretensions of an armed parliament—though the one body and the other may, for a while, speak the language and breathe the spirit of freedom—must, eventually, tend to merge the rights and feelings of the citizen in the duties and passions of the soldier. The scenes of this animated time are vividly and strikingly portrayed in the book before us. We see the Bishop of Derry enter Dublin with his splendid guards; the gallery of the House of Commons filled by the graceful

beauties of the vice-regal court; and in the strong and living delineation of the celebrated characters of the time—Ponsonby with his cool collectedness, Grattan with his drawling energy, Curran with his quaint vivacity, and Fitzgibbon with his towering pride—the author has been remarkably successful; his description, indeed, of individuals, is the best part of his volumes.

REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

A SONNET. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
  Lulled on his mother's breast the young child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
  Brooding above the slumber of his eyes:
And through the silence of the burning skies,
  Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
  Regal and still, as everlasting things.
Vain pomps! from *Him*, with that pure flowery cheek,
  Soft shadowed by his mother's bending head,
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
  Through the whole world like vernal air shall spread;
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown
Before the suffering and the lowly down.

THE RISING OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

He that was dead, rose up and spoke—he spoke—
  Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words, that first the bier's dread silence broke,
  Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
  The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For Man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
  Brought from their portal back across the deep?
—— Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord recalled the voice departed,
To spread His truth, to comfort His faint-hearted,
Not to unfold the mysteries of its way.
—— Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith—
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* Death!

THE HISTORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY'S EXPULSION FROM OXFORD.

The theory of civil liberty has ever seemed lovely to the eyes of a young man enamoured of moral and intellectual beauty; Shelley's devotion to freedom, therefore, was ardent and sincere. He would have submitted with cheerful alacrity to the greatest sacrifices, had they been demanded of him, to advance the sacred cause of liberty; and he would have gallantly encountered every peril in the fearless resistance to active oppression. Nevertheless, in ordinary times, although a generous and unhesitating patriot, he was little inclined to consume the pleasant season of youth amidst the intrigues and clamours of elections, and in the dull and selfish cabals of parties. His fancy viewed from a lofty eminence the grand scheme of an ideal republic; and he could not descend to the humble task of setting out the boundaries of neighbouring rights, and to the uninviting duties of actual administration. He was still less disposed to interest himself in the politics of the day, because he observed the pernicious effects of party zeal in a field where it ought not to enter. It is no slight evil, but a heavy price paid for popular institutions, that society should be divided into hostile clans to serve the selfish purposes of a few political adventurers; and surely to introduce politics within the calm precincts of an university ought to be deemed a capital offence—a felony without benefit of clergy. The undue admission (to borrow the language of universities for a moment) is not less fatal to its existence as an institution designed for the advancement of learning, than the reception of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy was to the safety of that renowned city. What does it import the interpreters of Pindar and Thucydides,—the expositors of Plato and Aristotle,—if a few interested persons, for the sake of some lucrative posts, affect to believe that it is a matter of vital importance to the state to concede certain privileges to the Roman Catholics; whilst others, for the same reason, pretend, with tears in their eyes, that the concessions would be dangerous, and, indeed, destructive, and shudder with feigned horror at the harmless proposal? Such pretexts may be advantageous; and perhaps even honourable, to the ingenious persons who use them for the purposes of immediate advancement; but of what concernment are they to Apollo and the Muses? How could the Catholic question augment the calamities of Priam, or diminish the misfortunes of the ill-fated house of Labdacus? or which of the doubts of the ancient philosophers would the most satisfactory solution of it remove? Why must the modest student come forth, and dance upon the tight-rope with the mountebanks, since he is to receive no part of the reward, and would not emulate the glory, of those meritorious artists? Yet did this most inapplicable question mainly contribute to poison the harmless and studious felicity which we enjoyed at Oxford.

During the whole period of our residence there, the University was cruelly disfigured by bitter feuds, arising out of the late election of its Chancellor: in an especial manner was our own most venerable college deformed by them, and by angry and senseless disappointment. Lord Grenville had just been chosen. There could be no more comparison

between his scholarship and his various qualifications for the honourable and useless office, and the claims of his unsuccessful opponent, than between the attainments of the best man of the year and those of the huge porter who, with a stern and solemn civility, kept the gates of University College,—the arts of mulled-wine and egged-hot being, in the latter case, alone excepted. The vanquished competitor, however, most unfortunately for its honour and character, was a member of our college; and in proportion as the intrinsic merits of our rulers were small, had the vehemence and violence of electioneering been great, that, through the abuse of the patronage of the church, they might attain to those dignities, as the rewards of the activity of partisans, which they could never hope to reach through the legitimate road of superior learning and talents. Their vexation at failing was the more sharp and abiding, because the only objection that vulgar bigotry could urge against the victor was his disposition to make concessions to the Roman Catholics; and every dull lampoon about popes, and cardinals, and the scarlet lady, had accordingly been worn threadbare in vain. Since the learned and the liberal had conquered, learning and liberality were peculiarly odious with us at that epoch. The studious scholar, particularly if he were of an inquiring disposition, and of a bold and free temper, was suspected and disliked: he was one of the enemy's troops. The inert and the subservient were the loyal soldiers of the legitimate army of the faith. The despised and scattered nation of scholars is commonly unfortunate; but a more severe calamity has seldom befallen the remnant of true Israelites than to be led captive by such a generation! Youth is happy, because it is blithe and healthful, and exempt from care; but it is doubly and trebly happy, since it is honest and fearless—honourable and disinterested. In the whole body of under-graduates, scarcely one was friendly to the holder of the loaves and the promiser of the fishes. All were eager,—all, one and all,—in behalf of the scholar and the liberal statesman; and plain and loud was the avowal of their sentiments. A sullen demeanour towards the young rebels displayed the annoyance arising from the want of success, and from our lack of sympathy; and it would have demonstrated to the least observant, that, where the Muses dwell, the quarrels and intrigues of political parties ought not to come. By his family and his connexions, as well as by disposition, Shelley was attached to the successful side; and although it was manifest that he was a youth of an admirable temper, of rare talents and unwearied industry, and likely, therefore, to shed a lustre upon his college and the University itself; yet, as he was eminently delighted at that wherewith his superiors were offended, he was regarded from the beginning with a jealous eye. A young man of spirit will despise the mean spite of sordid minds; nevertheless, the persecution which a generous soul can contemn, through frequent repetition, too often becomes a severe annoyance in the long course of life; and Shelley frequently and most pathetically lamented the political divisions which then harassed the University, and were a more fertile source of manifold ills in the wider field of active life. For this reason did he appear to cling more closely to our sweet studious secluSion; and from this cause, perhaps, principally arose his disinclination, —I may say, indeed, his intense antipathy,—for the political career that had been proposed to him. A lurking suspicion would sometimes betray itself that he was to be forced into that path, and impressed into the civil service of the state,—to become, as it were, a conscript legislator.

A newspaper never found its way to his rooms during the whole period of his residence at Oxford; but when waiting in a bookseller's shop, or at an inn, he would sometimes, although rarely, permit his eye to be attracted by a murder or a storm. Having perused the tale of wonder, or of horror, if it chanced to stray to a political article, after reading a few lines he invariably threw it aside to a great distance; and he started from his seat, his face flushing, and strode about, muttering broken sentences, the purport of which was always the same: his extreme dissatisfaction at the want of candour and fairness, and the monstrous disingenuousness, which politicians manifest in speaking of the characters and measures of their rivals. Strangers, who caught imperfectly the sense of his indistinct murmurs, were often astonished at the vehemence of his mysterious displeasure. Once, I remember, a bookseller, the master of a very small shop in a little country town, but apparently a sufficiently intelligent man, could not refrain from expressing his surprise that any one should be offended with proceedings that seemed to him as much in the ordinary course of trade, and as necessary to its due exercise, as the red ligature of the bundle of quills, or the thin and pale brown wrapper which enclosed the quire of letter-paper we had just purchased of him. A man of talents and learning, who refused to enlist under the banners of any party, and did not deign to inform himself of the politics of the day, or to take the least part or interest in them, would be a noble and a novel spectacle; but so many persons hope to profit by dissensions, that the merits of such a steady lover of peace would not be duly appreciated, either by the little provincial bookseller or the other inhabitants of our turbulent country.

The ordinary lectures in our college were of much shorter duration, and decidedly less difficult and less instructive, than the lessons we had received in the higher classes of a public school; nor were our written exercises more stimulating than the oral. Certain compositions were required at stated periods; but, however excellent they might be, they were never commended,—however deficient, they were never censured; and, being altogether unnoticed, there was no reason to suppose that they were ever read. The University at large was not less remiss than each college in particular: the only incitement proposed was an examination at the end of four years. The young collegian might study in private as diligently as he would at Oxford, as in every other place; and if he chose to submit his pretensions to the examiners, his name was set down in the first, the second, or the third class,—if I mistake not, there were three divisions,—according to his advancement. This list was printed precisely at the moment when he quitted the University for ever;—a new generation of strangers might read the names of the unknown proficients, if they would. It was notorious, moreover, that, merely to obtain the academical degrees, every new comer, who had passed through a tolerable grammar-school, brought with him a stock of learning, of which the residuum, that had not evaporated during four years of dissipation and idleness, would be more than sufficient. The languid course of chartered laziness was ill suited to the ardent activity and glowing zeal of Shelley. Since those persons, who were hired at an enormous charge by his own family and by the state to find due and beneficial employment for him, thought fit to neglect this, their most sacred duty, he began forthwith to set himself to work. He read diligently,—I should rather say he de-

voured greedily, with the voracious appetite of a famished man,—the authors that roused his curiosity: he discoursed and discussed with energy; he wrote—he began to print—and he designed soon to publish various works.

He begins betimes who begins to instruct mankind at eighteen. The judicious will probably be of opinion that in eighteen years man can scarcely learn how to learn; and that for eighteen more years he ought to be content to learn; and if at the end of the second period he still thinks that he can impart anything worthy of attention, it is at least early enough to begin to teach. The fault, however, if it were a fault, was to be imputed to the times, and not to the individual, as the numerous precocious effusions of the day attest.

Shelley was quick to conceive, and not less quick to execute. When I called one morning at one, I found him busily occupied with some proofs, which he continued to correct and re-correct with anxious care. As he was wholly absorbed in this occupation, I selected a book from the floor, where there was always a good store, and read in silence, for at least an hour. My thoughts being as completely abstracted as those of my companion, he startled me by suddenly throwing a paper with some force on the middle of the table, and saying, in a penetrating whisper, as he sprung eagerly from his chair, "I am going to publish some poems." In answer to my inquiries, he put the proofs into my hands. I read them twice attentively, for the poems were very short; and I told him there were some good lines, some bright thoughts, but there were likewise many irregularities and incongruities. I added, that correctness was important in all compositions, but it constituted the essence of short ones; and that it surely would be imprudent to bring his little book out so hastily; and I then pointed out the errors and defects. He listened in silence with much attention, and did not dispute what I said, except that he remarked faintly that it would not be known that he was the author, and therefore the publication could not do him any harm. I answered, that although it might not be disadvantageous to be the unknown author of an unread work, it certainly could not be beneficial. He made no reply; and we immediately went out, and strolled about the public walks. We dined, and returned to his rooms, where we conversed on indifferent subjects. He did not mention his poems, but they occupied his thoughts; for he did not fall asleep, as usual. Whilst we were at tea, he said abruptly, "I think you disparage my poems. Tell me what you dislike in them, for I have forgotten." I took the proofs from the place where I had left them, and looking over them, repeated the former objections, and suggested others. He acquiesced; and, after a pause, asked, might they be altered? I assented. "I will alter them." "It will be better to rewrite them; a short poem should be of the first impression." Some time afterwards he anxiously inquired—"But in their present form you do not think they ought to be published?" I had been looking over the proofs again, and I answered, "Only as burlesque poetry;" and I read a part, changing it a little here and there. He laughed at the parody, and begged I would repeat it. I took a pen and altered it; and he then read it aloud several times in a ridiculous tone, and was amused by it. His mirth consoled him for the condemnation of his verses, and the intention of publishing them was abandoned. The proofs lay in his rooms for some days, and we occasionally amused our-

selves during an idle moment by making them more and more ridiculous; by striking out the more sober passages; by inserting whimsical conceits; and especially by giving them what we called a dithyrambic character, which was effected by cutting some lines in two, and joining the different parts together that would agree in construction, but were the most discordant in sense.

Although Shelley was of a grave disposition, he had a certain sly relish for a practical joke, so that it were ingenious and abstruse, and of a literary nature; he would often exult in the successful forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland; and he was especially delighted with a trick that had lately been played at Oxford, by a certain noble viceroy, at that time an undergraduate, respecting the fairness of which the University was divided in opinion, all the undergraduates accounting it most just, and all the graduates, and especially the bachelors, extremely iniquitous, and indeed popish and jesuitical. A reward is offered annually for the best English essay on a subject proposed: the competitors send their anonymous essays, each being distinguished by a motto; when the grave arbitrators have selected the most worthy, they burn the vanquished essays, and open the sealed paper endorsed with a corresponding motto, and containing the name of the victor. On the late famous contention, all the ceremonies had been duly performed, but the sealed paper presented the name of an undergraduate, who is not qualified to be a candidate, and all the less meritorious discourses of the bachelors had been burnt, together with their sealed papers—so there was to be no bachelor's prize that year. When we had conferred a competent absurdity upon the proofs, we amused ourselves by proposing, but without the intention of executing our project, divers ludicrous titles for the work. Sometimes we thought of publishing it in the name of some one of the chief living poets, or possibly of one of the graver authorities of the day; and we regaled ourselves by describing his wrathful renunciations, and his astonishment at finding himself immortalized, without his knowledge and against his will: the inability to die could not be more disagreeable even to Tithonus himself; but how were we to handcuff our ungrateful favourite, that he might not tear off the unfading laurel, which we were to place upon his brow? I hit upon a title at last, to which the pre-eminence was given, and we inscribed it upon the cover. A mad washerwoman, named Peg Nicholson, had attempted to stab the King, George the Third, with a carving-knife; the story has been long forgotten, but it was then fresh in the recollection of every one; it was proposed that we should ascribe the poems to her. The poor woman was still living, and in green vigour within the walls of Bedlam; but since her existence must be uncomfortable, there could be no harm in putting her to death, and in creating a nephew and administrator to be the editor of his aunt's poetical works.

The idea gave an object and purpose to our burlesque; to ridicule the strange mixture of sentimentality with the murderous fury of revolutionists, that was so prevalent in the compositions of the day; and the proofs were altered again to adapt them to this new scheme, but still without any notion of publication. When the bookseller called to ask for the proofs, Shelley told him that he had changed his mind, and showed them to him. The man was so much pleased with the whimsical conceit, that he asked to be permitted to publish the book on his own account; promising inviolable secrecy, and as many copies *gratis* as

might be required: after some hesitation, permission was granted, upon the plighted honour of the trade. In a few days, or rather in a few hours, a noble quarto appeared; it consisted of a small number of pages, it is true, but they were of the largest size, of the thickest, the whitest, and the smoothest drawing paper; a large, clear, and handsome type had impressed a few lines with ink of a rich glossy black, amidst ample margins. The poor maniac laundress was gravely styled "the late Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, widow;" and the sonorous name of Fitzvictor had been culled for her inconsolable nephew and administrator: to add to his dignity, the waggish printer had picked up some huge text types, of so unusual a form, that even an antiquary could not spell the words at the first glance. The effect was certainly striking; Shelley had torn open the large square bundle, before the printer's boy quitted the room, and holding out a copy with both his hands, he ran about in an ecstasy of delight, gazing at the superb title-page.

The first poem was a long one, condemning war in the lump; puling trash, that might have been written by a quaker, and could only have been published in sober sadness by a society instituted for the diffusion of that kind of knowledge which they deem useful—useful for some end which they have not been pleased to reveal, and which unassisted reason is wholly unable to discover. The MS. had been confided to Shelley by some rhymester of the day, and it was put forth in this shape to astonish a weak mind; but principally to captivate the admirers of philosophical poetry by the manifest incongruity of disallowing all war, even the most just, and then turning sharp round and recommending the dagger of the assassin as the best cure for all evils, and the sure passport to a lady's favour. Our book of useful knowledge—the philosopher's own book—contained sundry odes and other pieces, professing an ardent attachment to freedom, and proposing to stab all who were less enthusiastic than the supposed authoress. The work, however, was altered a little, I believe, before the final impression; but I never read it afterwards, for when an author once sees his book in print, his task is ended, and he may fairly leave the perusal of it to posterity. I have one copy, if not more, somewhere or other, but not at hand. There were some verses, I remember, with a good deal about sucking in them; to these I objected, as unsuitable to the gravity of an university, but Shelley declared they would be the most impressive of all. There was a poem concerning a young woman, one Charlotte Somebody, who attempted to assassinate Robespierre, or some such person; and there was to have been a rapturous monologue to the dagger of Brutus. The composition of such a piece was no mean effort of the muse; it was completed at last, but not in time—as the dagger itself has probably fallen a prey to rust, so the more pointed and polished monologue, it is to be feared, has also perished through a more culpable neglect.

A few copies were sent, as a special favour, to trusty and sagacious friends at a distance, whose gravity would not permit them to suspect a hoax; they read and admired, being charmed with the wild notes of liberty; some, indeed, presumed to censure, mildly, certain passages as having been thrown off in too bold a vein. Nor was a certain success wanting,—the remaining copies were rapidly sold in Oxford at the aristocratical price of half-a-crown for half-a-dozen pages. We used to meet gownsmen in High-street reading the goodly volume as they walked—

pensive with a grave and sage delight—some of them, perhaps, more pensive, because it seemed to portend the instant overthrow of all royalty, from a king to a court-card.

What a strange delusion to admire our stuff—the concentrated essence of nonsense! It was indeed a kind of fashion to be seen reading it in public, as a mark of a nice discernment, of a delicate and fastidious taste in poetry, and the very criterion of a choice spirit.

Nobody suspected, or could suspect, who was the author; the thing passed off as the genuine production of the would-be regicide. It is marvellous, in truth, how little talent of any kind there was in our famous university in those days; there was no great encouragement, however, to display intellectual gifts. The acceptance, as a serious poem, of a work so evidently designed for a burlesque upon the prevailing notion of the day, that revolutionary ruffians were the most fit recipients of the gentlest passions, was a foretaste of the prodigious success, that, a few years later, attended a still more whimsical paradox. Poets had sung already that human ties put Love at once to flight; that at the sight of civil obligations he spreads his light wings in a moment, and makes default. The position was soon greatly extended, and we were taught, by a noble poet, that even the slightest recognition of the law of nations was fatal to the tender passion; the very captain of a privateer was pronounced incapable of a pure and ardent attachment; the feeble control of letters of marque could effectually check the course of affection; a complete union of souls could only be accomplished under the black flag. Your true lover must necessarily be an enemy of the whole human race—a mere and absolute pirate. It is true, that the tales of the love-sick buccaneers were adorned with no ordinary talent, but the theory is not less extraordinary on that account.

The operation of Peg Nicholson was bland and innoxious; the next work that Shelley printed was highly deleterious, and was destined to shed a baneful influence over his future progress; in itself it was more harmless than the former, but it was turned to a deadly poison by the unprovoked malice of fortune.

We had read together attentively several of the metaphysical works that were most in vogue at that time, as "Locke on the Human Understanding," and "Hume's Essays," particularly the latter, of which we had made a very careful analysis, as was customary with those who read the Ethics and the other treatises of Aristotle for their degrees. Shelley had the custody of these papers, which were chiefly in his handwriting, although they were the joint production of both in our common daily studies. From these, and from a small part of them only, he made up a little book, and had it printed, I believe, in the country, certainly not at Oxford. His motive was this. He not only read greedily all the controversial writings on subjects interesting to him, which he could procure, and disputed vehemently in conversation with his friends, but he had several correspondents with whom he kept up the ball of doubt in letters; —of these he received many, so that the arrival of the postman was always an anxious moment with him. This practice he had learnt of a physician, from whom he had taken instructions in chemistry, and of whose character and talents he often spoke with profound veneration. It was, indeed, the usual course with men of learning formerly, as their biographies and many volumes of such epistles testify. The physician was an

old man, and a man of the old school; he confined his epistolary discussions to matters of science, and so did his disciple for some time; but when metaphysics usurped the place in his affections that chemistry had before held, the latter gradually fell into disceptations respecting existences still more subtle than gases and the electric fluid. The transition, however, from physics to metaphysics was gradual. Is the electric fluid material? he would ask his correspondent; is light—is the vital principle in vegetables—in brutes—is the human soul? His individual character had proved an obstacle to his inquiries, even whilst they were strictly physical; a refuted or irritated chemist had suddenly concluded a long correspondence by telling his youthful opponent that he would write to his master, and have him well flogged. The discipline of a public school, however salutary in other respects, was not favourable to free and fair discussion; and Shelley began to address inquiries anonymously, or rather, that he might receive an answer, as Philalethes, and the like; but, even at Eton, the postmen do not ordinarily speak Greek—to prevent miscarriages, therefore, it was necessary to adopt a more familiar name, as John Short, or Thomas Long.

When he came to Oxford, he retained and extended his former practice without quitting the convenient disguise of an assumed name. His object in printing the short abstract of some of the doctrines of Hume was to facilitate his epistolary disquisitions. It was a small pill, but it worked powerfully; the mode of operation was this.—He enclosed a copy in a letter, and sent it by the post, stating, with modesty and simplicity, that he had met accidentally with that little tract, which appeared unhappily to be quite unanswerable. Unless the fish was too sluggish to take the bait, an answer of refutation was forwarded to an appointed address in London, and then in a vigorous reply he would fall upon the unwary disputant, and break his bones. The strenuous attack sometimes provoked a rejoinder more carefully prepared, and an animated and protracted debate ensued; the party cited, having put in his answer, was fairly in court, and he might get out of it as he could. The chief difficulty seemed to be to induce the person addressed to acknowledge the jurisdiction, and to plead; and this, Shelley supposed, would be removed by sending, in the first instance, a printed syllabus instead of written arguments. An accident greatly facilitated his object. We had been talking some time before about geometrical demonstration; he was repeating its praises, which he had lately read in some mathematical work, and speaking of its absolute certainty and perfect truth.

I said that this superiority partly arose from the confidence of mathematicians, who were naturally a confident race, and were seldom acquainted with any other science than their own; that they always put a good face upon the matter, detailing their arguments dogmatically and doggedly, as if there was no room for doubt, and concluded, when weary of talking in their positive strain, with Q. E. D.: in which three letters there was so powerful a charm, that there was no instance of any one having ever disputed any argument or proposition to which they were subscribed. He was diverted by this remark and often repeated it, saying, if you ask a friend to dinner, and only put Q. E. D. at the end of the invitation, he cannot refuse to come; and he sometimes wrote these letters at the end of a common note, in order, as he said, to attain to a mathematical certainty. The potent characters were not forgotten when

he printed his little syllabus; and their efficacy in rousing his antagonists was quite astonishing.

It is certain that the three obnoxious letters had a fertilizing effect, and raised rich crops of controversy; but it would be unjust to deny, that an honest zeal stimulated divers worthy men to assert the truth against an unknown assailant. The praise of good intention must be conceded; but it is impossible to accord that of powerful execution also to his antagonists: this curious correspondence fully testified the deplorable condition of education at that time. A youth of eighteen was able to confute men who had numbered thrice as many years; to vanquish them on their own ground, although he gallantly fought at a disadvantage by taking the wrong side. His little pamphlet was never offered for sale; it was not addressed to an ordinary reader, but to the metaphysician alone; and it was so short, that it was only designed to point out the line of argument. It was in truth a general issue; a compendious denial of every allegation, in order to put the whole case in proof; it was a formal mode of saying, you affirm so and so, then prove it; and thus was it understood by his more candid and intelligent correspondents. As it was shorter, so was it plainer, and perhaps, in order to provoke discussion, a little bolder, than Hume's Essays,—a book which occupies a conspicuous place in the library of every student. The doctrine, if it deserve the name, was precisely similar; the necessary and inevitable consequence of Locke's philosophy, and of the theory that all knowledge is from without. I will not admit your conclusions, his opponent might answer; then you must deny those of Hume: I deny them; but you must deny those of Locke also; and we will go back together to Plato. Such was the usual course of argument; sometimes, however, he rested on mere denial, holding his adversary to strict proof, and deriving strength from his weakness. The young Platonist argued thus negatively through the love of argument, and because he found a noble joy in the fierce shocks of contending minds; he loved truth, and sought it everywhere, and at all hazards, frankly and boldly, like a man who deserved to find it; but he also loved dearly victory in debate, and warm debate for its own sake. Never was there a more unexceptionable disputant; he was eager beyond the most ardent, but never angry and never personal: he was the only arguer I ever knew who drew every argument from the nature of the thing, and who could never be provoked to descend to personal contentions. He was fully inspired, indeed, with the whole spirit of the true logician; the more obvious and indisputable the proposition which his opponent undertook to maintain, the more complete was the triumph of his art if he could refute and prevent him. To one who was acquainted with the history of our University, with its ancient reputation as the most famous school of logic, it seemed that the genius of the place, after an absence of several generations, had deigned to return at last; the visit, however, as it soon appeared, was ill-timed. The schoolman of old, who occasionally laboured with technical subtleties to prevent the admission of the first principles of belief, could not have been justly charged with the intention of promoting scepticism; his was the age of minute and astute disceptation, it is true, but it was also the epoch of the most firm, resolute, and extensive faith. I have seen a dexterous fencing-master, after warning his pupil to hold his weapon fast, by a few turns of his wrist throw it suddenly on the ground and under his feet; but it cannot be pretended that he neglected to teach the art

of self-defence, because he apparently deprived his scholar of that which is essential to the end proposed. To be disarmed is a step in the science of arms, and whoever has undergone it has already put his foot within the threshold; so is it likewise with refutation. In describing briefly the nature of Shelley's epistolary contentions, the recollection of his youth, his zeal, his activity, and particularly of many individual peculiarities, may have tempted me to speak sometimes with a certain levity, notwithstanding the solemn importance of the topics respecting which they were frequently maintained. The impression, that they were conducted on his part, or considered by him, with frivolity, or any unseemly lightness, would, however, be most erroneous; his whole frame of mind was grave, earnest, and anxious, and his deportment was reverential, with an edification reaching beyond the age—an age wanting in reverence; an unlearned age; a young age, for the young lack learning. Hume permits no object of respect to remain; Locke approaches the most awful speculations with the same indifference as if he were about to handle the properties of triangles; the small deference rendered to the most holy things by the able theologian Paley is not the least remarkable of his characteristics. Wiser and better men displayed anciently, together with a more profound erudition, a superior and touching solemnity; the meek seriousness of Shelley was redolent of those good old times before mankind had been despoiled of a main ingredient in the composition of happiness, a well directed veneration.

Whether such disputations were decorous or profitable may be perhaps doubtful; there can be no doubt, however, since the sweet gentleness of Shelley was easily and instantly swayed by the mild influences of friendly admonition, that, had even the least dignified of his elders suggested the propriety of pursuing his metaphysical inquiries with less ardour, his obedience would have been prompt and perfect. Not only had all salutary studies been long neglected in Oxford at that time, and all wholesome discipline was decayed, but the splendid endowments of the University were grossly abused; the resident authorities of the college were too often men of the lowest origin, of mean and sordid souls, destitute of every literary attainment, except that brief and narrow course of reading by which the first degree was attained; the vulgar sons of vulgar fathers, without liberality, and wanting the manners and the sympathies of gentlemen. A total neglect of all learning, an unseemly turbulence, the most monstrous irregularities, open and habitual drunkenness, vice, and violence, were tolerated or encouraged, with the basest sycophancy, that the prospect of perpetual licentiousness might fill the colleges with young men of fortune; whenever the rarely exercised power of coercion was exerted, it demonstrated the utter incapacity of our unworthy rulers by coarseness, ignorance, and injustice. If a few gentlemen were admitted to fellowships, they were always absent; they were not persons of literary pretensions, or distinguished by scholarship; and they had no more share in the government of the college than the overgrown guardsmen, who, in long white gaiters, bravely protect the precious life of the sovereign against such assailants as the tenth Muse, our good friend, Mrs. Nicholson.

As the term was drawing to a close, and a great part of the books we were reading together still remained unfinished, we had agreed to increase our exertions and to meet at an early hour. It was a fine spring morning on Lady-day, in the year 1811, when I went to Shelley's

rooms: he was absent; but before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened: "I am expelled," he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, "I am expelled! I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose they put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, 'Are you the author of this book?' If I can judge from your manner, I said, you are resolved to punish me, if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country. 'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?' the master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice." Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, "I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar violence is; but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly, but firmly, that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table. He immediately repeated his demand; I persisted in my refusal; and he said furiously, 'Then you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest.' One of the fellows took up two papers, and handed one of them to me; here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college. Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and so cruelly agitated as on this occasion. A nice sense of honour shrinks from the most distant touch of disgrace—even from the insults of those men whose contumely can bring no shame. He sat on the sofa, repeating, with convulsive vehemence, the words, "Expelled, expelled!" his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering. The atrocious injustice and its cruel consequences roused the indignation, and moved the compassion, of a friend, who then stood by Shelley. [He has given the following account of his interference:

"So monstrous and so illegal did the outrage seem, that I held it to be impossible that any man, or any body of men, would dare to adhere to it; but, whatever the issue might be, it was a duty to endeavour to the utmost to assist him. I at once stepped forward, therefore, as the advocate of Shelley; such an advocate, perhaps, with respect to judgment, as might be expected at the age of eighteen, but certainly not inferior to the most practised defenders in good will and devotion. I wrote a short note to the master and fellows, in which, as far as I can remember a very hasty composition after a long interval, I briefly expressed my sorrow at the treatment my friend had experienced, and my hope that they would re-consider their sentence; since, by the same course of proceeding, myself, or any other person, might be subjected to the same penalty, and to the imputation of equal guilt. The note was despatched; the conclave was still sitting; and in an instant the porter came to summon me to attend, bearing in his coun-

tenance a promise of the reception I was about to find. The angry and troubled air of men, assembled to commit injustice according to established forms, was then new to me; but a native instinct told me, as soon as I entered the room, that it was an affair of party; that whatever could conciliate the favour of patrons was to be done without scruple; and whatever could tend to impede preferment was to be brushed away without remorse. The glowing master produced my poor note. I acknowledged it; and he forthwith put into my hand, not less abruptly, the little syllabus. 'Did you write this?' he asked, as fiercely as if I alone stood between him and the rich see of Durham. I attempted, submissively, to point out to him the extreme unfairness of the question; the injustice of punishing Shelley for refusing to answer it; that if it were urged upon me I must offer the like refusal, as I had no doubt every man in college would—every gentleman, indeed, in the University; which, if such a course were adopted with all,—and there could not be any reason why it should be used with one and not with the rest,—would thus be stripped of every member. I soon perceived that arguments were thrown away upon a man possessing no more intellect or erudition, and far less renown, than that famous ram, since translated to the stars, through grasping whose tail less firmly than was expedient, the sister of Phryxus formerly found a watery grave, and gave her name to the broad Hellespont.

"The other persons present took no part in the conversation: they presumed not to speak, scarcely to breathe, but looked mute subserviency. The few resident fellows, indeed, were but so many incarnations of the spirit of the master, whatever that spirit might be. When I was silent, the master told me to retire, and to consider whether I was resolved to persist in my refusal. The proposal was fair enough. The next day, or the next week, I might have given my final answer—a deliberate answer; having in the mean time consulted with older and more experienced persons, as to what course was best for myself and for others. I had scarcely passed the door, however, when I was recalled. The master again showed me the book, and hastily demanded whether I admitted or denied that I was the author of it. I answered that I was fully sensible of the many and great inconveniences of being dismissed with disgrace from the University, and I specified some of them, and expressed an humble hope that they would not impose such a mark of discredit upon me without any cause. I lamented that it was impossible either to admit or to deny the publication,—no man of spirit could submit to do so;—and that a sense of duty compelled me respectfully to refuse to answer the question which had been proposed. 'Then you are expelled,' said the master angrily, in a loud, great voice. A formal sentence, duly signed and sealed, was instantly put into my hand: in what interval the instrument had been drawn up I cannot imagine. The alleged offence was a contumacious refusal to disavow the imputed publication. My eye glanced over it, and observing the word *contumaciously*, I said calmly that I did not think that term was justified by my behaviour. Before I had concluded the remark, the master, lifting up the little syllabus, and then dashing it on the table, and looking sternly at me, said, 'Am I to understand, sir, that you adopt the principles contained in this work?' or some such words; for, like one red with the suffusion of college port and college ale, the intense heat of anger seemed to deprive him of the power of articulation; by reason of a rude provincial dialect and thickness of utterance, his

speech being at all times indistinct. 'The last question is still more improper than the former,' I replied,—for I felt that the imputation was an insult; 'and since, by your own act, you have renounced all authority over me, our communication is at an end.' 'I command you to quit my college to-morrow at an early hour.' I bowed and withdrew. I thank God I have never seen that man since: he is gone to his bed, and there let him sleep. Whilst he lived, he ate freely of the scholar's bread, and drank from his cup; and he was sustained, throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly, by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our pious forefathers to the advancement of learning. If the vengeance of the all-patient and long-contemned gods can ever be roused, it will surely be by some such sacrilege! The favour which he showed to scholars, and his gratitude, have been made manifest. If he were still alive, he would doubtless be as little desirous that his zeal should now be remembered as those bigots who had been most active in burning Archbishop Cranmer could have been to publish their officiousness during the reign of Elizabeth."

Busy rumour has ascribed, on what foundation I know not, since an active and searching inquiry has not hitherto been made, the infamy of having denounced Shelley to the pert, meddling tutor of a college of inferior note, a man of an insalubrious and inauspicious aspect. Any paltry fellow can whisper a secret accusation; but a certain courage, as well as malignity, is required by him who undertakes to give evidence openly against another; to provoke thereby the displeasure of the accused, of his family and friends; and to submit his own veracity and his motives to public scrutiny. Hence the illegal and inquisitorial mode of proceeding by interrogation, instead of the lawful and recognized course by the production of witnesses. The disposal of ecclesiastical preferment has long been so reprehensible,—the practice of desecrating institutions that every good man desires to esteem most holy is so inveterate,—that it is needless to add that the secret accuser was rapidly enriched with the most splendid benefices, and finally became a dignitary of the church. The modest prelate did not seek publicity in the charitable and dignified act of deserving; it is not probable, therefore, that he is anxious at present to invite an examination of the precise nature of his deserts.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Shelley and his friend set out together for London on the top of a coach; and with his final departure from the University the reminiscences of his life at Oxford terminate. The narrative of the injurious effects of this cruel, precipitate, unjust, and illegal expulsion upon the entire course of his subsequent life would not be wanting in interest or instruction; of a period when the scene was changed from the quiet seclusion of academic groves and gardens, and the calm valley of our silvery Isis, to the stormy ocean of that vast and shoreless world, to the utmost violence of which he was, at an early age, suddenly and unnaturally abandoned.

STEAM, A POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

"Tools and the man."—*Edinburgh Review.*

I.

Well, gaze thou on the hills, and hedge-side flowers!
But blind old Andrew will with me repair
To yonder massive pile, where useful powers,
Toiling unconsciously, aloud declare
That man, too, and his works, are grand and fair.
Son of the far-fam'd self-taught engineer,
Whose deeds were marvels in the bygone days!
Ill it becomes thee, with ungrateful sneer,
The trade-fed town and townsmen to dispraise.
Why rail at Traffic's wheels, and crowded ways?
Trade makes thee rich; then, William, murmur not
Though Trade's black vapours ever round thee rise.
Trade makes thee sage; lo, thou read'st Locke and Scott!
While the poor rustic beast-like lives and dies,
Blind to the page of priceless mysteries!
"Fair is the bow that spans the shower," thou say'st;
"But all unlovely, as an eyeless skull,
Is man's black workshop in the streeted waste."
And can the city's smoke be worse than dull,
If Martin found it more than beautiful?
Did *he*, did Martin steal immortal hues
From London's cloud or Carron's gloomy glare—
Light-darken'd shadows, such as Milton's muse
Cast o'er th' Eternal—and shalt thou despair
To find, where man is found, the grand and fair?
Canst thou love Nature, and not love the sound
Of cheerful labour? He who loathes the crew
To whose hard hands the toiling oar is bound,
Is dark of spirit, bilious as his hue,
And bread-tax-dy'd in sordid lust's true blue.
"Thou lov'st the woods, the rocks, the quiet fields!"
But tell me, if thou canst, enthusiast wan!
Why the broad town to thee no gladness yields?
If thou lov'st Nature, sympathise with man,
For he, and his, are parts of Nature's plan.
But canst thou love her, if she love not thee?
She will be wholly lov'd, or not at all.
"Thou lov'st her streams, her flowers; thou lov'st to see
The gorgeous halcyon shake the bulrush tall;
Thou lov'st to feel the veil of evening fall,
Like gentlest slumber on a blushing bride;
For these are Nature's!" Are not thou hers, too?
A portion of her pageantry and pride,
In all thy passions, all thou seek'st to do,

And all thou dost? The earth-worm is allied
To God, and *will* not have her claims denied,
Though thou disown her *fellow-worm*, and scorn
The lowly beauty of his toil and care.
"Sweet is the whisper of the breezy morn,
To waking streams!" And hath the useful share
No splendour? Doth the tilter's cottage wear
No smiles for thee? "How beauteous are the dyes
Which grove and hedgerow from their plumage shake!"
And cannot the loud hammer, which supplies
Food for the blacksmith's rosy children, make
Sweet music to thy heart? "Behold the snake
Couch'd on its bed of beams!" The scaly worm
Is lovely, coil'd above the river's flow;
But there is nobler beauty in the form
That welds the hissing steel, with ponderous blow;
Yea, there is majesty on that calm brow,
And in those eyes the light of thoughts divine!

II.

Come, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;
For there are wonders, mightier far than thine:
Watt! and his million-feeding enginry!
Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
But thou canst hear th' unwearied crash and roar
Of iron powers, that, urg'd by restless fire,
Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
Or say to greedy man, "Thou dost amiss."

III.

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,
With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's dream
It stuns our wondering souls, that start and scream
With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;
And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
Before this metal god, that yet shall chase
The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
Preach science to the desert, and efface
The barren curse from every pathless place
Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
He loves the thunder of machinery!
It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
Like heav'n's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
Poor blind old man! what would he give to see

This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels!
  This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,
And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
  The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore
  Along the throng'd canal, in ceaseless roar
Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
  The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill
  To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown
  With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone
Coo for her absent love? Oh, ne'er again
  Shall Andrew pluck the freckled foxglove here!
How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
  Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
  Towers the dense smoke! The falcon, wheeling near,
Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.

IV.

At first, with lifted hands, in mute surprise,
  Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
  Brighten with generous pride, that man hath found
  Redemption from the manacles which bound
His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
  Constructed these grand works! Lo, like the sun,
Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks, with joy,
  Of that futurity which is begun—
  Of that great victory which shall be won
By Truth o'er Falsehood; and already feels
  Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low,
Deep sigh escapes him, sadness o'er him steals,
  Shading his noble heart with selfish woe;
  Yes, *envy* clouds his melancholy brow.
What! shall the good old times, in aught of good
  Yield to these days of cant and parish-pay,
The sister-growth of twenty years of blood?
  His ancient fame, he feels, is past away;
  He is no more the wonder of his day—
The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer!

V.

But he is still the man, who planted here
  The first steam-engine seen in all the shire—
Laugh'd at by many an Eldon far and near;
  While sundry sage Newcastles, in their ire,
  Swore that a roasting in his boiler-fire
Would best reward the maker. Round his form
  The spirit of the Moors wrapp'd fold on fold
Of thund'rous gloom, and flash'd th' indignant storm
  From his dilating eyes, when first uproll'd
  The volumed smoke, that, like a prophet, told

Of horrors yet to come. His angry scowl
Cast night at noon o'er Rivilin and Don,
And scared o'er Loxley's springs the screaming fowl;
For rill and river listen'd, every one,
When the old Tory put his darkness on.
Full soon, his deep and hollow base forth brake,
Cursing the tilting, tipling, strange machine;
And then the lightning of his laughter spake,
Calling the thing a "Whimsy." * In this day
A "whimsy" it is call'd, wherever seen;
And strangers, travelling by the mail, may see
The coal-devouring monster, as he rides,
And wonder what the uncouth beast may be
That canters, like a horse with wooden sides,
And lifts his food from depths where night presides,
With twinkling taper, o'er the in-back'd slave,
Who, laid face upward, hews the black stone down.†
Poor living corpse! he labours in the grave;—
Poor two-legg'd mole! he mines, for half-a-crown,
From morn to eve, that wolves, who sleep on down,
And pare our bones, may eat their bread-tax warm!

VI.

But could poor Andrew's "whimsy" boast an arm,
A back like these? Upstart of yesterday!
Thou doubler of the rent of every farm,
From John o' Groat's to Cornwall's farthest bay!
Engine of Watt! unrivall'd is thy sway.
Compared with thine, what is the tyrant's power?
His might destroys, while thine creates and saves.
Thy triumphs live and grow, like fruit and flower;
But his are writ in blood, and read on graves!
Let him yoke all his regimented slaves,
And bid them strive to wield thy tireless fly
As thou canst wield it! Soon his baffled bands
Would yield to thee, despite his wrathful eye.
Lo! unto thee both Indies lift their hands!
Thy vapoury pulse is felt on farthest strands!
Thou tirest not, complainest not, though blind
As human pride; earth's lowest dust art thou,
Child of pale thought! dread masterpiece of mind!
I read nor thought nor passion on thy brow!
To-morrow thou wilt labour, deaf as now!
And must we say "that soul is wanting here?"

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* When the steam engine (not Watt's) was first employed in drawing coals from mines, it was nicknamed a "Whimsy," by those who admired the wisdom of our ancestors; and to this day it is called a "whimsy."

† The colliers are all weasel-backed, in consequence of the position in which they work.

VII.

No; there he moves, the thoughtful engineer,
The soul of all this motion; rule in hand,
And coarsely apron'd,—simple, plain, sincere,—
An honest man: self-taught to understand
The useful wonders which he built and plann'd;
Self-taught to read and write,—a poor man's son,
Though poor no more,—how would he sit alone,
When the hard labour of the day was done,
Bent o'er his table, silent as a stone,
To make the wisdom of the wise his own!
How oft of Brindley's deeds th' apprenticed boy
Would speak delighted, long ere freedom came!
And talk of Watt! while, shedding tears of joy,
His widow'd mother heard, and hoped the name
Of her poor boy, like theirs, would rise to fame.
Nor was she unprophetic: he is famed
For patience, foresight, and improving skill,
And virtues, which might make the proud ashamed.
Lo! yonder shines his dwelling on the hill,
Built by himself!—and she is with him still;
Happy to live, and well prepared to die.

VIII.

How unlike him is Grip, the upstart sly,
Who on the dunghill, whence he lately rose,
Lost his large organ of identity,
And left his sire to starve! Alas! he knows
No poor man now! but every day he goes
To visit his nine acres, pitiless
Of him who tills the road, that shoeless boor,
Who feeds his brother exile in distress.
Hark! muttering oaths, he wonders why your poor
Are not all Irish! Eyeing, then, the moor,
He swears, if he were king, what he would do!
Our corn-importing rogues should have a fall;
For he would plough the rocks, and trench them too.
And then of bloody Papists doth he bawl;—
If he were king, he'd hang or shoot them all.
And then he quotes the Duke! and sagely thinks
That princes should be loyal to the throne.
And then he talks of privilege, and winks.
Game he can't eat, he hints; but kills his own.
And then he calls the land a marrow-bone,
Which tradesmen suck; for he no longer trades,
But talks of traffic with defensive sneer.
Full deeply is he learn'd in modes and grades,
And condescends to think my lord his peer!
Yet lo! he noddeth at the engineer,—
Grins at the fellow—grunts—and lounges on!

THE LATE MR. O'KEEFFE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladdest moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1826, of the two volumes of his "Recollections," the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleaning of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

A DESPERATE HUMORIST.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called "the facetious Tom Ecclin." One day, walking over Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-street to Capel-street. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. "Well, then," said he, "cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will." With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swum in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-councilmen, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Sankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas, who generally took the wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Sankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said,

"Alderman Sankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you *do so?*"

"Sir," said the alderman, gravely, "I never jumped off Essex Bridge."

"Oh! didn't you? I heard you did."

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

"But, Alderman, what the d—l *could* possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?"

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantel-piece. He

took it down, and showed it to the citizen, who read under it, "The facetious Tom Ecclin."

"Ah, true! it was *Tom* that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Sankey, it was not *you* that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!"

EARLY INTRODUCTION.

When my brother Daniel was first brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from his infancy), I was a child in frocks (or rockets, as we called them then), and he in boy's clothes—a light, long surtout coat, and three-cocked hat. I was so fond and proud of him that I got into a fancy of *introducing* him to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and knocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were opened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to both of us, "This is *my brother Dan!*" The doors were often shut in our faces.

A HUMAN WARBLER PERCHED ON A BOUGH!

In the year 1759 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music. He had an evening custom (like the Paris "Rossignol") of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

FORRESTER, THE IRISH ARTIST.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was "the facetious Tom Ecclin,"—"Mill Cusheen," distinguished for a form not like any else in the world,—"Bryan the Fool," an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also "Garretty Whistle," dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat,—and "Peg of Finglass," a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her,—and "Blind Daniel the Piper," whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd round him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, "Enough for nothing;" the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and, in the dreadful riots between the "Liberty" and "Ormond" parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Hersilia with the Romans and Sabines) would step forth between the ferocious bands, calm and undaunted. When his presence had made all silent, he addressed them with a few words of eloquence, and immediately the combatants dispersed their several ways—the "Ormond" party back over the bridge to Ormond market and its precincts, and the "Liberty" faction up across Thomas-street to their looms and habits of industry. In those horrid conflicts some lives were lost.

When Father Murphy died, Forrester made a cast from his face, and also drew a fine likeness of him, which he engraved. It represented him dressed in his white surplice and scapulary. The face was rather large and full, with dark eyebrows, and wig. All the above characteristic portraits by Forrester were whole-lengths, except this of Father Murphy, and none of them were caricatures. This ingenious artist was sent by the Dublin

Society to study at Rome, where, I suppose, he died, for I never heard of him since.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN "YOUTH."

In my juvenile days some one gave me a note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of Young Norval. There were six large wax candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said, "Take the child to the slips;" and I was led through the carpenter's gallery, the cloudings and thunder boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight.

A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth who was one of the band, and apprentice to Mountain, my grand object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door, where old Taafe kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. "What the plague is the boy at?" he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan-chair kept there for "High Life below Stairs." My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the orchestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darby's serenade of "Good-morrow to your night-cap!" and Dermott's "Sleep on, sleep on!" in my own "Poor Soldier." I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

AN OFFENCE TO DOCTORIAL DIGNITY.

It was the custom in my youth for all medical people, young and old, to wear very large well-powdered wigs. A schoolfellow of mine, Lofty (Loftus) Dempsey, at Father Austin's, was, when about fourteen years of age, consigned as pupil to a very eminent surgeon. I had not seen young Lofty for some time, until I met him accidentally in Checquer-lane. I spoke to him in *my* way, as my friend and fellow-student, jovially, and in high glee. He, in *his* way (or rather in that of his new profession), just gave me a nod, tossed up his be-wigged head, and was passing me, as I thought, very proudly.

He was dressed in a full suit of black, with large cuffs, and deep skirts to the waistcoat, gray silk stockings with white clocks, long-quartered shoes, and large cut-polished steel buckles, inlaid with gold, and lace ruffles to the last joint of his fingers—while his enormous powdered wig, frizzed and raised up high behind, showed his pole uncovered, except the shining paste stock-buckle, and his very big three-cocked hat, coming down upon his left brow.

Thus caparisoned, young Lofty Dempsey paced on, with the gravity of professional consequence. Nettled at his superciliousness, I forthwith took three steps after him, seized his wig by the friz, snatched it off, and threw it over the hatch-door of a little huckster's shop. He was confounded with shame and vexation, for there he stood, in full view of all the smiling passers-by, with his closely-shaven bald head at the shop-door, calling to the little old woman within to hand him out his wig.

As he was much older and taller than myself, I ran away in full laughter towards Grafton-street, lest his anger should give his surgical skill a new job.

A TERRIFIC JOKE.

I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their waggery, contrived to slip out, one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room), by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

A GIGANTIC EFFORT.

Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, made a show of himself in a room on College Green, on the left hand, going to the Parliament House. There he died; whereupon a party of the college lads got into the house, and up stairs, with a view of carrying off the body to be dissected at their anatomy-house. Finding that they could not conveniently get the dead giant down stairs, they actually took out the window-sash, and hoisted him out, body and bones, into the street, and thence on to the college. Subsequently I saw his skeleton there, up against the wall in the anatomical theatre, among other skeletons of all ages and dimensions. I was one of the crowd under the window viewing the above enthusiastic exploit, which the parties to the "abduction" averred was for the improvement of surgery.

A MOCK ELECTION.

In my youth it was a Dublin custom to elect every year a *King of Dalkey*. This election was carried through by a jolly set who liked a bottle and a laugh. They went from Dublin through the bay in a fine barge, with attendant music, and landed on Dalkey island, where they dined gloriously, and treated their mimic sovereign with all manner of observance.

The island, where these pseudo-regal ceremonies were enacted, lies on the south side of the bay, a little beyond Dunleary. It is divided from the land by a very narrow sea, called the Sound of Dalkey, which I have swum across. Thence, from the sea-side, uprise three rocks, called Roche's Town.

MOSSOP AND THE CALL-BOY.

In most affairs of life where duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantry with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, "Mr. Mossop!"—"Gone up the chimney," was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. "Glad of it, sir," was the pert reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilts, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks of the vexed performers, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

WOODWARD AS HARLEQUIN.

Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed *nothing*), and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currants. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currants with his mouth. In like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, paring an apple, sucking an orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting.

Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the "Attitude Harlequin." There was always another Harlequin for the jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night, by some blunder, the two Harlequins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter.

Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins on Crow-street stage!"

This reminds me of another odd trifle. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we're now *all of a colour*, like Harlequin's jacket!"

AN IMMOVEABLE PERSON.

Mossop was so correct and particular, that in the parts he studied from (one of which I saw and read), he had marked in the margin even the expression of the face, the raising and lowering of an eyebrow, and the projection of an under-lip. In his acting he had a certain distinct spot upon the stage for almost every speech. One night, "Venice Preserved" being the play, Knight, who was the Reinhold, being rather imperfect, requested the Prompter to take care and watch him. "I will," said the Prompter, "when you are at my side; but when you are O. P. I cannot be bawling to you across the stage."—"Never mind that," replied Knight, "that's *my* business."

All went on well until the scene of the meeting of the conspirators, when Mossop (the Pierre), according to settled business, had to cross over to the Prompter's side. Accordingly he would have advanced exactly to the spot—but there stuck Reinhold! Mossop, in an undertone, desired him to get out of his way. "I cannot, sir," he replied, still keeping his ear as close as possible to the Prompter and his book. This rather heightened the fury of the embarrassed Pierre. After a few ineffectual attempts to drive Knight from his post, Mossop went on, and never was the reproof against the conspirators, particularly Reinhold, spoken by Mossop with more spirit and bitterness than upon that night.

MOSSOP AND THE PROPERTY-MAN.

There was in Crow-street theatre a comedian of the name of Walker, who had a very large nose, which helped out the laugh much. One night, when Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore" was under performance, Mossop, standing at the side as Lord Hastings, ready to go on, saw near him a *new* property-man, with a large loaf under his arm. The following dialogue took place between them, much to the amusement of the standers-by:—"What have you got there?"—"My property, sir, for the last act."—"What act?

what property?"—"Why, sir, it is for Mr. Walker, who does the baker."—"Baker! and what's that loaf for?"—"Why, sir, you ought to know best; but is it not for the baker to throw after Jane Shore as she is walking starving about the streets?"—"Go along, sir," said Mossop sternly, "you and it; and I wish Mr. Walker would keep to his musical comedies, and not show himself, that is to say, his nose, at all while tragedy is going on; and, for the future, do you take your list of properties from the Prompter himself, and not from laugh-baking jokers."

MOSSOP AND THE FIDDLER.

Arrigoni, the fine performer on the violin, and leader of the band at Smock-alley theatre, seldom retired into the music-room while the play was going on, but remained to see it. Mossop was playing Zanga one night, when Arrigoni, who was sitting alone in the orchestra, happened accidentally to take up the bow of his fiddle which was lying before him. This occurred in one of Zanga's finest scenes, a soliloquy, I think. On going off the stage he sent for Arrigoni to the green-room, and gave him a most severe reproof.

"I happened, sir, to cast my eye upon you when you were fingering your fiddle-bow, and it put me out so much that——"

"Sir," said Arrigoni, "I only rubbed a little rosin on my bow to prepare it for my violin-concerto between the play and the farce."

"Your fiddle-concertos, sir," replied Mossop, "are not to *dis*concert my tragedy; and I desire in future that you will keep your hands quiet, or else make yourself an absentee from the orchestra while my scene is going on."

A NEW KIND OF "JOLLY"-BOAT.

A fellow-student of mine had a boat of his own, in which he amused himself and his companions on the Liffey. I met him one day with his palette and pencils, and, on my inquiring whither he was going, he asked me to help him out with a touch, as he was going to new-paint his boat himself. Of oil-painting I knew nothing; but, having the style of all the Italian and Flemish painters full in my imagination, I thought of Teniers and Homskirch, &c., and when we got into the boat I told him to sit down and be quiet: then, taking his palette and pencils, I dashed out upon a board a party of jovials drinking round a table. All had comic faces, some with wigs turned awry, and they were variously smoking, laughing, singing, &c., all grotesque, but natural, and according to the rules of design, for I had been well instructed in drawing.

My young friend was wonderfully delighted. The board, when dry, was placed in the boat, opposite to where the boat-guests sat, in full view of all; and it had a pleasant and whimsical effect. Indeed it answered a good purpose; for if any of the youths got crusty or quarrelsome, a single glance at my merry pencil-work would change a frown into a hearty laugh. We often crowded the boat to take water-excursions at the hazard of drowning ourselves and my "drinking jovials."

AN ODD MARK OF DISTINCTION.

At the time when there was a great talk in England of "The Flying Highwayman," Digges, in Macheath, was in high favour with the town. He wore a *round* hat, which was at that time unusual, and in the front of it he always stuck a turnpike ticket. Being asked the reason of this singular *affiche*, he answered—"Macheath is one who mixes with the world at large, men of play, &c., whereas 'The Flying Highwayman' is a wild animal who springs over turnpikes and cannot be caught. Now this ticket shows I am not he, for I *pay the turnpikes*."

Digges was the best Macheath I ever saw, in person, song, and manner.

THE HARMONY OF CONTRAST.

There came over to Dublin, as a show, a beautiful little foreigner, a female, about twenty-five years of age, and not above three feet high. Previously to this she had been at most of the courts of Europe. She was elegantly formed, and had a very handsome face: her conversation, accomplishments, and polite manner were captivating. Robert Mahon, before he came upon the stage at all, was, like his father, by profession a dancing-master; and, at his benefit at Crow-street, he put in his bill that he would dance a minuet with the *Corsican Fairy*.

After the fourth act of the play, the stage being clear, he, five feet eleven inches in height, led on this three-foot partner. Both were in full dress of the fashion of the day. The orchestra played Marshal Saxe's (or what is called Woffington's) minuet, which, before the *Minuet de la Cour* was composed, was the air always danced to on such occasions. In the course of the dance, Mahon had to put on his three-cocked hat, which made him look above six feet two, and to take his partner's hand, and lead her to the front of the stage; yet their movements were so graceful, and their dancing so excellent, that all tendency to laughter and ridicule was effectually kept off; and the interests of Terpsichore, in the hands of the little lady and tall gentleman, had a full triumph.

TERRORS OF A DEBUT.

The first appearance of Mahon at Covent Garden theatre was in the opera of "Thomas and Sally." The second act opens with the entrance of Thomas, who, attended by a number of sailors, has to come from the lower end of the stage, and approach the lights, while the symphony is being played. Although Mahon had a strong party of friends in the house, to support him, as the phrase is, and although he was a most scientific singer, he was so frightened at appearing before a *London* audience, that, at the very moment for beginning his song, "From ploughing the ocean," &c., he could not remember a single word. To go on was, with the orchestra, an *obligato* affair; and they did so, but somewhat piano, after the proper method of accompanying the voice. Though perfectly oblivious of every syllable, Mahon felt the necessity of letting the sound of his voice be heard and therefore, making an effort, he blurted out an irregular series of sounds, which, however, he managed to keep in unison with the first violin. The audience were all attention and silence; but still they heard nothing but the wordless notes from him. The other actors who were on with him were confounded and ashamed, and endeavoured to throw him the words; but, in his bewilderment, poor Mahon could not catch a single one. At length the patience of the audience was tired out; and, perhaps through attributing his odd manner to another cause, a multitude of hisses (distressing sound to actor's ear!) arose from all parts of the house.

In the sequel, however, Mahon made amends a thousand-fold, by his merits as a singer and actor, for this one unfortunate lapse.

CONSTRUCTIVE USE OF SKULLS.

When at Sligo, I saw a wonderful and stupendous monument of antiquity, the ruins of the great church. It was in a roofless condition; but the massy walls and the high altar remained. A number of rugged steps led up to the latter, before which, at a few yards' distance, and exactly in the centre, was a pyramid, about twelve feet high, quite regular in its form, composed of human skulls. On each side was a wall, five or six feet high, three feet wide, and about ten feet long, perfectly exact in shape, and consisting entirely of human bones. At a short distance from this ruin stood a large edifice, once the mansion of the Countess of Desmond, celebrated in Irish history

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After the fourth act of the play, the stage being clear, he, five feet eleven inches in height, led on this three-foot partner. Both were in full dress of the fashion of the day. The orchestra played Marshal Saxe's (or what is called Woffington's) minuet, which, before the *Minuet de la Cour* was composed, was the air always danced to on such occasions. In the course of the dance, Mahon had to put on his three-cocked hat, which made him look above six feet two, and to take his partner's hand, and lead her to the front of the stage; yet their movements were so graceful, and their dancing so excellent, that all tendency to laughter and ridicule was effectually kept off; and the interests of Terpsichore, in the hands of the little lady and tall gentleman, had a full triumph.

TERRORS OF A DEBUT.

The first appearance of Mahon at Covent Garden theatre was in the opera of "Thomas and Sally." The second act opens with the entrance of Thomas, who, attended by a number of sailors, has to come from the lower end of the stage, and approach the lights, while the symphony is being played. Although Mahon had a strong party of friends in the house, to support him, as the phrase is, and although he was a most scientific singer, he was so frightened at appearing before a *London* audience, that, at the very moment for beginning his song, "From ploughing the ocean," &c., he could not remember a single word. To go on was, with the orchestra, an *obligato* affair; and they did so, but somewhat piano, after the proper method of accompanying the voice. Though perfectly oblivious of every syllable, Mahon felt the necessity of letting the sound of his voice be heard and therefore, making an effort, he blurted out an irregular series of sounds, which, however, he managed to keep in unison with the first violin. The audience were all attention and silence; but still they heard nothing but the wordless notes from him. The other actors who were on with him were confounded and ashamed, and endeavoured to throw him the words; but, in his bewilderment, poor Mahon could not catch a single one. At length the patience of the audience was tired out; and, perhaps through attributing his odd manner to another cause, a multitude of hisses (distressing sound to actor's ear!) arose from all parts of the house.

In the sequel, however, Mahon made amends a thousand-fold, by his merits as a singer and actor, for this one unfortunate lapse.

CONSTRUCTIVE USE OF SKULLS.

When at Sligo, I saw a wonderful and stupendous monument of antiquity, the ruins of the great church. It was in a roofless condition; but the massy walls and the high altar remained. A number of rugged steps led up to the latter, before which, at a few yards' distance, and exactly in the centre, was a pyramid, about twelve feet high, quite regular in its form, composed of human skulls. On each side was a wall, five or six feet high, three feet wide, and about ten feet long, perfectly exact in shape, and consisting entirely of human bones. At a short distance from this ruin stood a large edifice, once the mansion of the Countess of Desmond, celebrated in Irish history

A LIBERAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.

During the first season I was in Cork, there was a stagnant pool close by the town. The physicians and other *medicals* had a meeting about it, and drew up a report that the existence of such a nuisance was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants. These, adopting the example thus suggested, all signed it, and presented it to the mayor and aldermen. The pond was thereupon filled up, and the nuisance and danger done away with. Was not this a piece of disinterested candour on the part of those whose living depends on the sickness of others? Indeed, this disposition, notwithstanding Foote's "Devil on Two Sticks," Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," and my own Dr. Grigsby, in "The World in a Village," is a real attribute of physicians all over the world; a general kindness of heart is prevalent among the class. In my own case I remember two excellent instances—Dr. Saunders and Dr. Reynolds, who, on my pressing upon them repeatedly the usual fees, refused, in nearly the same words, though at an interval of several years respectively,—"No, no, my good sir; I have been *indebted* to *you* for many an evening's intellectual enjoyment."

A HANDY REJOINDER.

The Cork ladies have a reputation for good-humour, pleasantry, and wit. One day, at a dinner party where I was present, a lady asked another, who was remarkable for great length of arms, to reach her something, adding—"But you must stretch *a long arm*." "I have it *at hand*," was the answer.

A RETORT IN KIND.

When the celebrated Father O'Leary was once dining in a large company, where a very young English officer was present, the latter, concluding that O'Leary, from religion and function, had more affection for a Stuart than a Guelph, gave a toast thus—"Father O'Leary, here's the king!—not *your* king." O'Leary quietly took up his brimming glass, and, keeping exactly to the words of the toast, said, "Captain, here's the king!—not *your* king."

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS IN AN INVOLUNTARY SITUATION.

At the time when the Dublin volunteers were embodied, enthusiasm was very high. Crawford and Daly, the rival managers of Crow-street and Smock-alley theatres, who were by no means on good terms with each other, belonged to the same corps. One day, in a march through the town, the commanding officer, by an arch manœuvre, contrived that these two fine, tall, handsome figures of rivals, armed, and in full regimentals, should walk side by side. As the corps stepped on, it afforded much amusement to the spectators to watch the countenances of each, compelled by duty and patriotism to a comportment which everybody knew was far from their minds.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

Jack Kane, the actor, had a little horse, called "Shelty," which he put up to be raffled for. The terms were, that the setter-up and the winner should give a dinner and a dozen of claret. Shelty was won, and the terms complied with, which made a very merry day. The winner immediately set him up again; and thus, by the continuance of the same terms, *another* merry day was made. Again and again was the same process repeated; in short, it went on through the whole play-acting season, so that Shelty was constantly set up, raffled for, and won. Strange to say, however, no one ever saw the little horse subsequently to the first setting-up; for either he was sold, or taken to some distant place, or perhaps he died months before the end of the raffling. However that may be, both setter-up and winner, with hearty good will, kept to the original terms; and the jolly set

went on rattling the dice-box, and throwing their *cinque* and *quatre* for Shelty, without more inquiry. Nobody ever asked what stable or pasture Shelty was in, at the time. The only cry of these *bon-vivants* was—"Come now for a throw for Shelty!"

A GOOD REASON FOR BAD ACTING.

When Wilder was one evening playing Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village," some one made a remark, how badly he acted. I ventured to account for it, by replying,—"Of course; how should it be otherwise? Young Meadows is *be-Wilder-ed.*"

DAWSON THE PLAYER.

In the *play* scene of Hamlet, George Dawson, in his young days, had to perform "one Lucianus, Nephew to the Duke," and, at his entrance, was so much frightened, that he stood still and silent. Mossop, sitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, addressed him, as usual, with "Come, murderer, leave your damnable faces and begin." This frightened the boy still more, as, at the moment, he forgot these words were really in Mossop's part, and thought they were addressed to his own very self. The elder Dawson, his father, was the Polonius of the night; and, standing on the lower step of the throne, watched the whole affair with Gentleman-usher-like propriety. George, with the little bottle in his hand, and drawing close to the lower curl of the player-king, asleep in his chair, repeated,—"Hands black—*no*—thoughts black—and time agreeing, and no creature seeing—the mixture vile of—of—of." Here he happened to cast a look towards the angry face of his father, who bit his lips, and shook his wand at him, in wrath and reproach. Unable to recollect another word of the speech, he hastily cried out—"Into your ear it goes!" and, dashing down the bottle, ran away, to the horror of his father, the anger of Mossop, and the amusement of everybody else.

Though young George could make but little of a printer's devil, or a mock assassin, he became afterwards quite a favourite comedian, and an excellent harlequin. In the latter, he one night had nearly tragedized the pantomime. Pantaloon, clown, and other fools, being in full chace after him, he had to make his escape by leaping through the scene. The carpenters, as in duty and custom bound, ought to have received him behind the scenes, by holding a carpet ready. Unmindful of this, they were taking their mug of ale; no carpet was there, and, as it fell out, poor Harlequin George fell down on the boards—a descent of some eight or nine feet. Happily no bones were broken; but through this act of negligence he was most severely hurt, and kept out of employment many months.

SCENIC RECOLLECTIONS.

At the bottom of the stupendous Powerscourt Waterfall, on Lord Powerscourt's estate, among the Wicklow Mountains, there was, in my earlier days, a pavilion, with its thatched roof supported by the trunks of tall trees; it formed, internally, an octagonal room, about thirty feet every way; it was open, except on two sides, but you could occasionally shut or throw up each flat at an instant. Here were sofas, a cupboard of china, tea-things, plates, glasses, knives, forks, kettles, &c.; a closet of books, no attendance, and "nothing to pay." Any parties that might choose to resort thither brought their own tea and cold provisions. Nothing was ever stolen, or destroyed, or defaced—a circumstance to the honour of the liberal-minded owner of this delightful spot, and highly to the credit of the inhabitants of so large a metropolis as Dublin.

The Dargle, or Dark Glen, in that quarter (where I have spent alone, or with my young companions, or accompanied by my family, many happy hours, and indeed days), is a vast mountain, torn in the centre by the giant-hands

of nature, and presenting an *ensemble* of deep and grand caverns, rocks, trees, precipices, waters in dark abyss, and golden streams, such as no language or pencil can describe. Myrtles and arbutus were here in wild profusion. There were winding paths to make accessible the steepest heights and depths, with seats and recesses, and a beautiful place of rest, called the Moss-house. This all-charming and astonishing spot is, or was, free to the stranger. No spider-cicerone to start upon you with a croaking voice of routine explanation, and an out-stretched paw of venality. You had all these enchanting beauties of nature for nothing!

The Dargle is ten Irish miles from Dublin: there are three different ways to it from thence; one is out from Stephen's Green, over Ball's Bridge, through Booter's Town, where you get on the sea-beach—through Black Rock, half-way to Dunleary, up through Cabinteely, Laughlin's Town, leaving Bray Head to the left, Enniskerry, and so among the mountains. Another way out of Stephen's Green is through Donnybrook, Galloping Green, Still Organ, and Cornel's Court. This route is very elevated, and commands a view of the sea, the bay, and the hill of Howth, all the way. The third, and most inland road, is from Dublin out of Kevin's Port, through Rathmines and Rathfarnham, and there you immediately rise upon the Wicklow Mountains, and continue among them until you reach Powerscourt.

At Lord Powerscourt's house is an octagonal room, lined with looking-glass, as is also the ceiling. The floor is inlaid with a sort of mosaic in ivory, ebony, &c. in very beautiful symmetry.

When at the Dargle, I have often gone to sleep on a moss-bank, lulled by the roar of the Powerscourt Waterfall. Throughout the whole domain one met with pretty recesses, benches, and every means to accommodate, charm, and refresh the visitor.

I quitted Ireland in June 1781, and never since returned to my native land. Forty-eight years I have been now in England (1829), but, during my weary pilgrimage in and about London, roughing it through every obstacle in my way to fame, and, as I hoped, to fortune, my Irish mind has been often at the Dargle and Powerscourt, when it ought to have confined itself to those dramatic temples, Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the Hay-market theatres.

A HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

On one occasion a fire happened at my house in Eustace-street, Dublin. After sitting up late with a party at supper, I had to pass through the room in which my two infants, Tottenham and Adelaide, slept, in order to get to my own bed-room. On opening the door, flames and smoke burst full upon me. The curtains of their little beds were in one blaze. Both were asleep. I snatched them up in my arms, and ran down stairs with them,—not without our being all a little scorched. Their mother found afterwards, on inquiry, that they had been left by their maid (as she supposed) asleep, and that, on finding themselves alone, they got out of bed and ran to the fire, where they began kindling straws and bits of stick. Our unusually late supper that night saved my poor dear children.

THE PRINCESS DASHKOFF.

When I was in Cork, I saw the Russian Princess Dashkoff, the favourite of Catherine, Empress of Russia, who cuts such a famous figure in the revolution of that day. I do not know the cause of her being at Cork. It was said she was banished by her *gentle* friend, gray Katty, who was so kind to Warsaw. She lived on the Mall, in lodgings of twelve guineas a-week. I saw her at the play, in a side-box. She was not young, but I could perceive that she attracted more attention than the performers. On her first entering, she took out a large coloured silk handkerchief, and spread it over the edge of her box,—*not* a mode with the Cork, or any other Irish, or *Great British* ladies. This Princess Dashkoff was certainly

not very far from my mind when writing the character of Mrs. Cheshire (Rusty Fusty) in "The Agreeable Surprise."

A STUDIOUS PERFORMER.

Edwin told me that his method was, when he got a new part to study, to turn it about and about, as an artist drawing from a bust, in order to find the points which might give him most power over his audience. The part of Tipple, in "The Flitch of Bacon," first introduced him to public attention. This piece brought a great deal of money in Ireland, and proved to Shield a fine vehicle for his melodies. To the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley, its author, I was under many obligations for the very kind and favourable mention of my dramatic pieces in his newspaper, "The Morning Herald," during a series of upwards of forty years.

AN IRISH ECCENTRIC.

In my published "Recollections," I have given some account of "Tom Five-Cards," a Dublin buck of the first water. A few further particulars here suggest themselves to me respecting him. Tom was so much given to practical capers that it was a matter of some little peril to meet him accidentally in the streets. My brother and one or two friends of mine were once passing with me the entrance of Skinner Row, from Castle-street, Dublin, when we met Tom exactly at the opening. Just then a tipsy man chanced to be passing us, with his reel and stagger. We laughed, which put him into a great rage, and produced much flourish and abuse. We wished to pass on, but Tom Five-Cards called to us to stop a moment, and then planted himself before the drunken fellow in an attitude of defiance. The latter attempted to strike, and fell. Tom instantly, with his arms a-kimbo, and his head in a jig position, danced round him, singing to the tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley." The man got up, and made ineffectual blows at Tom, who, still singing and dancing round him, gave him at intervals little taps on the cheek, which kept him in an irritated state of foam and fury. The excitement was increased by the laughter of the standers-by, for a crowd began to gather round them. Every time the man fell, Tom carefully helped him up, and then continued his dance, his song, and his taps of the cheek, the drunken fellow not being able to return a single blow.

In the year 1782 Tom Five-Cards became a real man of fashion in London. He had his establishment, fine house, livery servants, equipages, capital horses, &c. Some years afterwards, he lived in chambers in the Temple. I was with him one morning when his man of business called upon him, and they talked most profoundly of stock, and funds, and so forth. "Ay, O'Keeffe!" said Tom, "you see how we manage affairs in London!"—Poor fellow! he managed affairs so that he died in the Fleet. This is accounted for by the fact that he was professionally a man of play.

EPIGRAM.

ON A GRANDILOQUENT WRITER.

WHY we with difficulty read
His works I now discover;
A *lofty style* must be indeed
Most awkward to *get over*.

F. J. L.

LETTERS ON THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

No. I.—The Sheffield Grinders.

Mr. Editor,—Changes producing unmixed good or evil seldom occur in society. Revolutions of the most destructive character, which shake the towers of the social structure to the earth, are sometimes necessary, unless men would be content to dwell in a time-worn and tottering edifice, concealing, in its obscure and loathsome recesses, reptiles, and hiding under its eaves the blind birds of night. Even the gradual improvement of society occasions temporary evils. All progress is difficult; on every step we shed the tears of woe and the sweat of toil. Disappointments are frequent: we sow wheat and reap tares; or when we go to gather the harvest, we find that mildew has fallen on it in the night, or that tempest has destroyed it.

No system has yet been developed tending so powerfully as that of commerce to assist the diffusion of civilization over the world, and to aid the growth of right social institutions in the communities of our own country. Our labourers are no longer serfs, dependent on the bounty of some marauding chief, beneath the shadow of whose castle their wretched huts are built. The disgraceful usurpations by which, in that dark era, they were oppressed are abolished; to each man his house is his castle, and his hearthstone a sanctuary. Ere long the remains of feudality will be uprooted by the efforts of that honest and vigorous middle class which commercial enterprise has created, and whose healthful influence society already begins to feel. Exclusive privileges, unholy and antique tenures, and unjust distinctions, will be destroyed: society will cease to play the stepdame to her children,—cherishing some at the expense of others,—bidding her toil-worn sons pay in bloody sweat for the gems of the tiara and the gold of the coronet. Our merchants will not expend their treasures, nor our more enlightened artisans spill their blood, in wars, to strengthen "legitimacy's crutch." The day is not very distant, we hope, when men will not be cajoled by a drunken sergeant to accept the king's bribe, and leave the loom and the plough for the bayonet and the bivouac, or desert the peaceful cottage for the bloody trenches and the abrupt and ghastly breach. But ere these changes occur, serious duties devolve upon us all in our respective situations; and no efforts will more effectually tend to bring about the results we hope to attain than those directed to improve the condition of the labouring classes of society.

The increase of manufactures has occasioned the sudden colonization of extensive districts, the rapid aggregation of vast masses of population, and an unforeseen development of new energies in the mass. Society has assumed new relations in the great towns which have been thus created. The hum of population, the roll of wheels, and the clangor of mechanical operations have banished silence from former solitudes. Rivers, whose unresisted torrents were then poured impetuously onward from their parent mountains to the ocean, are now diverted, and made the obedient drudges of the will of man. As, during the period in which these changes have occurred, the energies of the inhabitants have been absorbed by exertions necessary for their production, it would have been

wonderful had not some evils, unexpectedly engendered by the changes themselves, baffled, as yet, the best-directed efforts for their removal, had not others of a more obscure character, by their gradual progress, almost escaped observation, until they had produced disastrous effects, and had not some, whose existence was known, been suffered to remain, because of the pressure of incessant occupation and overwhelming anxieties. Such evils chiefly affect the labouring classes, and their exposure is a duty demanded from all who wish the natural to be separated from the accidental effects of commerce; and would thus, at the same time, remove a stigma from its character, and hasten its peaceful triumph. In the efforts necessary to this result, each citizen ought to avoid an ignoble view of the duties of his station; and, acting on the most enlarged and general principles, assist the promotion of the happiness of the mass.

Guided by these feelings, I have, for some time past, been engaged in an investigation of the condition of certain classes of artisans, whose social condition is distinguished by circumstances, interesting alike to the physician and the economist, and demanding the interference of an enlightened and sagacious policy.

Evils of this nature are easily overlooked by the mass of society. Sometimes they exist in districts remote from those circles which would feel the deepest interest in attempting their removal, or their character may be so obscure, that one portion of even a small community may live in ignorance of the miseries suffered by another. In larger towns, subjects of controversy frequently arise between the more wealthy and the poorer classes: the price of labour, the introduction of machinery, questions of municipal policy, and fiercer political feuds, tend to separate the capitalist and merchant from the working men. Anxieties, inseparable from vast enterprises, absorb the thoughts and occupy the time so much, that great evils may affect large bodies of the citizens, and remain unknown to those whom the accidents of society thus remove from immediate contact with them. The first step to the cure of a disease is a knowledge of its character; and ere we can hope to establish a right social condition in the various classes of our general system, the evils suffered by each must be discriminated, and the interest of every order of society be excited for their removal.

He, then, whose duty it is to sit by the couch of the dying artisan should not merely seek to soothe his agony, but to learn the source of his malady, and attempt the extirpation of those defects in society which make it the inheritance of the labourer. He who, in the performance of public services, climbs the ricketty stair to the cold and desolate garret of the pauper, ought to inquire into the social accidents or national evils which have occasioned his destitution; and, whilst breathing the heavy atmosphere that surrounds the victim of pestilence, he endeavours to trace the circumstances that promote its dissemination among the hovels of wretchedness and crime, he has such peculiar opportunities of beholding the consequences of defects in the structure of society, that he cannot be excused from the duty of exposing their pernicious influences; else, how shall they learn their existence whom the refinements and elegancies of life have surrounded by a charmed circle, into which these spectres of misery cannot intrude? What other voice shall be heard in those haunts of fashion, whose votaries a single wail of the victims whom he daily beholds would scatter with affright? Some one must pass between the

hut and the palace, and with a voice less harsh than that of the despairing crowd become the interpreter to power of the wants and wishes of the wretched and abandoned.

Your magazine is a vehicle most appropriate to this office, and I am anxious that its pages should, for some time, be devoted to the promotion of these objects; and with that view it is my intention to send you a series of letters, illustrative of evils suffered by particular classes of the poor which demand the attention of the public.

The Sheffield grinders are a bold and vigorous-minded race—uncouth and ill-educated—prone, from circumstances which will be described, to dissipation—but active and acute, and distinguished by an independence of character which adds to the ordinary manners of the artisan a certain unusual roughness. They earn from twelve to fifteen shillings a week or more, but their wages, from the recent embarrassments of commerce, have of late been considerably reduced. The streets inhabited by the working-classes in Sheffield are well paved, and the houses are generally commodious and are better furnished than those of the poor in many other towns. The manners of the grinders result, in a great measure, from the independence of their social position. They bargain with the merchant for the money they receive for grinding certain articles of Sheffield hardware, and they pay a rent to proprietors of mills for the use of the moving power necessary to turn their grinding-stones, and for the room in which the power moves. In these rooms, denominated "hulls," many grinders work together, each having his own "trough," in which the stone turns, and immediately behind which he sits astride on a rough wooden bench or "horsing." Closely beneath the "horsing" the grinding-stone revolves with great rapidity, and the whole employment consists in applying to the stone the articles to be ground. When this work, as will be explained, was more healthy than it now is, a man has been known to spend sixty years of his life uninterruptedly in this monotonous toil. In each "hull" is a fire-place, and round the hearthstone, in the intervals of their employment, the grinders assemble. They are tenants of the proprietors of the mill, and contractors with the merchant, and at the "hull hearthstone" the topics of the trade or of their "combination" are debated; its rules are discussed, the prices of labour are communicated, and schemes are agitated for their mutual advantage. At other times, amusement or dissipation prevail; and thus the grinders strengthen their peculiar opinions and habits, and grow up a singular, independent, and almost insulated race.

My chief object in this letter is the description of a disease to which they are liable in consequence of their employment. This malady is improperly denominated by those artisans the "grinders' asthma," but is a form of tubercular consumption, peculiarities in the character of which result from its origin. The inhalation of an atmosphere loaded with filaments, or with particles of stone and metal, irritates the internal surface of those tubes *(bronchi)* which convey the air into the lungs in the process of respiration. The irritation thus excited occasions a chronic cough; the voice becomes hoarse and harsh, and the artisan liable to more serious catarrhs, and to inflammation of the substance of the lungs, from exposure to changes of temperature and other ordinary exciting causes. If he be long subjected to the influence of these circumstances, an extreme susceptibility of impressions is developed in the lungs—the

cough is very distressing on wakening from sleep, or passing from a warm to a colder atmosphere, and from speaking or walking quickly. By degrees, the irritation of the lining membrane degenerates into a chronic inflammation which occasions morbid secretions from its surface, thickening, or ulceration. This chronic inflammatory action gradually descends lower, until at length it penetrates the air-cells themselves, and occasions the deposition of a small, white, round body, resembling an exceedingly minute pea, and which is denominated a tubercle, and is the cause of consumption or phthisis. These tubercles subsequently occasion fresh irritation in the substance of the lungs; then fresh depositions of a similar character: so that the lungs are often studded throughout their whole tissue with these miliary bodies, or they are crowded together in masses surrounded by a hard structure impenetrable to the air. The lungs are alternately so extensively disorganized that the sufferer dies in this stage from the interruption of the respiratory function, or the tubercles gradually soften in the centre, and are coughed up mingled with sputa, and leave large irregular cavities in the pulmonary tissue, technically denominated "caverns." This is the pathology of phthisis; and the grinders, from that propensity to self-deception by which we all attempt to hide the disasters to which we are liable, conceal the fatal nature of their malady under the name of "grinders' asthma," a disease which is seldom fatal until late in life.

The grinder, when at work, sits astride on the rough bench, or "horsing," placed immediately behind his stone, and, as he applies the article which he grinds to its surface, he naturally bends forward over it. The stone and the steel are rapidly worn during their contact, and the minute spiculæ of metal and particles of grit dust are propelled by the rapid revolution of the wheel into the air, which thus becomes loaded with them. The grinder's face is blackened by an impalpable steel powder, and especially about the nose and mouth, to which it is drawn during inspiration. By the inhalation of these particles is occasioned that fatal malady of which the grinders perish.

Dr. Knight, a most intelligent physician of Sheffield, has communicated a valuable paper on this disease to the "North of England Medical and Surgical Journal;" and as his statements on this subject must, from his long residence in Sheffield, be received with peculiar respect, I shall make occasional quotations from his paper of details, which I have heard confirmed by other professional gentlemen of that town, or have verified by personal observation.

"The articles which are ground in this neighbourhood," says Dr. Knight, "are forks, awl-blades, fire-irons, razors, scissors, pen-knives, table-knives, large pocket-knives, files, joiners' tools, saws, sickles, and scythes. Some of these are ground on dry grindstones, others on wet grindstones; hence the grinders are divided into two classes, the dry and the wet grinders—and there is a third class, who grind both wet and dry—altogether they amount to about two thousand five hundred; of this number about one hundred and fifty, viz. eighty men and seventy boys are fork-grinders—these grind dry, and die from twenty-eight to thirty-two years of age. The razor-grinders grind both wet and dry, and they live to betwixt forty and forty-five years of age. Some exceptions to these general remarks may be met with amongst those who have con-

tinued to work at open wheels in the country, and *amongst others who have been absent for many years from their employment as soldiers.*" When the grinder leaves his occupation for a few years, the lungs recover from the irritation to which they had been subjected; and though, perhaps, somewhat more liable to its renewal, when subjected to the influence of the same exciting causes, than he would have been had he never suffered from the effects of his trade, yet a considerable time elapses before the disease is again excited, and his life is thus considerably prolonged. The grinders generally begin to work as apprentices when they are about twelve or fourteen years of age, and twenty years of uninterrupted employment at dry grinding are generally fatal; but if they are absent two or three years at successive intervals, their lives may be prolonged much beyond this period. The grinders profess to have observed that the most irregular and dissipated amongst their workmen suffer least from the malady to which they are liable. It is certain that when only part of their time was formerly spent in this occupation, their mortality was exceedingly smaller; and this observation of the grinders just alluded to proves that the benefit derived from even a temporary cessation from this employment, during one or two days in the week, more than counterbalances the injury the constitution receives from spending those days in dissipation.

In 1814 the mortality of the fork-grinders had recently been so alarming, that an inquiry was made by the grinders themselves concerning the numbers who had perished in four preceding years. From this investigation it was discovered that out of sixty fork-grinders then employed in the trade, twenty-six had died in four years, the average of whose ages was thirty-three. There are about one hundred edge-tool-grinders in Sheffield; and, during the last nine years, about thirty are said to have died, the average of whose ages was little more than thirty-five. Among the fork-grinders now in Sheffield, there are a considerable number who have, at different periods, been absent from their employment, either as soldiers, or in other occupations, and hence their mortality has been less than usual. There are about sixty fork-grinders above twenty years of age; and the following is a statement of the ages of fifty-six of these artisans—the average period they have worked at the grinding-wheel—the time they have been absent—and the number of those who are affected with their peculiar malady, and of those who are free from it.

Ages.	No.	Total period they have worked at the wheel.	Average.	Total period absent.	Average.	Free from the malady.	Ill with malady.
Above 50	3	58	19⅓	38	12⅔	1	2
45 to 50	2	39	19½	26	13		2
40 to 45	6	122	20⅓	49	8⅙		6
35 to 40	9	171	19	46	5⅛	4	5
30 to 35	14	262	18	5		8	6
25 to 30	10	131	13 1/10	6		8	2
20 to 25	12	125	10 4/17			11	1

A similar disease prevails in many employments in which the artisan respires an atmosphere loaded with small particles or filaments. Pattissier, in his treatise on the maladies of artisans, has given interesting details concerning the effects of some of these occupations. Stone-cutters and masons often inhale sharp angular fragments of stone which are driven into the air by their mallets; thus the greater part of them are tormented with cough, and some of them become asthmatical, or even phthisical. There is a memoir, at the close of Bloue's "Précis d'Opérations de Chirurgie," on the phthisis which attacks the workers of freestone, or "*Saint-Rock.*" "*The greater part of the workmen* are attacked by the disease of Saint-Rock before they are forty years of age: *some, however, though very few,* escape phthisis, and live as long as other men. This disease commences by a dry cough, which continues for some months: the patients then expectorate: their sputa are successively white and frothy, thick, bloody, and purulent: they experience occasionally great oppression, and a burning sensation in the trachea: the voice is hoarse, and there is continual fever. The region of the liver is hard, and the patients complain of suffering and a sensation of weight. The epigastrium is tender. The appetite continues until diarrhœa occurs; then the sputa are arrested; the hair and nails fall off; sleep is impossible, or accompanied with profuse perspirations. The sufferers become emaciated like spectres; the limbs, the feet, and the hands are œdematous, and death occurs soon after the commencement of this anasarca. This affection may continue six months, a year, or sometimes several years."

"The dust detached from the stone penetrates the lungs by the mouth, is arrested in the respiratory canals, mingles itself with the mucosities with which these organs are lubricated, and sometimes forms true calculous accretions, which excite cough and expectoration of blood, and may even occasion dangerous inflammations of the pleura and lungs. M. Blozier has observed, 'that the men who work freestone are more subject to catarrhs than other men exposed to cough and violent labour.' These diseases degenerate most frequently into cases of phthisis, which slowly terminate fatally."

The Sheffield grinders are early apprenticed to their fatal trade. A boy is as capable of working at all the lighter branches of the occupation as a man; and hence some combinations have framed rules to prevent men from having above a certain number of apprentices, except they are their own children. In the absence of these regulations, some dissolute workmen would subsist in idleness on the earnings of the boys apprenticed to them. Some boys, whose constitutions predispose them to be affected with consumption, soon experience the injurious effects of this occupation, and are obliged to leave it for other employments. Others, more robust, are for some time conscious of little inconvenience; but, after a certain interval, the characteristic symptoms of the malady gradually supervene. They are subject to a chronic cough; to a difficulty of breathing, increased by rapid motion, or especially by mounting an ascent; they become pale and meagre; their chests are bent forwards, and their shoulders raised; their physiognomy assumes the withered character of premature old age; the muscles shrink, and become attenuated; and the eyes are hollow and anxious. Then follow the symptoms of that destructive malady, consumption:—expectoration of blood and purulent

matter; nightly colliquative perspiration and profuse diarrhœa; irritative fever, restlessness, extreme emaciation, swellings of the feet and legs, a lingering agony, and then death.

Can it be a just subject of wonder, that with an existence so precarious and miserable, victims from an early age of so fatal an occupation, the grinders should be prone to dissipation? Monotonous, unvaried labour, is itself a curse which degrades man from his higher destinies. What worse punishment was ever devised to subdue the spirit of the most reckless felon, than that he should be condemned to sit at a revolving stone ten hours of every day, grinding steel, and inhaling the germs of a fatal malady—his only passport from the prison of toil? Suffering such a fate, man seeks to drown his misery in the delirium of inebriation. In the jocund revel he forgets the grim "hull," the dirty trough, and the continual scream of his wheel. He flatters himself that the cup, which is a solace to his woe, is a remedy for his disease, and justifies what is grateful to his appetite and Lethe to his mind, by maxims of prudence and expediency.

The origin of the fatal system, which occasions so great a mortality among the grinders of Sheffield, is thus described by Dr. Knight:—

"Until the beginning of the last century, grinding was not a distinct branch of business, but was performed by men who were also employed in forging and hafting; hence they were exposed but seldom, and then only for a short time, to the pernicious effects of grinding. They worked also in large, lofty rooms, which did not contain more than six or eight stones; were open to the roof, without windows, and with the cog-wheel always on the inside; thus, such a circulation of air was constantly kept up, that the small quantity of dust raised from these few stones was soon carried away. The wheels were always situated in the country, by the side of running streams, and frequently two or three miles from the habitations of the workmen, so that they had the advantage of pure air and moderate exercise in passing to and from their employment. Moreover, for several months during each summer, they could not work more than four or five hours a day, owing to the scarcity of water. The grinders, at that time, lived chiefly in the country, had less intercourse with each other, and were consequently less exposed to those excesses which frequently prevail where large bodies of workmen are congregated together: they were distinguished for their simple manners and temperate habits. This was the golden age of the grinders.

"About the beginning of the last century, the division of labour was gradually introduced into the manufacture of cutlery, and grinding became the sole employment of the grinder. Some time after the middle of the same century several grinders were observed to die of complaints nearly similar. The attention of their companions was excited, and they found the complaint was peculiar to themselves. Still, however, it was far from being common; for they continued to enjoy all the advantages which their predecessors had possessed, except that, being no longer employed in hafting and forging, they passed all their working hours at the grinding-wheel.

"Towards the close of the last century, it was found that the business of grinding had so much increased, that the grinding-wheels already established were insufficient; but as every fall of water within five or six miles of Sheffield was occupied by wheels, it was impossible to add to

their number. In this emergency, those connected with the trade resolved to avail themselves of the power of steam; and, in the year 1786, the steam-engine was applied to the purposes of grinding. A great revolution then took place in the circumstances of the grinder. He now worked in a small, low room, where there were eight or ten stones, and sometimes as many as sixteen persons employed at one time. The doors and windows were kept almost constantly closed; a great quantity of dust was evolved from so many stones, and there was scarcely any circulation of air to carry it away. The steam-engine, unlike the stream that had formerly supplied his wheel, allowed him no season of relaxation; it worked, on an average, eleven hours in the day, and six days in the week. The grinders began to reside, more generally, in the town; most of them lived near their respective wheels; their habits became less temperate; whilst the steady and industrious, having now an opportunity of working as much as they pleased, died at an earlier age than even the idle and the dissipated. So general has this destructive malady become of late years, that the result of some inquiries, made in 1822, showed that out of two thousand five hundred grinders, there were not thirty-five who had arrived at the age of fifty, and perhaps not double that number who had reached the age of forty-five; and out of more than eighty-four grinders, exclusive of boys, it was reported there was not a single individual thirty-six years old.

"As all attempts to cure grinders' asthma, whilst the grinder continued to follow his employment, had failed, it was natural that the parties who were interested should endeavour to find out some means of preventing it. Many expedients have been suggested. Dr. Johnstone proposed that the mouth and nostrils should be covered with crape; but, in a short time, the dust from the stone and the moisture of the breath rendered the crape nearly impervious, and then the heat and oppression of the breathing became intolerable. Another contrivance was suggested by Mr. Abraham, a most humane and intelligent inhabitant of Sheffield. It consisted of magnets, so arranged as to intercept the particles of dust in their passage to the mouth and nostrils. A full account of this ingenious invention may be found in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' vol. xl. page 135. So highly was it valued by this Society, that they presented Mr. Abraham with their large gold medal; and his fellow-townsmen, in order to show the interest they felt for the grinders, as well as to reward Mr. Abraham's ingenuity, requested his acceptance of a service of plate, value one hundred pounds.

"Such were the favourable auspices under which this invention was submitted to the attention of the grinders; yet this 'life-preserving apparatus' was never generally adopted by them, nor even partially, for longer than five or six months. The trouble of arranging the magnets, and of removing the dust as it collected upon them, was too great for the grinders; besides, it was the metallic particles which the magnets were chiefly calculated to arrest; and there is reason to believe, from facts that will be adduced hereafter, that the grit-dust is not only the most copious, but also the most injurious, part of what is inhaled by the grinder. Mr. Abraham's merit, however, was not confined to the application of magnets for the relief of the grinders; he suggested another contrivance, which, though less scientific, has proved of more practical utility, by giving rise to that series of improvements which have been since more or

less adopted. It consisted of an additional apparatus, which was formed of a piece of coarse sacking, or flannel, attached to a frame of wood; this was to be placed before the stone, and closely behind the safety-guard of magnets, so as to secure all the dust which they had failed to arrest. This sacking, or flannel, was to be kept constantly wet, and the dust was to be shaken out of it when sufficient had been accumulated. The next improvement was made by Mr. John Elliott. He made a box, and lined it in the inside with coarse canvass; the box was wider at one end than the other; the wide end was applied to the stone, and the canvass, when used, was to be kept moist with water. It was, however, soon discovered, on experiment, that the dust and the air from the stone dried up the moisture, and rendered the box useless.

"But whilst Mr. Elliott was making experiments with his box, he observed that the dust was driven with great force into it; and, on opening the smaller end, and applying his hand to it, he found that the revolution of the stone produced a current of air sufficiently strong to drive the dust *through* the box. This fact immediately suggested a new idea: he attached to the box a kind of chimney, and covered the top of this chimney with crape, in order to allow the air, but not the dust, to pass through it. Some of the finer dust, however, still passed through; to arrest this, a piece of wet cloth was stretched on two supporters a little above the crape. This improvement quickly led to another;—the chimney was carried through a hole in the wall, or a window, and the dust was driven entirely out of the room. But it was found that the current of air, produced by the revolution of the grindstone, was not of itself sufficiently strong to carry the dust away effectually; and it was ingeniously proposed to increase its power, by placing a fan at the entrance of the chimney,—this fan to be turned by being connected with the machinery of the steam-engine. The effect of this simple contrivance was extremely gratifying. The dust, as soon as it was evolved from the stone, was carried through this chimney with very great velocity; and a sanguine hope was entertained, that the means had at length been discovered of preserving the grinder from the injurious effects of his trade. This apparatus was for some time generally adopted by the grinders, with such slight modifications as suited the convenience of particular individuals. It did not, however, entirely answer their expectations: disappointment produced indifference; and I believe it is very little used at present. It was found, by experience, that, notwithstanding the quantity of dust driven off through the chimney or flue above described, still a considerable portion of the finest dust was carried round by the stone, and, rising up under the face of the grinder, was drawn in by his breath. It was proposed to obviate this defect by directing a stream of air along the under side of the stone, so as to meet this current of dust, and check its further progress towards the lungs of the grinder. But the great interest which had been excited a few years before had now died away, and I believe this plan has never been tried. I may also mention that an apparatus has been invented by Mr. Thomason, of Birmingham, a model of which he very handsomely presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield. It was too complicated and expensive for general use, and would apparently—for it was never tried—have been less efficient than some of those contrivances already detailed.

"It is the opinion of those who have paid considerable attention to

the subject, that much might be done towards lessening the injurious effects of grinding. At present both wet and dry grinding are frequently done in the same room. It seems desirable that these two processes should be carried on, as much as possible, in separate rooms, so as to preserve the wet grinder from the effects of the dust raised in dry grinding. A large quantity of dust settles on the machinery during the night, and is diffused through the room in the morning as soon as the engine is set in motion; thus, before even the grinder begins to work, the atmosphere is so loaded with dust as to prove extremely irritating to the lungs of one unaccustomed to breathe it: this additional source of pulmonary irritation might be removed by the machinery being properly dusted every morning. The idle, and even the dissipated, frequently live longer than their more abstemious companions. As this longer duration of life is attributed to their washing down the dust by drinking freely, it is made a pretext for habits of intemperance: in reality it is owing to their being a shorter time at the grinding-wheel. This fact would, however, suggest the propriety of grinders being allowed to work only a certain number of days each week. No work ought to be done on dry stones that can be done on wet ones."

These suggestions are excellent; but the grinders are a reckless race, and, unless precautions are enjoined by the law, every suggestion will be disregarded. Let a short bill, therefore, be passed this Session through the House of Commons, rendering the foregoing provisions imperative, under heavy penalties; but especially enacting that dry and wet grinding shall be carried on in separate rooms. The proprietors of the mills should, moreover, be compelled by this law to lay large main flues on each floor, and provide each with fans to be turned by the machinery, in order that a continued current of air may be maintained in them, and a small flue should be made to open into them from each stone. By means of this current of air passing the stones, and kept up by the constant action of the fans in the main flues, the dust would be drawn into them, and the atmosphere of the rooms would be comparatively free.

The wet grinding still remains, and for it no effectual remedy has been devised. The mortality occasioned by this employment is less than that resulting from dry grinding, but it is an evil of a frightful magnitude. It is an important question whether, under the pressure of the accidental circumstances of life, men should *be permitted to destroy themselves.* The grinder is apprenticed to his trade at a period when his judgment is immature, and when every novelty attracts the buoyant spirits and unburthened mind of youth. When the seven years of his apprenticeship expire he is of age: he has learned an employment whose hazards are alarming; but he must either cast himself on the cold charities of the world, battling alone with a hard necessity, or persevere in his fatal trade. The instincts which support the soldier in the perils of war, steep the spirit of the grinder in recklessness. His death is but antedated. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Surely is it an unwelcome thing to the young, the hopeful, and the happy, to leave the pleasant face of nature, and be shut up in one of the narrow crevices of the earth's breast,—but not to the miserable. Moreover, the grinder cheats himself with the delusions that are common to man: though he is to die, yet, since he is respited, he can "eat, drink, and be merry." Then follow the cares of life; the burthens of a wife and family;

accumulating demands and decreasing strength; and the grinder, when he might have hoped to retire and repose his exhausted energies, falls the victim of his trade.

Our system of secondary punishments is neither corrective nor exemplary. Crime is often committed in order that the criminal may enjoy the benefit which the law awards for the encouragement of crime. Our laws send felons to the Arcadian solitudes of New Holland; whilst our industrious poor, unable to defray the expenses of emigration, are driven by stern necessity to accept the eleemosynary stipend doled out to them by the agents of the parish, or to die in the crowded poor-houses of our large towns. For one part of this enormous evil we propose a remedy. Let government gradually build a large gaol in Sheffield, erecting successive portions every year until it is capable of holding two thousand five hundred felons, and the machinery necessary for their employment. Send thither the most obdurate felons of England, and establish in this gaol the system of the penitentiaries of America. Confine each felon solitarily to the grinder's stone,—let him hear nothing but the screams of his Ixion-like wheel during nine or ten hours of every day—let him know that every day of this employment subtracts another from his life,—and let him live in the knowledge that he is a self-destroyer, wasting his existence under some unseen eye that constantly watches him at his work; and if the spirit of the most desperate villain be not subdued by this fate, no punishment can correct him.

Thus, also, the grinder's fatal trade might be extinguished as an occupation for our honest and industrious poor.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

"Andrea Vivano, the Italian gentleman who lately lived with Master Husborn without the town, was yesterday morning found dead in the bed which the gaoler had permitted him to occupy. The crowner's 'quest hath already been taken, and it has been pronounced that the deceased had swallowed some potent drug, by which he was enabled to sleep himself to *death*. There is strange discourse abroad about certain horrible crimes which the dead man attempted, if he did not in truth really perpetrate; but as it is said that the peace and reputation of a lady will be greatly affected by its general publication, we refrain from telling our readers even what little we know of this dark business."—*Woodhead's County Chronicle, Thursday, Sept.* 26. 1776.

The above paragraph appeared at the time mentioned in a newspaper, printed by one Wm. Woodhead, and published by him at his shop, the King's Head, in a little passage, called Harold Street, in the ancient port of Hastings. Sixty years ago, the very few *chronicles* circulated in the counties were conducted by gentlemen, who would have considered themselves disgraced, and marked for public contempt, if they had given to their little neighbourhood a tale of horror, which, however true, would certainly, in its publicity, deeply wound the feelings of some innocent persons who with it were unhappily connected. The editors of those days had no idea of pandering to the public curiosity by printing the sorrows or sins of private families; nor had they any idea that the time would arrive when not only every piece of the current scandal of the day would appear on their sheet, but when money would at last be profusely paid to any ingenious or menda-

cious personage who could exclusively *report* a tale of terror or wonderment. Consequently the worthy Mr. Woodhead never gave to the public the history of "The Italian Gentleman." A long period, however, having elapsed since its conclusion, and as nothing now lives and breathes which can claim kin or friendship with those whom it concerned, it is given to the world without any suspicion of impropriety or fear of reproach in its publication.

Master Jacob Husborn lived in a castellated stone house standing between Hastings and Silscomb; a small place in which some medicinal springs had been discovered, and so advertised as to draw to its baths and villas many visiters. He was proud to believe that his dwelling had been erected by one of his own ancestors about the time of the ascension of Queen Elizabeth; but he possessed no written records of his family by which the fact could be placed beyond controversy. He had, however, a few hundred acres of the good land of Sussex, which had certainly descended to him in direct entail from his great-grandfather; and out of the revenue which they produced (he farmed them not himself), he was enabled to support the fitting establishment of an English country gentleman, who aspired to nothing more than lodging, feeding, and drinking genteelly and sufficiently, without being indebted to either physical or mental exertion, or the still more despised operations of trade and barter. Whenever Mr. Husborn was obliged to deliver his opinion on matters not immediately connected with the dining-room or the stable, he betrayed himself as an *ultra* amongst that class of landholders who took their tone from the minister and court of the day. Such men, and the prejudices which distinguished them, are so rapidly passing away, that it may be worth while to expend a few lines in delineating the political character of a man who, had he *not* been that which is about to be described, in the day in which he lived, would have been stigmatized by his contemporaries as a Jacobin, a leveller, a traitor, or even something worse.

Husborn, then, according to the faction of his day, held in most sincere respect "all the powers that be." In his king, George the Third, then in the very prime of his years, he contemplated all the goodness and all the power which distinguished all the benevolent and all the puissant kings whom the western world could boast; and he doubted whether he should be more praised for the constancy he exhibited to the beauty of his wife, or admired for his indefatigable exertions in endeavouring to produce such stupendous turnips as the earth had not hitherto seen. Of Lord North, the minister, his opinion might be guessed by his frequent assertion that those who opposed the principles which distinguished his administration could not by any possibility be either gentlemen or Englishmen. The Americans, who were now seriously mooting the question touching the sovereignty of the British parliament, were the objects of his most bitter, and, strange as it may now appear, most conscientious reprobation. He prayed every night that the honour of England might not be tarnished by treating with the rebels while one of them retained arms in his hands; and he offered thanksgiving for the hope that was in him, that General Howe and his gallant brother, who were going out with thirty thousand Hessians and Waldeckers, would pretty soon bring them to acknowledge the natural obedience which they owed their kind mother-country. Such was Mr. Husborn at his club, or occasionally amongst the neighbouring gentry on a grand jury; at home the most passionless and most healthful animal in the world, which has hitherto given a practical assent to the assertion, "that all that is is right."

The household of Husborn comprised but few individuals; and its monotony must have been unbearable to one of less phlegmatic temperament. He had been early left a jolly, tearless widower, the father of one child,

who alone of all created things could bring warmth and expression to his voice, brilliancy to his eye, or emotion to his heart. Margaret Husborn was some years past the season of absolute youth, but she was constitutionally the true offspring of her parent; and it seemed as if the seasons of infancy, womanhood, and mature age, were to pass over her without bringing forth those fruits of feeling, passion, and judgment which are wont to distinguish her sex. She was, indeed, a woman—full of the virtues and full of the weaknesses of her kind—loving, credulous, passive, believing, she was the creature, the slave, the admirer of all beings more intellectual than herself, with whom she became placed in contact. The Italian gentleman lived beneath the roof of the father and daughter thus described. This circumstance is easily explained. The Cinque Ports, about the middle of the last century, were the favourite resorts of the idle, the fashionable, and the opulent, who were instructed by their physicians to seek health and amusement on their gay shores. Amongst such visiters to Hastings was the foreigner whose name has been given; and as it was not then accounted disreputable, even amongst people of independence, to receive such inmates within their dwellings, Vivano became domiciled with Jacob Husborn and his gentle daughter Margaret. The Italian was a man of singular aspect and bearing; and though it does not appear, that even from among the most discerning of those who looked upon him, any judgment was elicited to the prejudice of his personal and moral character, yet it may not be uninteresting to give the description which was written by one who had long observed and could well describe appearances, if he could not speculate on their probable indication of principles and effects.

Signior Andrea Vivano, at the time hinted at, was probably about the age of thirty. He had lived with Master Husborn more than twelve months—a most unusual circumstance, considering the short season-visits which people were in the habit of paying to the coast; and it was remarked that he had much improved the healthful hue of his complexion, and increased the rotundity and apparent strength of his limbs, since he first made his appearance. That which was most remarkable about him was his unvarying sameness of manner. Did the sun shine merrily in the skies, and all animated nature in some manner seem to rejoice in the calm and majestic beauty of the material world, Vivano would walk abroad, in his usual half-quiet and half-sullen mood, and seem as if he feared or disdained to raise his eyes to the glorious clouds above. In the wildness of the winter storm, amid the night tempest, when the spirits of the waters shrieked, as if in mockery of the cries of drowning mariners, and all along the coast Christian men were busy in setting up lights to direct the endangered bark, he would walk out to look on the battle of the elements; but then, also, were his looks dull and passionless as those of a weary student at the close of his midnight labour; neither by countenance nor voice did he express fear of the great and mysterious powers which were busy around him, or the least hope or prayer that they would sink into peace, and leave man and his merchandise unscathed. Yes, the look of the Italian was certainly not repellent, though it must be confessed it was an object of curiosity to those speculators who pretended to look through eyes into hearts; and it disappointed those who thought to find every biped possessed of the human face "divine." In a word, his head was such a one as a young sculptor, well versed in the mechanical rules of his study, but incapable of high conceptions, would produce,—a model perfectly regular, without a fault, but also without a grace.

Whatever the stranger might be to the curious, he was, however, an accepted friend to Husborn. He reposed upon his imperturbable stillness; and when he ventured to launch into talk, and favour his inmate and his daughter with a few speculations on the course of events, finding his observations ever received without dissent, he began to plume himself on his

sagacity, and inwardly applaud the intelligence and high breeding which was displayed by at least one of his hearers.

Months passed away; and it began to appear, as time fled, that the approach of a more intimate union was about to take place in the little circle. Husborn had for some time seen that Vivano had spent much of his time with his daughter Margaret. He observed his conduct at first with apathy or indifference; and at last, so much had his friendship increased, that he sometimes thought of making a few necessary inquiries into his family and fortune, and accepting him for his son-in-law at once. He was the more induced to arrive at this conclusion, because, dull-eyed as he was, he could not but observe that his fair daughter, nothing loth, accompanied the Italian in all his long and gloomy walks, and, besides, wasted with him many hours in the library,—an apartment in his house into which no intrusion ever occurred. This equivocal intimacy continued to increase; not that, indeed, Vivano was more tender than at first in his attentions to Margaret, but every one could see, save the indolent father, there was a touching submission and respect in the conduct of the lady towards her lover, which declared him the lord of her heart and the master of her destinies, which she had not betrayed during the first few months of their acquaintance.

The dark cloud which had long been rising against the peace of Husborn at length reached its height, and was about to burst on his devoted head. He, too, felt the course of fate concerned him, though he knew not how or wherefore—he fluttered and trembled as a bird does when the heavy air is burdened with the coming storm. Every night he pressed his pillow he determined that the ensuing morn should be dedicated to a long interview with his guest, the conclusion of which, he doubted not, would be the recognition of one of some fortune, perhaps of rank, as the husband of his daughter. Meanwhile, Margaret partook of the change which seemed to pervade all the family. The gay and almost reckless air, with which the young and innocent are wont to enjoy existence, had fled, and gloom and impatience sat on her once calm brow. She seemed to desire to be alone with her father; yet, when she appeared the most so determined, Vivano would decline his usual walk, or hour of study, and, looking at her full in the face, would declare that he could not, would not, lose her society. It became evident that the manner in which the indolent English gentleman, his simple daughter, and the strange Italian, lived together, had in it nothing of the elements of duration, and strange circumstances presently dissolved it.

A court-martial was about to be held by the officers stationed with their troops at the castle of Hastings, on a fellow who had committed so atrocious a crime, that every one knew, though nobody of course spoke about it, that the trial, the sentence, and its execution, would succeed each other between sun and sun. One morning Vivano said, indifferently (it was his custom to attend all judicial proceedings relating to criminal affairs, and all public punishments and executions which occurred within an easy range of his residence) that he should visit the castle. "There, of course, my dear lady," said he, addressing himself to Margaret, "you will not wander."

Margaret trembled, and was the colour of one who had lain a day in the tomb.

"Where will *you* spend the day?" continued Vivano, in the same careless tone, but with his singular eyes turned broadly on the lady's face.

"I—I," said Margaret, laying her hand on the shoulders of her father, who, almost unconscious of their presence, had been musing with his face towards the fire—"I purpose, as the day is dry and fine, walking hence to the house of Madam Dorothea; my aunt, I hear, is unwell, and—" Margaret again turned and encountered the colourless eyes of the Italian—"and," said she, in a firmer tone, "with your good will, I will visit her, and return on the morrow."

"Thy will and mine," said her father, with more sprightliness than was usual, "my good wench, are one; but, prythee, be not long away. And you, Signor Vivano, I shall look for you ere night-fall; you know how our chess-board stands, and to-night I will be revenged."

The Italian smiled after his fashion; and, shortly afterwards, Margaret having twice kissed her father's cheek, a token of affection rarely known to pass in their phlegmatic family, each went forth, apparently to fulfil the purpose each had appointed.

The evening came, the urn hissed, and, the fire hummed cheerfully; the chess-board, on which a game half played was exhibited, seemed to occupy the entire attention of Master Husborn, except that at intervals he turned somewhat impatiently towards the door. "Aye," said he, mentally, again peering towards the table, "thus I shall circumvent him, and prove my skill." But Vivano did not return; and the disappointed player, after concluding the game in his own mind a dozen times entirely to his own satisfaction, with a dismal air ordered his servant to light him to his chamber; and particularly desired, that *when* the Signior came home, he should be told that master had gone to bed, vexed that he had not returned in time to finish the game.

Some time after midnight the Italian gentleman did return, and, with his usual taciturnity, nodding good-night to the servant, after he had received his message, went to bed. In the morning Husborn looked peevish. Vivano, who had risen before him, accosted him frankly.

"Well, Sir," said he, "the foolish wretch was shot—the hour was midnight. I could not forego the sight. You know my foible; it is my philosophy, not my want of humanity, which makes me curious to contemplate the way in which the human taper is extinguished. If I had returned in the evening I should have lost the pleasure—I mean the interest—I take in such scenes, and I should have been vexed to my own death to have been beaten in the match, which must yet, I suppose, be played out between us."

"Well," replied Husborn, with returning good humour, "the night is passed, and the present is a new day; our bonny Margaret will return anon, and we shall all again be merry."

The day did pass, but without its anticipated merriment—the lady returned not; the following night was passed in restlessness—the next day came, and was prolonged in its length by anxious thoughts—the succeeding night was one of trembling fear—the third day, since the departure of Margaret on her little journey, lingered in its course, yet she returned not to her home.

"Sir," said Vivano to Husborn, whose mind, unused to any occurrence out of the common course of an English independent life, seemed utterly broken by the loss of his daughter—"Sir, good and obliging Sir, I will instantly take horse, and visit the lady at whose house your daughter is sojourning; doubtless some sudden illness, perhaps, after all, of little import, has imprisoned her in her chamber. Be assured of her good presence, or at least of happy tidings, ere night."

Husborn sank into his chair, bewildered in doubt and fear, and Vivano immediately took his leave. The father passed another day of undefined anguish: the night was destined to give point and purpose to the arrow of grief which was about to cleave his heart. Long after the clouds of evening had fallen on the earth, the slow approach of a horse was heard at the gate. Husborn hastened to the portal of his house and received Vivano, who seemed labouring with some great sorrow and much physical exertion, and ready to sink to the ground. For a moment he looked as if he had forgotten his own wound, and was conscious only of the apparently prostrate situation of his friend. He led him into the accustomed parlour, and placing him on a chair, sat down in another beside him, unconsciously drawing a third before their position. The instant these movements were completed, Husborn cast his eyes on the seat, and suddenly perceiving it

was empty, he struck his open hands on his brow, and wept like a young child. Uncounted groans and sighs passed a few minutes; and Vivano waited the return of comparative placidity and intellect before he spoke. The old man—he had much advanced in age during the last five days—drew his hands from his brows, and drying them mechanically with his handkerchief, turned towards his companion a look which needed not the interpretation of words.

"Sir," said the Italian, recurring to his usual cold equanimity of manner, "I have read in some books of my native land, that the brave English tremble, like curs, on the first approach of danger and bereavement; but that the moment the demons of evil and grief really present themselves, they assume the courage and constancy of their bold country-dogs, and perish not but in the warm and painless hour of struggling and warfare."

Husborn replied to this exordium with a childish look of inquiry. Another minute of silence ensued, when the speaker continued,—

"Your——my Margaret has not visited the relation she spoke of, nor has the lady seen your daughter since the spring of the last year."

Again the childless father pressed his hands upon his eyes, as he would shut out for ever the light of heaven, and the consciousness of existence. Vivano paused. After some time, Nature ever true to herself, permitted the paroxysm of grief to subside, and Husborn, slowly taking his rigid fingers from his temples, turned a piteous look towards his companion, which seemed to intimate that he was prepared to hear the worst. The speaker continued,—

"Your daughter, on the evening of the day she left us, was seen walking alone near the White-horse rock; a few hours afterwards, an alarm was raised along the coast that a boat's crew from a pirate brig, which the night before had run into one of the neighbouring creeks, had committed many acts of violence and plunder, and had seized an unprotected woman, as she was wandering by the edge of the waters." Husborn again averted his face; but, as he seemed to retain a consciousness of the meaning of the words addressed to him, Vivano steadily continued:—"Upon hearing this rumour, I spurred my horse to the beach, and after some time lost in tiresome inquiry, I arrived at the huts of a few fishermen, by whom, as it afterwards appeared, the rumour of the atrocious acts of the pirates had been sent abroad. It signifies not to mention that the plunder of the seamen was made up chiefly of the coarse provisions of the country people: they bore with them a woman whom they had seized on an unfrequented strand. Several old and discreet fishermen told me that, when the alarm was raised, and they discovered with their glasses that the rovers were four leagues from land, they saw distinctly, standing up amidst their dark-blue jackets, the figure of a tall lady dressed in flowing white. I inquired why they did not make pursuit? They laughed at my question. Her topmost bit of canvass, said one, only was visible when the first officer of his Majesty's revenue cutter was acquainted with the outrage."

Vivano paused, not as if he had concluded his recital, but with a tone which indicated an expectation of hearing some remark made on that which he had already detailed. Not a word was heard: he gently raised the candle, and looked for some moments intently on the face of Husborn; it was partly hidden from view, having fallen on his right arm, as it lay extended on the back rail of the chair. "Malice domestic" could not for a time "touch him farther." He had fallen into a swoon, and was, for a certain period, dead to the pains of the present hour, and to all the hopes of the future. Vivano silently returned to his seat, and sat down like a piece of art, fashioned in imitation of humanity,—looking like warm life, but being, in reality, without breath or pulse. This statue-like position and silence were maintained upwards of an hour, when the Italian gentleman

rose with the utterly noiseless manner which distinguished all his movements, gave another look at the unconscious Husborn, and gliding out of the room, passed to his own chamber.

The sixth morning after the abduction of his daughter, Husborn met again, at the breakfast table, his friend and companion. A strange alteration was seen in his appearance. The hearty rotundity of his countenance was broken up; his fleshy cheeks, which so lately bore the shape and hue of vigour, hung in sallow folds on his sunken jaws; his eyes, which, but a few days before, were round and bright, were now reduced to narrow lines, which, obscured with rheum and tears, scarce could take in the glaring light of day; and his manly hands prematurely shook with the weakness of confirmed palsy and extreme age.

"Wherefore did you leave me last night?" he slowly inquired, in the tone of one who would speak something reproachfully, but that he feared to do so.

"I thought, sir," replied Vivano, "that you were asleep. I know how golden are the minutes which the unhappy pass in slumber. Consider your calmness this morning,—perhaps it is owing to your having been left so long undisturbed."

"Alas! I slept not," replied the afflicted man; "I think I shall never sleep more——here, I mean."

The seventh and the eighth day since the departure of Margaret succeeded each other, and it became evident, in this brief space of time, that the amiable and plethoric Husborn would not suddenly die of grief for the loss of his daughter. He seemed to bear the pressure of his woes, as does the tortoise a huge stone placed upon his enduring back; the weight which was upon him made him breathe hard, and remain on the spot on which he was fixed, yet he did breathe, and live. Deprived of the companionship and ministration of his daughter, Vivano became more necessary to him than ever. He now seldom spoke; but, when he did, he called him his son, and entreated him not to leave him alone in a world which contained for him few of kin, friendship, or acquaintance. "When I die," said the old man, "the house and lands are yours; abide here, and wait the coming of my child." Another of those oblivious fits, so common to men of his physical nature, succeeded, and Vivano carried him to his couch.

Husborn's remark that on this earth he should sleep little, proved no chance prophecy, but the emanation of some inward and spiritual knowledge. On the night of the ninth day of his distress, after sitting some hours listlessly in company with Vivano, he said, "My son, I have thrice watched the coming and going of the moon, and the nights appear to me to be treble their usual length. I cannot sleep."

"Sir," said the Italian gentleman, somewhat carelessly, "that should be cured; madness or death must assuredly succeed after a certain number of watching hours. Here now," said he, producing a small phial, "I have the means of commanding tranquil sleep and happy dreams: it is a medicine discovered by a monk of Rome. Take it; seek to slumber without its aid; but, should the hour of midnight again strike on your ear, swallow the whole contents, and quickly you will fall asleep, in the pleasing consciousness of the coming of a peaceful and happy morn."

The passive patient took the nostrum from the hand of his friend, and shortly afterwards the household retired to rest.

The Italian gentleman rose early the next morning, and, with noiseless tread, approached the sick man's door. He listened with much attention for some minutes, and returned. An hour afterwards he glided again to the chamber; all was yet still. He then dressed himself; and desiring the servant not to awaken his master, who happily was in a deep sleep, departed for a walk, which, as he said, would occupy several hours.

Vivano had scarcely passed beyond call from the house, when the bell

of Husborn's chamber was rung somewhat violently. The servant instantly entered, and beheld his master sitting upright in the bed. "Tell Signior Vivano," said he, wildly, "I would speak with him."

"He has left some time," said the man, "on his morning's walk, and I know not which road he has taken."

"Was this done kindly?" rapidly replied the master. "Well, go, and quickly, to Dr. Mytton, and say I need to see him instantly."

The message was a joyful one to a faithful servant who loved his master, and he hastened to deliver it. Hitherto all men of known skill and advice had been kept from his presence by the interposition of Vivano, who denounced the healing art as one of absolute conjecture.

After a very short lapse of time, the gold-headed cane of the physician preceded him in his progress to the sick chamber. The servant had, in fact, met him within a few paces of Husborn's house, to which he was, as he told him, purposely proceeding. In a few minutes he was standing by the side of his patient, had his hand on his pulse, and was anxiously tracing the fearful contortions which now shook his frame. He saw, in a moment, temporary delirium had seized on his friend, and that the present was no moment to enter on business, which required the highest exertions of sanity and self-possession.

"By what fires are those demons burnt, who steal away a man's heart. See, doctor," said the bewildered man, tearing open his vest, "see, they have stolen mine; what a horrible void is here!"

"Your daughter," said the physician mildly. He had, with learned and humane skill, touched the chord which vibrated to intelligence; "your daughter," he repeated in a soothing tone. The wild aspect of the sick man fled at once; he threw himself forward on the bosom of the doctor, and covered him with his tears. Taking instant advantage of this sudden return of sensibility, Dr. Mytton gently chid his patient for his irritability. "Do you know," said he, "that I come to tell you some chance exists of recovering your lost daughter?"

Husborn raised his head from the bosom of the physician, and sprung up with convulsive strength.

"Nay, my friend," he continued, "I did not say she *had* been recovered; I did not say she was alive and in safety amongst her friends: but be patient, bear the dispensations of Heaven, and cease not to pray that they may fall lightly on you."

The sovereignty of the poor father's intellect at this instant appeared perfectly restored. He placed himself in a quiet, retired posture; and, taking the hand of his attendant, said, in a plaintive but composed tone, "I know you, Dr. Mytton: you have dealt kindly towards me; but it avails not. I know what I have lost. I need now no opiate for the mind, no administration of false hope, to give me peace and resignation. As you have commanded me, I bow to the will of Heaven."

"Master Husborn," said the physician, still more depending on the improved manner of his patient, "I have spoken to you the words of hope; and when did Dr. Mytton"—rising as he spoke with some dignity—"when did Dr. Mytton give his patient hope of escape from sorrow or death, that he had to thank the churchyard-stone for concealing his falsehood or his ignorance?"

"Never, never!" said the patient. "But where," continued he, in a voice which increased every moment in power and vivacity, "where is my Signior Andrea Vivano? He had used to watch my bedside, though he never spoke to me such words of good cheer as I have heard from you." The physician changed countenance when he heard the name of the Italian; but Husborn did not notice the circumstance, and proceeded. "He will be angered when he returns to find that I have taken counsel of you;

he hath heretofore administered to me. Here—ah, here! is a draught which I should have taken last midnight, had not the watching of three nights following each other procured me sleep."

"Let me see it," said the physician, in a quick, tremulous tone, seizing at the same time a very small bottle of some black liquid, which lay on a table within reach of the bed. Without saying another word, the doctor opened the bottle, and tasted the contents. With a convulsive effort he instantly ejected the liquid; and, in a sort of constrained composure of manner, put the phial into his pocket. "Farewell, my friend," said he to Husborn; "remember that I, Dr. Mytton, have given you hopes of soon-coming health and peace. I shall visit you again ere the day be out, and in the mean time repose in quiet. Follow only the directions of your faithful servant, whom I will instruct in his duty."

The physician took a hasty departure; and, at the door, summoned Felix, the honest servant of the house. "When does the Signior return?" quoth he. "Perhaps, sir, in two hours." "'Tis well," he replied; "be without your master's door while he is absent; when he returns, on your life remain within his chamber, and see that the patient receive nought from any hands but mine. Anon I shall return." "Safe," said Felix. The doctor and the fellow seemed to understand each other; and, as the one departed, the other proceeded directly to his master's bed-room door, and quietly laid himself across it.

It was near mid-day when the Italian gentleman returned. Upon entering the house, he looked quickly round, and in a somewhat hurried tone inquired the health of his host. "Somewhat better," briefly replied Felix; "he sleeps still, and must not be disturbed." Vivano appeared to recoil for a moment upon himself; but, suddenly recovering, he waved his hand in token of his approbation of the intelligence, and walked into his apartment.

The Italian had scarcely seated himself, and produced from his pocket a parcel of papers, which he was about to peruse, when a peculiar rap at the door called Felix from his post to receive the physician. "Stout Felix," said the Doctor, "I will now take charge of your master: stand you at the portal; let none now within go home; but, at your discretion, admit all who seek to enter." The doctor walked slowly towards the room occupied by the foreigner; and as he put his hand on the lock, turning back his head, he saw the mayor of Hastings, his jurats, and attendants, in an imposing, but quiet array, enter the house. He drew back, and gave them precedence; and in a moment the retired parlour of Master Husborn was filled with important personages, and became the scene of grave business. An athletic man, stepping directly up to the Signior, inquired if his name was not Andrea Vivano. "So they call me," said the Italian with hesitation. "Then here I arrest thee," said the man, putting his heavy hand between his neck and his shoulder; "here I arrest thee, Andrea Vivano, for sundry capital felonies."

A hum of expectation filled the apartment, notwithstanding it was occupied nearly altogether by those who knew the mystery of the whole business. The Italian, making no present reply to the momentous summons with which he had been visited, the mayor stepped forward into the middle of the apartment, and spoke as follows:—"Signior, on the oaths of two good and veritable men I have issued my warrant, charging you with having compassed and designed the deaths of more than one of his Majesty's subjects. We are instructed that one of your victims now lies in this house in mortal extremity; and therefore are we here in person to take from him his last evidence, so that your crimes, if they be proved against you, escape not punishment in this world by the untimely death of true witnesses."

"May it please your worship," said Dr. Mytton, stepping forward with

alacrity, "the worthy Master Husborn is not in *extremis*. The whole course of examination, which will doubtless end in the committal or deliverance of *that* man, may, with much physical benefit, take place in his presence; nay, I almost predicate that the excitement of his latent feelings, which certainly will be exhibited on the occasion, may determine him at once towards health and reason."

"As you advise, worthy doctor," said the mayor; "such a course will at least save the time and trouble of further examinations."

Presently the whole party were in the spacious chamber occupied by Master Husborn. He sat, after the physician had whispered something earnestly in his ear, with much placidity and self-possession in an easy chair placed in the centre of the room. The mayor and his attendants were soon suitably accommodated; and the prisoner having been placed between the athletic man who had arrested him and the stout Felix, the worthy Dr. Mytton, who seemed to take upon himself the office of public prosecutor, stepped forth. "Call," said he, with the voice of one expecting to be obeyed, "Mistress Colville." An attendant went to the door, and ushered in a matronly woman, of suspicious gentility of appearance. "Look round," said the physician, "and see if you behold any of whom it becomes you on your oath to testify the truth."

The woman turned round, and encountered the figure of the Italian gentleman, as he stood, with folded arms, calmly looking towards the ceiling of the room. "That is the man!" she at once exclamed; "I know him by his *whitely* eyes."

"Briefly, but truly, declare what you know of him," said the mayor.

"First relieve me of that weight of gold!" exclaimed the woman, throwing down a heavy purse of guineas; "I cannot breathe freely while it lies on my bosom."

For a moment the witness breathed hard, and trembled; then, clasping her hands, and appearing to look upward with joy and gratitude, in a firm tone she spoke as follows:—

"On the night of the 7th of the current month, that gentleman, whose name I know not, but who, as I take it, is a foreigner, entered my obscure lodgings in the outskirts of the neighbouring town of Winchelsea. I need not detail the discourse which privately engaged us. I promised to receive at his hands, at a certain coming time, a lady whose situation required a matron's care, and, for her honour's sake, a matron's vigilance. At the time appointed they came. I thought, while I looked on the young stranger, that she might have withheld her visit for some time, at least; but that was not my business. He had great ado to part from her: she wept much; and I heard her detain him, almost by mere force, until he had made many vows, the purport of which I could scarcely collect. At length he came down stairs. 'Here,' said he, giving me that purse, which then contained five more pieces, 'here is for thy charges; and,' said he, whispering, 'they will serve thee well until I return from that foreign clime to which I have privily told thee I am destined; but,' added he, 'if—and thou knowest the chances of the time—neither mother nor child should remain to be thy burthen, the residue of the purse is thine.' I was about to ask some explanation, but he hastily bade me be silent and discreet, and vanished. The next day I looked on my lodger; her eyes were red with weeping. I could have taken my sacramental oath she had been my own poor daughter, who died broken-hearted about fifteen years ago, when she was about her age. From that moment I resolved she should receive from my hands all the care and service of a mother. A night or two afterwards, screams of anguish issued from the lady's room: I rushed from my door, and summoned a worthy man, one Master Gournay, who lived near me. He was by her bedside in a few minutes; and in an hour afterwards he made me understand, frightened as I was, that my lodger had given birth to a dead child; and that, being

now in a state of high delirium, my sole business was to take care lest in a moment of returning strength she committed violence on herself."

Husborn, who had been sighing audibly during this recital, at length demanded, with emotion, "Does she live—does she live?"

The physician waved his hand, and in a moment his daughter Margaret was on her knees before him. The good man uttered a sort of hysteric laugh; his face and neck then suddenly assumed a purple colour, his eyes closed, and he fell back on his chair. The physician and Master Gournay hastened to him. "This I feared," said the latter.

"If you bleed him," observed the Italian, for the first time breaking his peace, "he dies upon the spot."

The medical men exchanged a brief look of incredulity; and, before ten could be counted, they had struck a lancet into his arm, and his blood spouted directly on the prisoner. Not many minutes elapsed before the benevolent doctors succeeded in restoring, not only animal life, but perfect sensibility to the patient. He spoke not; but he raised his daughter, and placed her by his side.

"May it please your worship now," said Dr. Mytton, "my patient's strength having, contrary to my anticipation, shown itself unequal to the present hearing of the full development of the scenes of guilt whereof the gracious course of events has given me the knowledge, permit me to depose to certain particulars, which, doubtless, will determine your worship at once to hold this man with a strong hand until he abide his trial. Sitting last night alone in my study, this gentleman, Mr. Gournay, a worthy practitioner of Winchelsea, called on me. It is the custom of medical men, as well amongst those of small talents and fame as with those of regular title and extensive practice, to take counsel of each other; and more especially do we exchange advice amongst ourselves when some moral wrong, too often the cause of bodily disease, comes to our knowledge. In fine, Mr. Gournay told me that he had been suddenly called to attend an unknown female, whom he had delivered from the pains of childbirth, and the imminent danger of madness or death, who had, by the advice of her lover, swallowed an almost certain poison. All, he said, that he could elicit from the poor patient was, that her lover had promised to be her husband; that he had convinced her her confinement must be secret, while he solemnly guaranteed to give full satisfaction to her friends; and, finally, that the last promise he extorted from her was, that, at the moment she felt the pains of a mother come upon her, she should swallow the contents of a small phial (a portion of which Mr. Gournay presented me with), which, he assured her, would carry her through her hour of trial without pain or consciousness. I immediately set out to visit the young female, and at once knew her to be the daughter of the honest Master Husborn. I said not a word of this recognition, but went home. In the morning, early, I took my way to this house, pondering in my mind what would occur in my interview with its master, whose loss, and consequent illness, I had been made acquainted with. While I was thus filled with doubtful anticipations, walking slowly, I was summoned to hasten my pace, to give aid in a case of imminent danger. I found this sufferer," pointing to Husborn, "bereft of reason. By moral and physical means, I in part restored him to the dignity of his nature. He confided to me his secret sorrows; and amongst other matters which seemed to him of least importance, he showed me this small phial, the contents of which he had been requested, by his dear acquaintance, friend, and son-in-law that should have been, Signior Andrea Vivano, now standing there, to quaff off, at midnight, as the means of procuring the blessing of sleep." A pause ensued, and all eyes were turned towards the Italian gentleman. The physician continued—"The phial found in the hand of the young lady by my colleague, and that delivered to me by Master Husborn, are alike; and the contents of both the syrup of the poppy of Natolia, a thrice mortal poison. A tithe part of the contents now remaining, swallowed by any present,

would produce instant and unresisted death, unless, as it does happen with the human economy once in about fifty experiments, a retching sickness should supervene, and the drug should be rejected."

A general respiration of breath, which seemed indicative alike of satisfaction and horror, pervaded the whole chamber. Silence ensued; and the mayor, taking up a pen, was about to sign a paper, when he was interrupted by a hollow laugh, which proceeded from the Italian. "Well!" he exclaimed, with affected ease, "to what purpose is this mummery? You say I administered my good medicine to this simple man and his daughter, to destroy, and not to save their lives. Be it so: the bad opinion of any here will not affect the peace of an Italian. Behold, they are alive! I have committed no murder; set me free!"

"Signior," said the magistrate with extraordinary gravity, "you contemplated murder, and worked warily for its consummation. I know not the laws of your country; but here, in England, where we know no assassins, if a man take counsel to circumvent the life of his fellow-creature, and is prevented in his design by the kind interposition of Providence, nevertheless he is amenable to the same mortal penalty as if his machinations had been successful."

The Italian closed his eyes for a moment, but made no reply. The magistrate proceeded to complete his signature; and presently the apartment was cleared of all neighbours and strangers.

The event of the following day has been recorded by the intelligent William Woodhead. It only remains to mention, that, amongst Vivano's papers left in the house of Master Husborn, a fair copy of the will made in his favour was found, and a citation from the elders of the University of Padua, calling on one Signor Vicentino, a physician, to appear at a private examination, in the case of certain libels issued against, charging him with attempting the lives of two women living in that city. The latter document bore the date June 5, 1775.

THE GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—You are a wise man, so the people say in our town (a very respectable town, that has its own market and its own circulating library). You are a wise man, and you write books, and you make speeches, and pass for having a great deal of general information. Now, Sir, if you really are so clever, you have an opportunity of doing me a very essential service, and (what is likely to touch your philanthropy) this great service to me may be performed without any trouble or expense to you.

I am not an author, Sir, thank God! No offence, I hope. I am not an author, so that I am not going to ask you to read and correct my three volumes, or to praise them. I am not an author, or that which is, or used to be, a term synonymous—a poor man. I am not a solicitor for your panegyrics, nor for your purse; I am tolerably rich, and tolerably stupid, and have grace sufficient to thank Providence for these and all its blessings. But still riches have their cares, and stupidity its cogitations. I come to you thus careworn and cogitating. I come to you, and beg you will whisper me some advice that will bring rest to my pillow, and give interest to my property. My case is really a hard one,—more hard than any one without experience could readily imagine. I have heard of a certain Jason who went in search of a

golden fleece; of a very dirty fellow, named Diogenes, who took a lantern to look for an honest man.—I have heard, too, of a Mr. Cœlebs who went looking about for a wife (that, too, must have been a difficult business, if the gentleman wanted a good wife, and was himself a little difficult): I do not know any one I can recommend, without, indeed, it is my youngest daughter;—but you are married, Mr. Editor, and this is foreign to my subject, or has only such relation to it as I was going to establish when I intended saying that neither Jason, when he went after his golden fleece,—nor Diogenes, when he sought his honest man,—nor Cœlebs, when he looked out for his wife, had half such trouble or painstaking thrown away as I have had in looking after my—my—my *Investment!* Yes, Sir, it is an investment I am looking for, and pray can you tell me where to find one? If you are a superficial observer you will say the matter is easy; so any inexperienced fortune-hunter says it is to run away with an heiress. But give me leave to tell you the matter on hand is a difficult one,—a very difficult one; as urgent as difficult, for what is a man to do who does not mean to live beyond his income? Get an income! and, to get an income, he must find an investment. My situation is this:—About thirteen years ago, I came into a property of one hundred thousand pounds. It was on mortgage; but the gentleman on whose property the mortgage was, though rich enough to pay me my interest regularly, was always careless enough not to do so. Lawyer's letters would be written, and lawyer's letters returned; and it was never till after six months, and much botheration, that I got my quarter's dividend paid.

"How can you be such a fool?" said a neighbour to whom I was relating my misfortunes. "Put your money in the funds; nothing is like funded property;—so comfortable; no trouble. Dividend-day arives,—dividend paid,—no lawyers. Stockbrokers, clear-headed fellows, settle your business, and there's the money."

Now this advice would not have weighed with me so much coming from any other man; but coming from Mr. David Dofornothing, who was said to have a large fortune himself, and who always spoke in that sharp, short, decided tone, which is deemed natural as breath to the nostrils of a man of business, it decided me at once, and I gave notice that my mortgage should be withdrawn. Many difficulties occurred; money could not be raised,—property could not be sold,—lawyer's bills got heavy; at last, however, my one hundred thousand pounds, though somewhat shorn of their beams, were extracted from the vice-like jaws of the Hedgeworth estate. The five per cents. were the security at that time in vogue; and, after coquetting a little while with the fours and the threes, I closed with the fives, and there was an end of the matter. The first year passed away, and nothing could be more delightful: my income was as punctual as my clock; and, in addition to my income, I learnt from my stockbroker that my capital was increased by a thousand pounds. "For," said he, "funds have risen nearly one per cent. since your investment."

Admirable investment! thought I, and excellent contrivance for making money comfortably, without fuss or fidget. "Ay," said the broker, rubbing his hands, "and I dare say they will rise two per cent. by the next year." I went home, had my house new painted and papered, took an extra footman, and hired a villa at Richmond for the season. Now I had bought

into the five per cents. at one hundred and twenty pounds, so that the interest I received for my money was four per cent. I had got four and a half on my mortgage, but the comfort of the thing made the difference. Murmurs, however, shortly after arose that the five per cents. were to be paid off. Stocks fell. I saw them fall with indifference, until the idea struck me, that, as I had gained a thousand pounds by their rising one per cent., I must have lost ten thousand pounds by their descending ten. The thought was horror. I hastened to my broker. "Yes, oh yes, Sir," said he, smiling, "if you sell out, you'll lose ten thousand pounds; but if you don't sell out, why, Sir, if you don't sell out, and the five per cents. *are not* paid off, you'll lose nothing." "Well, that's a comfort," said I, breathing more freely; "then I won't sell out." "But," continued the broker, finishing his sentence with a pinch of snuff, "if the five per cents. *are* paid off, why then, instead of ten thousand pounds you'll lose twenty thousand pounds." Good God, what would my poor aunt say? Lose twenty thousand pounds in one year; and how?—simply in seeking an investment. I waited a day or two: the malignancy of the reports increased; funds fell proportionably; and, at last, I sold out with a loss of fifteen thousand pounds, having sold in the morning, whereas, if I had waited till the evening, I should have lost seventeen thousand pounds. "How very lucky you've been!" said the broker, as he enclosed me a list of the sale. My one hundred thousand pounds were now very considerably reduced; and, with the remaining capital in my hands, I stood hesitating and uncertain where to place it.

Well, Sir, for one year I could not muster up sufficient courage to venture further than Exchequer Bills. Twelve months had thus elapsed, when, sitting one day at my writing-desk, and much meditating upon this unprofitable state of things, my old friend and schoolfellow, Joe Harris, was introduced to me. Joe Harris was always thought a sharp, shrewd, dashing fellow, who lived better than other folks by making twenty shillings go farther than *they* could. His income was known to be derived from twenty thousand pounds, and he spent about eighteen thousand pounds a year. I could not have been visited more opportunely; and I put to Joe Harris, Sir, the very question I have been putting to you. He laughed in my face. "An investment," said he, "at four per cent.! why I, by having my wits about me, make ten per cent. of every farthing of my money."

"Get me but four, and you shall have the surplus." "A bargain! There are Spanish bonds,—what can be more secure than Spanish bonds? Representative government, free people—free as air. Spanish bonds are only at sixty: and here are Russian bonds—bonds of the despotic autocrat—at a hundred: is not that monstrous? all a Jew's trick. Buy Spanish bonds, I tell you: they give nine per cent. for your money, and are as sound as hearts of oak, my boy. What the devil! do you think I'd advise you to a foolish thing? What should I gain by it?"

The last argument was unanswerable: it convinced me; and I invested thirty thousand pounds of my remaining eighty-five thousand pounds in the bonds of the Cortes. For the first year they brought me two thousand eight hundred pounds in interest, and this was all that remained of my capital the year after. Don't think, Mr. Editor, that I had rashly speculated;—the government was acknowledged and established,—the Spanish King was free and consenting,—the English ambassador was at his court. . . . The rest of what I was going to

say you'll find in an article in "The Times," written nine years ago last February; by reading which I very much justified myself in my own conceit. But neither that article nor any other article has ever brought me back my money: one of the reasons for my low estimate of literary talent.

Since that time, Sir, it's useless to tell you that my remaining capital has unfortunately wandered through a variety of investments. I've had iron shares, and salt shares, and silver shares, and gold shares; and Brazilian bonds, and Colombian bonds, and Greek bonds, and French bonds. Ay, only think of that—there was the unkindest cut of all—those French bonds; everybody said those French bonds were so secure. As I alternately lost my hundreds in the Mexicans, and the Brazilians, and the Greeks, and the Colombians, every one said to me, "But why don't you purchase French bonds?" Well, Sir, I did purchase French bonds; and what was the consequence?—what was the consequence? Could I help the revolution? Had I anything to do with the Glorious Days? I knew no more of Charles the Tenth, and Prince Polignac, and Marshal Marmont, and Monsieur Lafitte, and General Lafayette,—I knew, Sir, no more of these people than the man in the moon—never had a word to say to any of them—never even dreamt of the gentlemen; and yet do they contrive between them to make a revolution which loses me ten thousand pounds:—ten thousand pounds went in three days of glory with which I had nothing to do—which brings *me* no glory—not a grain;—on the contrary, all my friends, the very friends to whose advice I owe my misfortune, call me a great fool for not having seen that liberty must triumph! I did not want to have anything to do with liberty—I never was a politician; and here I lose thirty thousand pounds because liberty is beaten in Spain, and ten thousand pounds because liberty is victorious in Paris!

I don't want to appeal to your pity, or to the pity of any man living; but I only ask you whether mine is not a very pitiable case! And then, I have got thirty thousand pounds yet left to plague me, and that's my reason for troubling you. How shall I invest it? I tell you at once that I've washed my hands of all foreign and outlandish speculations. No mines, Sir, either. There is hardly a metal that is not pregnant to me with painful recollections. I want to look at home for "some safe and wholesome security;"—such is the language and such the terms that all my friends use to me, and I wish for nothing better than to find this "safe and wholesome security" they talk to me about. The four great national investments, my bankers tell me, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; which last, by the way, have already used me, as I explained at the beginning of my narrative, rather hardly. The first words that struck me, I confess, were "Bank-stock." "Safe as the Bank," "sure as the Bank," "sound as the Bank," were words that had rung in my ears from my earlier boyhood; and no sooner had that investment been mentioned than I wondered at my former follies, and imagined that all my cares were happily concluded. Still, not wishing to engage hastily, though with the fairest prospects, I mentioned my intentions to a wary friend, a great woollen merchant, who, having a house in Threadneedle-street, was, I thought, more likely than any one to advise me on the subject of the Bank. "Good God!" said he, "don't you know the charter is just expired? It's found to be all trickery and humbug. It's lucky, indeed, that you came to me. God knows if the Company will

even pay a shilling in the pound. You may as well throw your money into the Thames. A man in these days cannot be too cautious." "Very true," said I, in a melancholy voice; "and so, after what you say of the Bank, I'll think no more about it." This, of course, I made up my mind to: and India-stock next claimed my consideration. I readily remembered that an old uncle of mine, who died exceedingly wealthy, was always called by the family "as rich as the Indies:" besides, all people went out to India to make their fortunes; and I had no doubt, therefore, that India-stock must be of a very solid and advantageous description. "What!" said my wary friend, who had been at school with me, and who, though a woollen merchant, was always fond of his classics—"what!" said my wary friend, "quo tendis iter? You avoid Scylla, which is the Bank; and you plunge into Charybdis, which is the East India Company. Do you know what a horrid set of people you were about to connect yourself with? Do you know what the East India Company are?—Do you know what they are?" he repeated in a more awful tone. "I don't say that they are murderers, but I'll tell you what they decidedly are—they are monopolists. They suffer women to be burnt alive, Sir, and they double the price of tea—and—and—in short, in a free country like this, they are not to be tolerated. Liberty won't allow it, Sir—liberty wont allow it." "Oh," said I, mournfully, mindful of Spain and of France, "if liberty means to have anything to do with the concern, I wash my hands of it at once, and there's an end of that matter."

Land and the funds now seemed my only resources. The idea of purchasing a farm much pleased my wife; and my eldest boy, who is just beginning Virgil, cited, with a very pretty voice, something about "Agricolæ," which I knew was very pat to the purpose. I determined then to consult a great landed proprietor, an intimate acquaintance of mine, as to the best means of making a safe landed investment. "You can't be serious!" he exclaimed. "What! think of purchasing land, and at this moment, too!—why, the man must be mad! I've landed property, it's very true, that came to me from my ancestors, and which I can't get rid of; I wish I could. Landed property, Sir, is destruction. As to farming land yourself—look ye, it's the high road to a prison. Say you let your land for a term of years—at an average price, taking one year with another: the year is a fair one, and you get your rent; the year is a bad one, and no rent is paid you: murmur, and the tenant leagues with the poachers, opposes you at the vestry, sticks the opposition colours about his windows at an election, lets your hedges go out of order, works out your land, and—doesn't pay you your rent after all. But if a man would have bought land twenty years ago, who would buy it now, with the total repeal of the corn-laws hanging over his head? In five years every landed proprietor will be a beggar, Sir." "Then there is nothing else," said I, at last, "but to go back," (the ordinary course, as our curate, a very sensible man, informed me, in all human undertakings,)—"there is nothing else," said I, "but to go back to the funds; and, after all, they can't well reduce the three per cents. as long as there are fours. This idea, at once simple and conclusive, pleased me; and I mentioned my intention to a cousin who passes amongst us for a very far-seeing man, and in whom my wife and I have a considerable confidence. "Reduce, indeed!" said he, shoving back his spectacles over his bald forehead,—"reduce, indeed! no such luck for the fundholders. I'll tell you what their next reduction will be," slapping me familiarly on the

back, and turning a glass that was on the table topsy-turvy,—"*that's* what it will be, Sir (pointing to the inverted glass). You and I will live to see the day when people will talk of the funded system as they talk of Law's system, or any other ridiculous and jobbing contrivance. Why, what do you think it is, this funding system? Your father wants a sum of money, and he does not like to stint himself to pay it, so he quietly sits down and writes a draft payable upon his neighbour's grandson, whom he never saw, whom he knows no more of than the child unborn, for he is the child unborn; and then the old gentleman's family make a noise, and say that it's infamous if the neighbour's grandson don't pay this bill at first sight. This, Sir, is the funded system; and this, I say, can't last ten years—no, nor five years, now that we have a reformed Parliament."

I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of arguing, though he speaks very slowly, and lays an emphasis on every syllable, which always induces me to believe that what he says is of great importance. I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of argument. But I did not at all like his action of turning the wine-glass topsy-turvy. "So, then," said I, you would not advise me to invest my money in the funds?" "No; to be sure I would not," said he, thumping his fist heartily on the table.

Now you see, Sir, the full extent of my misery. The four great national investments, says my banker, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; and I am equally ruined if I invest my money in Bank-stock, or in India-stock, or in land, or in the funds.

You need not speak to me of mortgages, Sir. I thought of that, and spoke of it, though I forgot to say so, to my friend the landed proprietor. But, as he said to me, if land is worth nothing, what's a *debt* upon land worth?

In short, Sir, here am I, a very prudent man, who have already lost seventy thousand pounds, because I did not like to live beyond my income; and now, wise as I am grown by experience, there seems no way to preserve my capital but spending it. This, since it is at once the most prudent and agreeable thing, I should have no objection to do; but my wife says that the whole thirty thousand pounds must go to our eldest boy, and that we must put by out of our income a provision for the younger children. It's in vain that I rationally point out to her the impossibility of what she requires; in vain I tell her that there's no such thing now-a-days as income—that it's an idle and fallacious word—that the very term "income" is a syren, which only lures on to the destruction of capital. "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear," repeats Mrs. ——; "you should do as everybody tells you, and get into none of your foolish scrapes and schemes, but find a good wholesome investment."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you have the bowels of compassion in you, tell me where such an investment is to be found, or satisfy my wife that she disquieteth herself after a vain shadow, and that the most sensible thing we can do with our money is to get rid of it as fast as we are able.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JONATHAN TOOMUCH.

*** We regret that Mr. Jonathan Toomuch, in his zeal for advantageous speculation, should have overlooked that auspicious investment sold some three years ago in the neighbourhood of Gatton. At present, since he asks our advice, what does he think of investing his remaining thousands in the purchase of an estate in Jamaica?

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXPOSED.

FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS AND UNDOUBTED FACTS.

To the Editor of the New Monthly.

Sir,—We are indebted to the present Government for a measure, the tendency of which is to remove much of the oppression that has for ages been accumulating on us,—I allude to the appointment of a Committee to investigate the State and Management of all Corporate Bodies. This seems to aim at the very root of monopoly—the great engine of injustice. Unfortunately, it does not include some of the most injurious of those institutions which have been founded on improper distinctions, and are depending for their existence and power on the secrecy of their transactions.

In the hope that others may follow a salutary example, I shall do all in my power to expose the evil doings of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts,—an establishment assuming merits that do not belong to it, and exercising a harassing tyranny over the profession it pretends to foster. It is true that a society that contains no extraordinary wealth or talent, that has not endured three-quarters of a century, and depends on misconception and misrepresentation, will cease to exist when other monopolies are exposed and corrected. There are, however, good reasons for not deferring the statement I am about to make. A monopoly of so recent an origin affords opportunities of tracing the early progress and intrigues of such bodies, not to be found in corporations cradled in a darker and more distant age.

It may be said, that any portion of society that claims for its members a permanent control over the opinions, productions, or actions of their fellow-creatures, assumes a power which the most conceited individuals, standing unconnected with party, would be ashamed to ask—a power calculated to degrade intellect and repress independent exertions.

How far has the Royal Academy been guilty of this assumption? In 1765, King George the Third granted a charter to the Society of Artists, under the management of twenty-four Directors, including a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. In those days, when the distinction between royal and national property was not understood, the eyes of the public were not opened to the mischief of such grants: it was not perceived that the right of conferring honours, properly intrusted to the Prince, was nothing in its effects compared to the practice of granting exclusive power over commerce, industry, or talent. The Sovereign may be supposed to know something of those who perform services to the state, either in a civil or a military capacity; but he must trust implicitly to ministers or favourites for information on science, literature, or the arts; and as the actual ministers of the crown have themselves too much to attend to, to advise the king on such matters, so they are of course left to favourites, who are at once ignorant and irresponsible: the creatures themselves of favouritism, they have their favourites in return. The power of favourites was soon felt by the chartered Society. Strange, the celebrated engraver, one of its members, had offended the Earl of Bute; and I will leave it to those who have seen, or may hereafter consult, Strange's Letter to that nobleman, to say, whether that offence did not give rise to the plot that created the Royal Academy on the ruins of the ori-

ginal chartered Society. It is enough for me, that whilst the twenty-four directors were consulting how to obtain from the King a command to form a Royal Academy, and adopt that title, four of those same directors obtained that right for themselves, without having communicated their intention to their coadjutors; and when their object was accomplished, and not till then, they informed their victims that the monarch had been graciously pleased to command that a Royal Academy be instituted under his special care! The other twenty directors imagined, of course, that they were to share the granted boon, and it was meant that for a time they should entertain this opinion; but as soon as they had allowed the plaster-casts, and other property, to be conveyed from their school in St. Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane, to the rooms in Pall-mall, taken for the new Academy, their eyes were opened, and they were informed that the four favoured members had alone the right of electing whom they pleased to the honour of associating with themselves. George the Third visited the exhibitions of both societies, the old chartered Association as well as the new Academy; he likewise declared, that he did not intend to support one set of men more than another. But it was soon found that the favourites had resolved otherwise; and we need not wonder if the frankness of the Prince gave way to the manœuvres of courtly partisans, particularly when, as supreme proprietor of the Royal Academy, its welfare became of some consideration; for we must not forget, that his Majesty not only provided the premises, but also that he had promised to make good any deficiency in the revenue of the new institution. When the King was at length made to understand how Mr. Strange had been misrepresented to him, that gentleman was knighted; but the real mischief once accomplished continued to exist: a responsible, because a chartered, society had been sacrificed to an unchartered establishment, whose secret conclave issued its *final* decisions with no other control than that of a sovereign to whom they had free access, whilst it was denied to those who suffered from its mal-administration. Even if Strange had been guilty of want of courteous deference to the monarch, this would have been no cause for granting despotic rights and influence to a small number of artists over the many who pursued that career. It has been said that they possessed no power out of their own establishment, and that within their walls they had every right to do as they pleased. It is easy to prove that this is incorrect on both points: first, that they assumed power and direct influence in various institutions and public transactions; and, in the next place, that they have not, nor ever had, a right to inveigle other artists by false and unjust pretences within the range of their control. It is manifest that the Prince, his Ministers, nay, the Parliament itself, have lent their power to a body of men who have no legally corporate existence, though, through the supineness of others of equal talent with themselves, and countenanced by authority, they exercise unlimited control over the fine arts of this country.

I shall endeavour to prove, from the history of the Academy,—1st. That it is averse to a charter that would render it amenable to the laws of the country; 2nd. It has done little to promote, and much to prevent, the advance of the fine arts; 3d. That a progress in the fine arts has been most conspicuous in those branches which have not been subjected to the care or instructions of the Academy; 4th. That the control held by that institution over rising genius reduces artists to an abject dependence on

their will, totally at variance with that freedom and dignity without which the fine arts can do but little in support of civilization and virtuous sentiment; 5th. That instead of keeping their power within their walls, they have attempted to produce an universal subserviency to their dictation and interest,—so much so, indeed, that even the House of Commons has deputed its authority to this Company, which depends on the breath of its patron, losing sight of that important distinction between royal and national institutions.

1st. As to its dislike to a legal charter. In 1802, the President West, having differed with a majority of the Council, and aware of his influence with the forty, summoned a general assembly, and, contrary to one of their fundamental laws, which places the whole management in the hands of the Council, those who had opposed the President were suspended. An appeal was made to the King, who referred it to the Attorney-General; and the result of his opinion was, that the suspended members were, by order of his Majesty, restored; but Sir Robert Adair's advice, to have recourse to a charter, in order to prevent dissensions, was not attended to, any more than Barry's proposal, some years before, as it is given in his Letter to the Dilettanti, 1799, in these words:—"I further propose, that the Academy recommend to the Council to reconsider the business respecting the security and disposal of the property of the Academy, and that some proper means be adopted to obtain for the Academy such a chartered and legally corporate existence as will connect it with the nation." I pretend to no particular knowledge of the secret machinations of this institution; but having perused the Annals and Epochs of Art by Mr. Prince Hoare, their secretary for foreign correspondence, who, in several instances in the last of those works, refers, not to the Annals made out by himself, and to be considered as the Academy's authentic documents, but to the above-mentioned Letter to the Dilettanti, I consider the contents of that letter authentic, and the passage here quoted to contain the principal cause of Barry's expulsion. His desire to have proper securities on the funds of the institution, and the still more important wish to see it connected, by charter, with the nation, were not to be endured: besides, he saw no necessity for suspicious secrecy.

2nd and 3d. These points may be conveniently illustrated together. The expressions of Fuseli, in the Academy Lectures, printed with the sanction of that body, would sufficiently prove the first; the latter becomes evident from reference to the history of our principal artists. Mr. Fuseli says—"We have now been in possession of an Academy more than half a century; all the intrinsic means of forming a style alternate at our command; professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student; premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate ambition; and stipends are granted to relieve the wants of genius and finish education; and what is the result? If we apply to our Exhibition, what does it present, in the aggregate, but a gorgeous display of varied powers, condemned, if not to the beasts, at least to the dictates of fashion and vanity? Florence, Bologna, and Venice, each singly taken, produced more great historic pictures than all Britain together, from its earliest attempts at painting to its present efforts." We may smile at a monopoly as the stimulant to ambition, and at the folly of granting stipends to relieve the wants of genius, after looking over the list of their pupils who have obtained the gold medal either in painting or sculpture; but no one

can doubt that Mr. Fuseli is right as to the result. One of the panegyrists of our Academy has, indeed, remarked, that it is unfair to reproach the institution with incapacity, when every academy in Europe is equally liable to the same reproach. However inconsistent the fact and the conclusion may be, I heartily join in supposing other academies to be also amenable to the same censure: it is not the individual, it is the system that works evil; for, as Barry so well said, "low artists will sway and govern in an academy who could never have been known to the public if that academy had not been in existence." If we next consider how many of the best living and late artists were not educated by the Academy, and how thin the remaining phalanx would appear without them, we need go no farther to prove that the establishment is worse than useless. Martin and Clennel were pupils of Muss; Flaxman studied with his father, and, under the chartered Society, at the Duke of Richmond's gallery—a few months only at the Academy, where he claimed, but was denied the gold medal; Opie was the pupil of Dr. Wolcot, who brought him from Cornwall; Chantrey learned carving at York, resided some time at Twickenham, visited Italy, and returning thence was elected into the Academy as Flaxman had been; Bird of Woolverhampton was none of theirs; Wilkie they will hardly claim, although he did for a short time draw amongst them: his first master, Graham, of the Edinburgh Academy,* might with more justice claim the glory of his education, but in either case his performances were not esteemed: he was unnoticed and unknown till his native talent, displayed in a shop window at Charing-cross, fixed the attention of the public—the public approved, and *then* the Academy found merit in his works. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his youth, received premiums from the Society of Arts; but when he became a probationer for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, his claim was not allowed, and he withdrew to seek eminence without their instructions. Gibson, now the greatest sculptor in Europe, was a ship carver at Liverpool, assisted by the advice of Canova when at Rome. In Landscape painting, Doctor Monro, of the Adelphi, did more to advance the art than any academy in Europe: under his direction, Turner, Girtin, and Varley acquired style and taste. The genius of Danby and Stanfield learnt to sport in the glimmer of sun-light or float on the surface of the waters without their guidance. Bonington was a stranger to their schools. But how can the instructions in the Royal Academy be thought of any value, when we find that their own Presidents and Professors rose to their highest honours without being students of the establishment? Reynolds of course was not a student, nor West, who came not to England until his studies were completed; Sir Thomas Lawrence was refused, and yet at his death they had not an artist fostered under their direction fit to succeed him; they elected Mr. Shee, now Sir Martin, who may have studied with them, but who acknowledges himself a pupil of the Dublin Academy, or rather of Mr. W. West, professor at that institution. The succession of Professors is equally decisive. The first was Penny; after him came

* There are serious objections to all gratuitous institutions for learning. The provincial academies are, however, much less objectionable than the Royal at Somerset-house; their influence extends not so wide, they compete with each other; and a teacher with his pupils constantly under his eye, is better than a new visitor every month.

Barry—he was too good, and they expelled him; Opie succeeded, and Fuseli, a Swiss, came next; and lastly Mr. Phillips, the only one of all the professors of painting they can call their own. What would become of them without external support and renovation, if in sixty years they were unable to rear more than one professor of painting, and not even one President for their own use, although, long ere the Academy was in existence, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Barry learnt to think and to paint? If the disinterested exertions of the Academicians have been so unsuccessful, let us ascertain the extent of their liberality, by inquiring into the advantages they derive from their appointment. It is hardly necessary to mention, that the Exhibition is so completely under their management, that they declare, in their Catalogue, that the *decision of the Council is final.* Now the advantages of this management alone are immense. We think it strange that the East India Company should enjoy exclusively the trade to China, and yet we allow forty self-elected Painters, Sculptors, and Architects to say, "none shall place their works in the only exhibitions sanctioned by Government and Royalty itself, and of course by the nobility, without our gracious permission."

How do they manage the Exhibition? They of course begin by placing their own performances in the best situations; they next proceed to fill up the gaps with such pictures as they think most suited to the general effect, without fear of being complained of individually; for their operations are secret,—their decisions final. Having arranged the pictures to their mind, the forty Academicians, and eighteen or twenty associates, are let in to paint during four days on their works, to the disparagement of the pictures of the unprivileged artists. This completed, every nobleman and gentleman who is supposed to take an interest in the fine arts is invited to dine with the President and members of the Royal Academy; a sumptuously splendid dinner is provided;—wine makes the soul generous; complimentary toasts pass freely round; the guests join in the raptures of the entertainers, and, in honour of the chairman, declare portraits to be the only genuine historical paintings; nor does any one present dare to deny the foul aspersion on intellectual art. Perhaps at that very moment the high-minded artist, whose sense of independence precludes his participating in their joys, as it also shuts out the opportunity of selling his pictures, receives the accustomed notice, that it is impossible, for want of space, to admit his pictures: he has no other choice than mean submission or wretched penury. If we turn our eyes to the Academician, we behold employment ever attendant on power and influence. If extravagance or misfortune prevent him from making a provision for old age, he is allowed an annuity not inferior to the hard-earned income of some of the proudest of the profession. In like manner his widow receives a pension equal to that which the country pays to the suffering family of many a distinguished officer who fought and bled in a foreign land. Yet all that the Academicians do is perfectly disinterested! The public is surely not aware, that the liberal instruction so much talked of is also paid for out of the general fund; the lectures of the professors, the attendance of the visitors, have each their appointed stipend. Add to all this the chance of being appointed keeper, librarian, or secretary, with a handsome salary, and some of the advantages of the situation, with much of the disinterested liberality of the members, will be understood; but lest the reader suppose

that those duties in which they have no obvious interest are here overlooked, and to convince him that without remuneration there would be but little liberality, I must state, that some years ago, when the importation duty on pictures and prints was exorbitant, government generously allowed the studies of artists to be introduced free; but to prevent imposition, placing confidence in the Royal Academy, two members of that body were required to attend at the Custom-house, examine the pictures on which the permit was claimed, and make their declaration accordingly. For this task there was *no* remuneration provided; and will it be believed, that these disinterested gentlemen frequently, on that account, postponed their visit till the neglected artists lost sight of their property, which, in some instances, indeed, found its ultimate way to the sale-room! You would charitably suppose this negligence to be, at least, accidental. By no means: for some, yes, some even of the most liberal and distinguished among the Academicians, declared, when called upon to perform this duty, "that they considered it a very troublesome office; it was a great sacrifice of valuable time that ought to be devoted to the interests of their families, and for which they received no *remuneration* whatever." As the Academicians arranged among themselves to perform this duty in rotation, it could only fall upon each of them once in twenty months. But when one had discovered that by deferring it until the period of his successor, he could shift it entirely from his own shoulders, the practice soon became too frequent; and yet they were all disinterested and liberal men!

4th. We are come to a charge of great interest—that the Academy holds an oppressive sway over the aspiring mind, and paralyzes at once its vigour and its independence. Their elections afford ample means and undoubted proofs of this assertion. No artist can be elected an associate unless he be at the time an exhibitor: now, as the Council possess the power, at their caprice, of excluding your works from the exhibition, it is self-evident, that, by so doing, they effectually shut you out from the honours and degrees of the institution, without, too, either appeal or remedy, for their decision is *final*. If a large historical picture, even were it equal to Raphael's Transfiguration, were to be sent to them for exhibition, they might deem it inconvenient to find a place for so large a performance; that excuse would be sufficient to expel the artist from the list of candidates. They will tell you that you may come again next year with a production of smaller dimensions, for it cannot be expected that ten pictures should be excluded to allow room for one. *Artists, men of talent and sympathy*, would say this!—men, too, who are appointed on the pretext of reviving the historical school! Some may think that ten gold frames will attract more visitors than one grand painting; that a man of genius can pare down his imagination at their bidding; that he must and will submit to the dictation of men who calculate merit in the fine arts according to the receipts of the exhibitions. The walls are loaded with trash, cry the public. True—but trashy portraits; and every fool who has had his likeness taken sends twenty more fools, at a shilling a-piece, to stare at it! In the mass of those who set their names down on the list of candidates for the associateship, some, having failed in the attempt, cannot bring themselves to the task of renewing the appeal; but a greater number, prompted by the necessities of a family, or the excitement of relations, who view the advantages of a seat in

Council with the same disinterested liberality as the Academicians themselves inscribe their names, year after year, on this list of dependents *. The lowest number of candidates, for some years past, is forty-eight. It is, therefore, impossible for them all to succeed; but the great majority are in a state of vassalage to the members—the whole thus forming a supreme faction of forty senators, twenty knights, and fifty plebeian clients. The practice of attending the superiors' levees, and that of imploring their vote and interest, are among the more insignificant, the least odious kinds of servility; the very words and thoughts of the clients are under subjection; these gentlemen would as soon sign a petition to free them from the oppression, as paint a picture contrary to the advice of members in Council; and if Government should institute an inquiry, the willing evidence from this quarter would probably be scanty and imperfect.

The situation of those who obtain the honours of the associateship is well defined as the purgatory of the Academy: it is in this intermediate state of torture that they prove their fitness for a happier condition. If talent must raise them to the higher rank, why is not Clint among the privileged? But from the evidence of facts, it is not too much to infer that a hasty or ungovernable temper, a large family with scanty pecuniary means, and sometimes professional jealousy, are the main reasons that keep out men of talent. If poverty is to be a cause of exclusion, (and what artist doubts it?) then is the superannuated fund reserved for improvidence alone; and this is called encouraging the fine arts! Further reasons for many strange manœuvres we can but guess at, through the veil of secrecy that partly hides their transactions—glaring facts alone are outward signs; but when they indicate that Martin and Gibson are inadmissible to rank and honour among artists, that Clint and Arnold are condemned to perpetual purgatory, whilst, with the exception of Mulready, there is, perhaps, not a single instance of an Academician who has improved since his nomination, we feel the mass of evidence more than sufficient to prove to us that the system may indeed promote subservience, but does not foster merit.

It is now time to illustrate the last charge, viz. that the Academy, whilst it forbids members of other similar institutions becoming members of their own, interfere with everything that can add to their power and interest, claiming a right to administer national establishments, which ought ever to be kept unmixed with royal bounties or direct ministerial influence. In this it not only assumes control over artists, it pretends to dictate to the nation. In the Annals and the Epochs of Art, by the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, Mr. Prince Hoare informs us that there was a time when that institution was allowed to decide the claims of candidates for public monuments. One of the first cases of the kind was that in 1783, when the island of Jamaica applied by its agent to the Academy to adjudge premiums for the designs that might be offered for a statue of Lord Rodney, and inspect its execution. Instead of advertising an open competition, they appointed five members from among themselves. This brought shame upon them; for three of the five, aware of the intrigues of a faction amongst the forty, paid no

* Martin having once put his name thereon, is deemed by them conceited, because he would not repeat it. Gibson had more patience, but it is supposed to be exhausted.

attention to the invitation, and Bacon and Tyler were the only competitors, to the great mortification of the President. Again, in 1792, when the East India Company voted a statue to Lord Cornwallis, the case was still worse, for only one model was presented, precluding all competition whatever: this excited the indignation of the East India Company. I shall mention one more instance. In January, 1806, they refused to allow Bacon (junior) to present a model for the monument to Lord Nelson; Government condemned their decision in May. Thus were the East and West Indies, and Government itself, trifled with. It was time to put an end to such proceedings; and yet their amanuensis complains that these appointments had gradually been taken from them, and the power placed in the hands of the Committee of Taste, composed of gentlemen of enlightened views and liberal education, but not professionally conversant with the fine arts; whereas, in former days, the President was nominated a member of the first commission to see public monuments executed by native artists: the Committee for regulating the Situations of Monuments in the Cathedrals being at the same time composed of some gentlemen of the Monument Committee, and two painters, two sculptors, and two architects, members of the Academy. They utter these complaints, and at the same time assure you they have no wish to interfere with general art, or monopolize that territory of taste which extends beyond their own modest domain!

The appointment of the Committee of Taste, in 1798, having thus checked their ambition in one way, the Academy had recourse to another speculation; for, in 1804, these disinterested gentlemen proposed to Government a plan for a *Gallery of British Honour*, at an expense of 5000*l.* per annum—of course to be, like all the transactions already noticed, for their sole benefit. However, Mr. Pitt discountenanced the preposterous demand; so did Mr. Fox, when they had the assurance to renew it. Unfortunately their influence at court enabled them to gain an ascendancy in the British Institution, founded in 1805; for the Prince refused his sanction and patronage unless means were devised to secure the Academy from the effects of *opposition*, although their own creation was in *opposition* to the chartered Society. To accomplish this purpose, the President of the Royal Academy was appointed honorary member of the new establishment, the members were each allowed free admittance, and a favourable attention secured to all pictures which had been already exhibited in their rooms, by articles introduced in the rules and regulations of the new institution; besides one to have the British Gallery closed during the exhibition at Somerset House. As the Royal Academicians can exclude from their exhibition all but their own and their friends' works, and enjoy, moreover, a preference at the British Gallery, that institution is virtually a dependence on that monopolizing authority—historical painting is discouraged, and portraits admitted, contrary to its original purpose. Their power was not yet at its height;—a national gallery of the works of deceased artists was formed under the auspices of Lord Goderich. A direct interference at such a time might have excited suspicion and discontent; but, by getting their President raised to the dignity of a trustee to the British Museum, both *national* institutions were at once brought under the influence of a *royal* irresponsible society of artists; for the Gallery is under similar regulations with the Museum, and in several points dependent on its management.

All this assumption of power was still insufficient. According to the practice of all companies, chartered or not, their expenses and extravagance had kept pace with their revenue, and at length their receipts declined. If they had really been active in promoting their own interest when their income was increasing, they would not relax in their exertions in the hour of necessity. A plan was submitted to the trustees of the National Gallery, for a building decorated with Corinthian columns, to receive the National Gallery and the Royal Academy—to be constructed on the site of the King's Mews. This plan was submitted, by Mr. Wilkins, R.A., the Academy's architect, to Ministers, in 1831, and some months after a meeting of ministerial and other leading members in Parliament took place, the President of the Academy being present; drawings were submitted, but they contained no indication of a Royal Academy, the whole of the design in question applying to the National Gallery only. The drawing was found so inadequate in beauty and importance, that it was suggested that Parliament would rather grant a larger sum for one handsome building, than furnish money for an edifice that could do no credit to the nation—that if a greater expense was incurred for a more extensive building, the Royal Academy, or some of the Societies at Somerset House, might be brought to it. The gentleman who made this proposal was not aware that he had fallen into the very plans that the architect had submitted to Government, but for some reason or other withheld from the present assembly. At a subsequent meeting, the larger drawings were produced, a grant was then obtained from Parliament of 50,000*l.*, exclusive of a few hundreds for the warming apparatus; and this included the whole expense; 15,000*l.* being furnished for the first year. A model has also been made, and most of the gentlemen capable of forming an opinion who have seen it, declare the elevation (although designed by the Academic architect) to be impure, inconnient, and disproportioned. All this has been done without Parliament being informed, or any one inquiring whether the Academy had any claim on the country; whether it was private, royal, or national property; whether its members had funds of their own; or how far it was prudent or proper to connect a royal institution with a national establishment. It is true Mr. Hume declared, that, having communicated with various artists, he had reason to fear that the academicians managed the concern rather for their own interest than the public good; he therefore hoped that their bye-laws and regulations would be investigated before they were installed in the new building.

It has been properly observed out of the house, that the Royal Academy has no better claim on the public than the society in Suffolk-street, or that of the painters in water-colours, or indeed any other private society, or even individuals. We are told that accommodation in Trafalgar-square, in lieu of the apartments at Somerset House, is but a fair exchange; that their present rooms would be particularly convenient for government offices; that the King gave 26,000*l.* for the said premises, and therefore the exchange is no favour whatever. Parliament would have done well to ascertain who received the 26,000*l.*, and what became of the money, and also whether that sum included the purchase of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies' rooms; besides, it is not certain that those apartments are worth anything like the amount. When we con-

sider the expense of converting them into public offiecs, their present internal arrangement being altogether unfit for such a purpose, their actual value to Government can be very little. Mr. Wilkins has acknowledged that the new palace at Trafalgar-square will exceed the Parliament grant by 25,000*l.*, and others say that 150,000*l.* will not cover the whole expense; if, therefore, the Academy is to obtain one-half of a new building worth more than 10,000*l.*, in place of an old concern originally worth 26,000*l.*, according to their own account, who can say that it is a fair exchange? Is it wise to enter into a bargain with an irresponsible society? Why not investigate, listen to complaints, and assist the oppressed, instead of lavishing the public money on oppressors? The course pursued in getting up the plan and designs bears too much resemblance to the jobbing of former times, before the new charter of freedom was obtained. Surely this is not to continue; the first building erected out of the funds of a free people will not be made a disgrace to the administration that procured us the Reform Bill—a lasting monument of vanity and degraded art; nor will an uncontrolled, self-elected body of men be longer permitted to usurp our rights.

I am, Sir, &c.

March 12*th*, 1833. G. F.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Sir Henry Parnell—Harlequin-Influenza—The Body-Pledge—Englishmen Baptised, but not Born by Act of Parliament—No Trust—The Love of the Unseasonable—March of Intellect—The General Amnesty—Richard Coster, the Bill-Conqueror—Go and make Gooseberry Pies—Examination of Prisoners—The Press-Power—Fatal Facility of Printing.

Sir Henry Parnell.—One of the pleasantest things in these latter days is the election of Sir Henry Parnell for Dundee. There has been something like a free choice here, and the ground of preference was high political worth. It was Parnell against the field; out of all the world was he chosen; and the only possible motive was admiration of his public conduct, respect for his talents and his character. Neither the Dundee testimony to his merit, nor a view of his conduct, can be very agreeable to some of the men with whom he used to co-operate. His reason for leaving office must be gall and wormwood to some who have no intention of quitting it:—

"When I was Secretary at War I examined minutely every item of expenditure, with a view of making reductions; and, after having satisfied myself as to the several points, I communicated the result to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, furnishing at the same time a system of estimates which I approved of. Although it appeared at the time that my leaving office was in consequence of opposing the payment of five millions of the public money to Russia, believing the payment to be improper, the true cause of my quitting office was my unwillingness to bring forward estimates such as the Ministry approved of, believing them to be improper, and such as I could not vote for. Had I consented to bring forward the estimates without reduction, I have no doubt but I should have been still in office; but I have

always acted on one principle—that of doing what I considered right, without deviating to one side or another. I could not, when in office, consent to vote for those things which I had so long opposed."

As for liberal opinions, the profession of them is no rarity; the difficulty is to find men who hold opinions to be any other than stepping-stones. It is moral worth,—stedfastness in political faith,—sincerity and truth in the advocacy of the cause he holds, that have raised Sir Henry Parnell's character to its present pitch of elevation. He almost alone, of many high names, has thought the same thing right, both *in* and *out* of office. This seems but a poor test to the speculatist; but alas! the man of practice has of late found office an ordeal even more formidable than has ever been dreamed of. They who wish to live long and well in the stormy times that are coming must adopt Sir Henry Parnell's maxim. In or out pursue the right. Dundee is a new borough; it has the merit of having chosen for its first and its second members two of the honestest men that ever sat in the House.

Harlequin-Influenza.—The theatres have been shut up on account of the influenza: a tragedy or a farce, as people like to view it, which takes up a stage so wide that it will admit of no other performance. The fact is, that the influenza is a great pantomime; some unseen Harlequin is probably playing his pranks. It is not Harlequin-death: when he has a fit of fun, nothing will serve him but a stroke of cholera or black plague; but some merrier imp, who slaps poor people on the nose or the neck, and straightway they begin to complain of rheum or else rheumatics, limp and hop, grow red in the eyes, and large in the throat. Perhaps there are more epidemic imps than one; they are now having a full swing in town. "Do you see that fine girl?" one imp may be supposed to say to another, as they are wandering about the streets. "She is going to a ball to-night." "Give her a slap, Atrabolos," cries his companion. "Oh no; it is a shame." "Stuff: I have this instant put her lover and his whole family to bed; the creatures were eating a hearty supper, and laughing, as if Epidemos did not exist. I pounced among them; and just touched them round. Oh! you should have seen the effect of my *hocus pocus*. First they were silent: some then began to get red in the nose; others put their hands out to feel their head; some drew their pocket handkerchiefs; one old woman hobbled to bed, and her grandson scrambled for the doctor. The servants came in: slap the second. They soon found their way back again, and now they are all in bed." "Oh!" said Atrabolos, "that is nothing to my exploits. You know the women were going to have a court-day; well, I went the round of the milliners' shops, and struck five hundred modistes all of a heap in the course of a morning. I thought I should have died to see the finery drop, and be bedropped: in short, the whole army of millinery was put *hors de combat*; and, in place of their robes and their ruffs, the ladies received nothing but the 'prevailing complaint'—this is our *nom de guerre*. When we take a walk and amuse ourselves, the poor devils fly into their holes like scared rabbits. "There is a bank open, let us establish a run upon it, Epidemos." "Pshaw, Atrabolos: you are for half measures. I will stop it at once. Observe a moment, and see what course the currency question will take in this individual case. Ha!

ha! ha! There is a check for them. How will you have it? Heads or tails,—neck and heels: and that last stroke on the old cashier will give him a disease in the chest; he will hardly recover. I should not be surprised if they have to put him at full length into the iron safe. See how they troop; —ninety-four filed off already! Mark how each calls at the doctor's shop." "Come, let us be off, Epidemos; that firm is pretty weak now: payment is stopped; a very small dividend will return to business to-morrow. Do you see those blue and yellow lights where the crowd is flocking? Yes; that is the shop of a fellow making a fortune by our fun. See how he is corking up black draughts,—he is almost lost in James's powders: he cannot dole out his poison fast enough. Listen to the murmurs of his customers." "Let us slap him, Atrabolos: stick him fast between a bottle of Tinctura Rhœi and a jar of Cantharides. There he is; —he can't speak: and see, instead of cutting a plaster, he is cutting capers. I have given it to him in the acute shape. His apprentice will put him to bed, and prevent his turning our sport in this neighbourhood into serious earnest." "That will do, Epidemos. Where shall we go?—to the play?" "Oh, no: the theatres are shut up. I amused myself at rehearsal this morning. But there are the chapels." "True: if poor Rowland Hill had not just been so cruelly treated by that brute Mors, we should have had a fine field. As it is, let us go to the House of Commons. It is said Hume has made some five thousand speeches this session; we will give the reporters a rest, and send him home to 'economize' his animal substance."

[*Exeunt Atrabolos et Epidemos.*

The Body-Pledge.—To send a man to prison for debt is to pawn his body for a specific sum. The gaoler is the pawnbroker; instead of three balls, his sign is a bunch of keys. Pawnbrokery is, however, a rational proceeding, for the pledge always retains the value for which it is engaged; but body-pledging has this folly in it, that the moment the body is pledged, it loses value,—sometimes the whole of its value, always the greater part. Putting an honest man in prison is like taking the cork out of champagne, and double locking it in a cool cellar.

Englishmen Baptised, but not Born by Act of Parliament.—It is a specimen of the wisdom with which our laws are cared for, that, at this moment, and for some time past, in this country no provision has been made for the registration of births. Baptism alone is registered by the clergyman, and as baptism may take place at any period, and perhaps, in half the births, never according to church forms, there is virtually no public record of the ages of children under a certain age. The subject has been very properly brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Wilks, who stated that the registration of the birth clause was accidentally omitted in the bill, owing to some botching amendment between the Lords and Commons. Admirable legislation!

But the registration of birth, of marriage, and of death, is a strictly civil proceeding; the use of it is altogether worldly, and is clearly an affair of municipal government. Let people celebrate their marriages by what religious rites they please; let them bury their dead according to such forms as are approved in their community; but let it be incumbent

on them all to register the fact, and witness it by their presence, before an officer appointed for the purpose, the keeper of the documents of the district in which the event takes place. But who is this officer? There is none such; it is only one deficiency out of many. When a proper municipal machinery is established, he will not be wanting. He is in the French administration, the maire of the district: his name does not matter much; any municipal institution, however, that leaves him out, or hands the duty over to parson and clerk, is so far faulty, and, indeed, most imperfect. The parish documents, such as they are, are at present in very unsafe keeping: they frequently days and nights remain in the cottage of the clerk or the parsonage, neither of which places are fire-proof. The keeper of these documents, and all parish accounts, papers, leases, and agreements, ought to have a receptacle above accidents. A duplicate should also be preserved in the capital, and out of them a national registry formed, a department which would go well with a national registry of wills; and also the official registry of mortgages, and other acts, in case that wholesome measure should be enacted.

No Trust.—The Scots Greys, on arriving at York, sent round a trumpet and a serjeant to warn the inhabitants against trusting any of that corps beyond the amount of a day's pay. This must be allowed to be a candid proceeding. It is vulgarly exemplified by the proverb of "calling stinking fish;" a degree of honesty never expected from mortal fishmonger. Fame is generally reputed a liar. Virgil's portrait has been hitherto the accredited form of painting her; artists, however, who wish to delineate a *true* Fame, should, in future, take a trumpeter of the Scots Greys as a model. The act is, after all, highly creditable to the regiment; though the branding "No Trust" on the colours of so famous a body of men may be considered a somewhat severe instance of self-denial. Yet the true way of preventing men from getting into debt, drunkenness, and disgrace, is to insist upon the ready-money principle, which, were it carried into universal practice, would, at one stroke, annihilate the debtor's gaols and ruin three-parts of the lawyers of the country.

The exception to be made is of trade: trade is a speculation. When one man sells another's goods for re-sale, if he does so on credit, he joins in some measure in the speculation, and, in case of its failure, ought not to be invested with the baleful power of seizing the body of his creditor, tearing him from his family, destroying his hopes, his prospects, his happiness, and, in most instances, his character. People ought to associate in anti-credit societies, and all members of it write upon their doors, "No Credit here," after which it should be unlawful to sue the inhabitant who had thus imitated the wholesome example of the Scots Greys.

The love of the Unseasonable.—The absurdities of this exceedingly civilised land yield an abundant harvest to the observer; a man with a taste for them, with but a small annuity to supply his necessities, might live a most luxurious life on the follies of the capital alone. What necessity for plays or operas, or parties or races, with the ways of London open to him? But then he must have a true relish for them; he must be no cynic to sneer, but an epicure in folly, who hugs himself and chuckles with delight over a nice little piece of the true absurdity. The prevalent "love of the unseasonable" is a fine example of folly. The sight of

people buying green peas in April, at four guineas a quart, and raspberries at half a crown an ounce, would be a treat for a whole evening to one who revelled in such entertainment. Bad peas in April, at a price as dear as gold, instead of fine peas in June, at the price of bread or potatoes, and that not from any eager longing, or any excessive love of the pea-flavour, but simply that people may open their eyes at table, and exclaim in their hearts, "What an Amphytrion!" If chips were to be had only at the same price, they would be presented in a consommé of bank notes. A man who has green peas at his table in April knows that thereby he is one of few; he is an exclusive *par force*, or forcing. To enjoy the same pleasure that many share is alien to the spirit of England, and this is the principle and secret of the race of fashion in this country. The few enjoy a pleasure till the many gradually learn its source and master its approaches; it is then deserted for another. Rank and riches are for ever "seeking pastures new:" when the vulgar herd rushes in, away they troop like scared fowl. Society in England is constructed on the same principle attributed to matter, which is held together by the attraction of cohesion and held off from a too close union by the attraction of repulsion. We are bound together in one whole of civilization, but detest fellowship; separate ourselves into small divisions, and when these divisions cannot be kept up naturally, we do it artificially; and when other means fail, resort to green peas in April.

March of Intellect.—A little boy, at one of the hospitals, was frequently found in a most unseemly state. His age, of two years and a half, forbade the idea of his being drunk, to say nothing of his inability to walk to the gin-shop, or, when he was there, to pay for his drams. Yet the general appearance of the creature, as well as the odour of his breath, which ought, as that of an infant, to have been as pure as new-made hay, permitted no doubt of the fact: it was pronounced by the doctors that the small beast was drunk; in short, an habitual drunkard. The means of inebriety were discovered in the case of spirits of wine used for the cupping-glasses; it was found that the boy took a cupping-glass too much; the rogue had stolen a march upon the doctors; his inquiring spirit had led him into the secret of the spirit of wine; but, alas! his knowledge stopped short at its most direct use. This is always the result of a smattering. The first use a servant makes of his literature is to read his master's letters; but this is no more an argument against education, than this child's drunkenness against burning spirits of wine under the cupping-glass. The march of intellect is a *mauvais pas* when it halts: science must not be taken at the wrong end, or the pupil will be found drunk instead of a doctor.

The General Amnesty.—It is a matter of some surprise that the doctrines of Mr. Attwood are not more popular. Its opponents even allow that the majority of heads of houses are insolvent; from East to West, from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, it was stated, in the Commons, that every other house contains an insolvent. In Downing-street, Lord Althorp was told, in a large assembly, that one-third of Regent-street had been bankrupt, and that three times as many compositions had been made in the same district. To the arithmetic of this statement objec-

tions have been made, since four-thirds happen to be more than the whole. It is easily answered, however, by observing, that one person may make *several* compositions, inclusive even of the bankrupt himself, previous to his bankruptcy. But if these statements are not exaggerated, the insolvents are the majority of the country, and therefore it is surprising that there is not a louder applause of the Attwood scheme. The fact is, it is not generally understood that it would act as an amnesty, or the outcry of the insolvents would make the welkin ring; that is to say, if it be true that we are so *very* insolvent. Now, instead of mystification about currency, depreciation, and Peel's Bill, would it not be better at once to proclaim a great amnesty of debt? Let it be stated at once, that that clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts," (according to one translation,) is now to be acted upon; that the great ledger of pecuniary sins is to be wiped out, and we are all to begin afresh from the 1st of April—that next year we shall all be without debt in the world. This is pleasant doctrine for the sinner in this way, and perhaps would be the shortest plan. Or, if this plan is not adopted, we have another to propose, which may be equally agreeable to the currency people; let them declare all debts, from to-morrow, irrecoverable, the debtors only being bound to pay interest for them in perpetuity, at the rate of the funds. This would convert individual debts into national ones; relieve all the insolvents, of which the majority is said to consist, by means simply of a partial tax. Here is an equitable adjustment; it has the merit of being less of a robbery than the currency scheme, and not so much of a bankruptcy as Mr. Cobbett's; it is an *arrangement* for the relief of the national distress. We recommend it to some nostrum-monger in want of a popular article.

Richard Coster—the Bill-Conqueror.—Crime has its heroes as well as virtue; every year sees the canonisation of famous men on the wrong side; "reformers," always happy in a small minority; "equitable adjusters," on a private scale; upholders of the "currency," who cannot bear the stagnation of the circulating mediun. Names arise upon the memory, sacred to enormity: Robin Hood, Turpin, Huffey White, Ikey Solomons. Should the minority ever get the upper hand, these are the heroes that will be commemorated in college declamations, where now nought is heard but of Cæsar and Alexander, Locke and Bacon. The year 1833 will in future ages be famous as terminating the career of Richard Coster, a great conqueror in the East—a sort of Jenghis Khan, or Nadir Shah, in the city; one who has made war upon civilisation for now upwards of twenty years. In a book called the "Commercial Annual," we have seen a slight sketch of his exploits; the form of the narrative is a banker's note-book. The historian first detected the rising genius of Coster in the year 1810; he was then in Newgate, Bristol. Great men frequently rise from small beginnings; in a few years he appeared above the horizon of town; had a firm in the city, attached Co. to his name, and thenceforward carried on the war under various titles from various quarters, and with a numerous and well-appointed army, year after year, till the Journal ends abruptly at the date of 1823. The banker probably thought, that after that period his hero was before the world, and stood in no need of his memoranda. In barbarous ages, conquerors assumed the sword, and ravaged countries with fire and slaughter. Conquest, however, partakes the character of the times; the achieve-

ments that used to be effected with steel are now performed by paper The BILL was Richard Coster's great implement of war. We have an idea of who was the inventor of gunpowder, but who invented the bill? What army is to be compared with a troop of indorsers? What masked battery equal to a fictitious firm? The stamp gives justice to the cause, and, with an able general acceptor and a drawer of note, no power on earth can stand a well-arranged BILL: this was the origin and the support of Coster's power. His firms were imposing, various, and numerous; his backers were well disciplined; his bills business-like; he knew the country well, and understood the grand art of combined movements; the result may be anticipated. He had a brilliant and not a brief career; his track was marked by spoliation and suffering, as in the case of all conquerors; but he shed no blood, and this is his grand improvement upon the practice of barbarous times. He overran the commercial world; nay, he made its treasures his own, and availed himself of its most precious resources, but he spared life. Richard Coster may not say, dying, he never wrote a line he wished to blot, but he may leave his native land, declaring, that, though a Paper-Cromwell, he is "guiltless" of his country's "blood."

GO AND MAKE GOOSEBERRY PIES.—A meeting was held on Wednesday, the 17th, at Guildhall, to consider of the introduction of Poor-Laws into Ireland. The assembly permitted a Mr. Rosson, described as a barrister, to talk thus:—

"Absentees would never be induced to agree to poor-laws for Ireland, and the business must be taken into hand by Englishmen, in spite of the absurd theories and often-refuted nostrums of political economists. Of these he would refer to the works of Dr. Chalmers and Miss Martineau. The former had published a work which consisted mainly of the exploded doctrines of Mr. Malthus, viz., that population had a natural power to double itself in fifteen years. And it was this that had led Irish landowners, who supposed it to be based in truth, to drive the tenantry off their lands, to prevent the accumulation of population. Mr. Sadler's Law of Population had completely refuted the assumptions of Dr. Chalmers, and it was lamentable to see the Doctor's name still lent to sanction a false political doctrine. He (Mr. Rosson) would dismiss further notice of Dr. Chalmers, by saying that he intended to send the Doctor a gold ring with the motto '*Ne Doctor ultra Cathedram.*' Miss Martineau, in her work called 'Cousin Marshall,' had supported the same misnamed system of political economy, taking the errors of Malthus as the basis of her speculations; and he would say to her, as Dr. Primrose is related to have said to his daughter, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' after she had shown her ignorance of a scientific subject, 'Go and assist your mother in making gooseberry pies.' (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The young lady might be talented, and her reception by the learned lord who so ably filled the woolsack would lead to that supposition; but she decidedly had no talent for political economy. (Hear, hear.) The splendid dreams of theorists would go for nothing; practical demonstration was the thing required; and all that he thought the meeting would ask for of the Government was a full and impartial inquiry, that the truth might be elicited. (Hear.)"

Nay, the wiseacres of the city seem to have applauded this stuff. It was bad enough to let this busy gentleman be the spokesman of the meeting, and to move the first resolution; but that, when he began to defile

such names as Chalmers and Martineau with mere mention only, they did not hoot him from his stand, proves that the reign of Cockneydom is immortal. The intellect of Mr. Rosson appears to be about on a par with a flea in the influenza; and yet the city of London, in Common Hall assembled, permitted this lively little monster to play, hop, and skip, and bite over the names of Chalmers and Martineau, benefactors of their race, ornaments of their age. But the whale must have its shrimp. "Go and make gooseberry pies." Why should Miss Martineau be sent to make gooseberry pies,—but because she is of the sex which chiefly gives us our cooks? And is not Mr. Rosson of that sex that goes to make tailors? would it not be right to say to him, Go and help your father to make breeches? He makes very bad speeches, possibly he might show talent in stitching: it is clear that he botches matters of science. Men of Mr. Rosson's fractional species cannot bear intellectual superiority in women: they say with the Jewish synagogue-service—"Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not a woman." Now if the woman turns out to be their superiors, then there is nothing on earth that such persons have to thank God for: the resource is spite. The barrister's sycophancy is not, however, wholly consumed by the overflow of his tiny streams of gall. "The young lady might be *talented*, and her reception by the learned lord who so *ably* filled the woolsack would lead to the supposition." Ah, yes! Miss Martineau has nothing to give a sycophant barrister: but the Lord Chancellor—Oh, yes! he has only to give a reception, and straightway the recipient is *talented*. Mr. Rosson has the Commentator's leave to knock at the Lord Chancellor's door as often as he pleases; but he promises never, therefore, to call him talented.

Examination of Prisoners.—"The Lord Mayor.—Prisoner, did you tell Mr. Mott where you bought it?

"Mr. Humphreys (for the prisoner).—He is not bound to answer that question.

"The Lord Mayor—Well, if you didn't tell Mr. Mott where you got it, you will tell me, perhaps?

"The prisoner appeared to be desirous to speak.

"Mr. Humphreys.—You are not obliged to tell anything about it.

"The Lord Mayor.—I will not allow any solicitor to interfere for the purpose of preventing me from examining a prisoner. His Lordship repeated the question.

"Mr. Humphreys.—My Lord, you have not the power legally to examine the prisoner in that manner. It is illegal in every respect.

"The Lord Mayor.—I shall examine him according to my own plan. I am convinced that I am justified. I have, upon former occasions, mentioned the authority upon which I act.

"Mr. Humphreys.—I beg, then, that your questions may be put down, my Lord. I repeat to my client, that he is not bound to answer.

"The Lord Mayor.—An honest man would not refuse to answer any question: on the contrary, he would be glad to acquit himself if he could by answering every question. I should wish to discharge him this moment, if I thought him an honest man; but you don't wish him to answer me.

"Mr. Humphreys.—I certainly object to such a mode of examination as your Lordship is pursuing. It is against the practice of magistrates, and wholly unknown to professional men."

This is a description of dialogue that is constantly occurring at the

Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, with much good sense, but altogether contrary to a favourite maxim of law, invariably endeavours to learn all he can from the prisoner. This practice is always strenuously resisted by the attorneys, and has given rise to much controversy. The question lies in a small compass: there is but one purpose to serve—the detection of crime for the sake of the public; this object is to be pursued in all ways, unless where the individual inconvenience does not exceed the chance of good to the community. Now, is this the case in interrogating a culprit in a preliminary examination? The question is, is a man to go to prison on the suspicion? His own story will probably commit him if he is guilty; if innocent, it is highly probable that it will discharge him. Here both parties gain. The only objection that has been urged is on the ground of the examination being a species of moral torture; true, but only to the criminal; and why is he to be spared moral torture, when the welfare of the public is the result? If the examination of an innocent man produced moral torture, then we should have to weigh his individual inconvenience, and the advantage likely to arise to the public. But such an interrogatory is so far from being either an inconvenience or a torture to an innocent man accused of crime, that he would court such an opportunity of clearing himself, and consider it his best privilege. This, however, would not suit the Old Bailey practitioners, whose harvest comes after the committal—who care very little for the result of the trial, but who must have their client safe in gaol for a season. Most generally the accused is guilty, and the objection to the interrogatory is therefore intelligible enough; they dare not say that they dread their client will commit himself; they therefore mouth out some maxim of law, the spirit of which is always that the criminal shall have a good chance of escape. With the lawyers the whole matter is an affair of art; the game must be caught by rule, or not at all. This is the meaning of giving "law" in sport; if the object were to kill vermin, the fox would be slaughtered at once; but no, he is let go—he runs, until distance secures him a fair chance of escape; and this is called "law." So it is in the game of justice; the lawyers enjoy, nay live by, the chase; and an unceremonious destruction of the vermin-criminal would not only put an end to the day's sport, but the day's subsistence. It is the rule, therefore, to give him "law." First the game is bred and preserved, and then he is bagged. He is then let loose—law is given; if death ensue, it is all fair; the probability, however, is that the quarry will give the hounds another run.

The Press-Power.—There is something remarkable in the manner in which the power of the press—the Fourth Estate—has been recognised by the two rival despots of the East. Both the Grand Seignior and the Pacha of Egypt, in different ways, have recognised the legitimacy of the periodical press. In a speech from the throne, the Sultan acknowledged the services of the editor of the Smyrna newspaper, and permitted that functionary to address him, *vivâ voce*, after the manner of a royal representative, in a set speech. The Pacha of Egypt has sent over to Europe for the editor of a newspaper, as he used to do for steam-engines and spinning-jennies, and has assigned him a salary equal probably to that of one of his best generals. This direct mode of acknow-

ledging the New Power is very different from the style in which it is alternately coquetted with, and flouted by, the old governments of the West. The orientals, of course, intend to use it as a tool—a slave, and already class it as a weapon in their armoury. In Europe, the press sets up for itself: it is sometimes master, sometimes agent: its position is uncertain; it neither knows how to obey nor always to command, and yet it feels conscious of the power of ordaining. The depositaries of power in Europe are various, and the sources often independent of each other. The periodical press sometimes speaks with the voice of one, and sometimes another; it now proclaims the privileges of the aristocracy, now the rights of the people. The way in which it has been treated is curious. Were the monster of Frankenstein among us, what should we do with him? The timid would cry, Kill him at once, we cannot bear this constant state of alarm; the prudent would say, No, let us bind his arms, and then he may wander where he pleases—he can hurt nobody; on the contrary, wiser persons would say, Tie his legs, his arms may then beat the air; the generous would say, Let us teach him, and when he knows what is right, he will feel no inclination to do mischief. Objectors, however, would cry, Education is tedious; who is to answer for him in the meantime? Build a strong house for him, chain him to the wall, feed him on bread and water, and then if he likes to learn, let him—he will have leisure. Under such circumstances, it is not likely that his education would proceed very fast; he must, however, learn in his own defence: if not, his masters, getting tired, would blind him to save trouble, and then the result would be like that of the glorious book of Solomon, he would pull the house down over the head of himself and his persecutors. So may be shadowed forth the present condition of the press in Europe.

Fatal Facility of Printing.—In the lives of most great poets of whose biographies any details are known, it is found that, on arriving at a certain age—even preceding that of their legal majority—they celebrated the period by a conflagration of their earliest attempts at song. These very poems are not to be supposed all lost: a good idea or a strongly felt sentiment is never lost on a man of genius; he may but handle it rudely in its early expression, but when he burns his juvenile efforts, he takes care to preserve the valuable parts in his mind, and as to which are such, no better critic is usually to be had than the originator, if he be truly a man of genius. This is a sort of sifting now become almost impossible. The present facility of printing, joined with the natural desire to be read immediately consequent upon production, though it may be of a thing which the writer will afterwards be rejoiced to burn, is such that the young poet has no chance of escape. He is sure to print; of the wholesome effect of suppression he can have no experience. His ought-to-be-burned MSS.,—the trials of his pen,—the putting out of his poetical feelers, appear unhappily in little hot-pressed duodecimos—the ridicule of the town, or worse, the object of its neglect: improvement the author is not permitted to derive from it; he must not borrow even from himself after he is once printed; and it is hardly likely that he should afterwards feel much appetite to please the public who, by their representatives the critics and the booksellers, treat him so ill. The consequences are lamentable: the young poet is disgusted with the exercise of his early

faculties, would gladly burn that in print which he ought to have burned in MS., and gives up the cultivation of his imagination altogether; or, on the other hand, he is driven into misanthropy,—he nurses his genius and his vengeance together. Examples of the mischief of early printing occur every day. These observations have the merit at least of having occurred over some scores of juvenile volumes: the last of the kind that we have met with is "Poems by Alfred Domett."

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTES AND HISTORICAL TRAITS RELATING TO THE LAST POLISH REVOLUTION.

ONE of the national guard, commissioned to collect patriotic donations, witnessed an act of devotion accompanied by circumstances which give it an inestimable value. Invited to call on a lady, whose virtues and misfortunes had been known to him for three years, he found her surrounded by four young children, and dwelling in an abode, the appearance of which evidently proved poverty, supported with resignation and dignity. How great was his astonishment, when the interesting mother deposited in his hands the only remaining piece of a magnificent service of plate, which had long supplied the deficiency of her small income! After this, taking her son into her arms, "Behold," said she, "behold all I now possess in the world; his father has left us in order to hasten to the defence of our walls, for he belongs less to us than to his country. One day this child will imitate his example, and if then I see Poland glorious and free, do not pity me, I shall not be quite unhappy." Lieutenant N—— accepted the gift in respectful silence.

The patriotism of Polish ladies, in general, has nothing of that manly boldness which makes a female forget the character of her sex. It cannot be otherwise. In Poland, enthusiasm is unlike that sudden impulse elicited by some extraordinary circumstance, characterizing nations enjoying public prosperity. Strengthened by misfortunes, cultivated in silence, it becomes grave and circumspect. The love of their native country is, in the heart of Polish ladies, a calm and religious sentiment; it does not exclude timidity and reserve; it renders these two qualities still more touching. The wedding-ring, deposited by the Polish ladies upon the altar of their country, is its ingenious emblem. To sacrifice without hesitation their dearest affections; to suffer, and never complain; to leave martial power to men, and content themselves with the power of the mind; to share the pains of their fathers and husbands, resigning to them all the glory of triumph; it is thus that Polish mothers inculcate on their daughters the duties of woman.

The peasants of the palatinate of Warsaw, who, compared to others, enjoy a state of comfort, resolved unanimously to pay in advance the taxes of the year 1831, and deposited immediately this patriotic offering on the altar of their country.

During the first days of the revolution, when the country was still in that state of effervescence inseparable from a violent crisis, the govern-

ment were at first unable to direct their attention on the innumerable troops of volunteers, who hastened to the capital, asking for arms. All these people were encamped in the open air almost a whole week in the environs of Warsaw; and endured, without uttering a single complaint, the inclemency of the season, the privation of the first necessaries of life, and the most cruel trials which can be imposed on patriots.

Never were the recruits escorted by gensdarmes. The march was ever opened by musicians; it gave the idea of a patriotic festival, rather than a march of young soldiers. It happened, that at the numbering of them, twice as many as were required were found. One day in particular, the organizing chiefs would have been greatly embarrassed, had not the merchants of Warsaw offered to provide for the equipment of these brave volunteers. Thus the regiment was organized.

One day, when the Dictator, Chlopicki, was reviewing the national guard, a villager desired to be presented to him. The whole troop perceived with emotion an old peasant followed by his three sons, already, like himself, wearing the uniform. The virtuous old man had sold his oxen, that the state might not be put to the expense of their clothing. Thus he gave to his country his fortune, his life, his children—all he possessed in the world.

A poor countryman, whose fortune consisted only in a little horse, was one day journeying to Warsaw. A Polish nobleman, going the same way, and struck by the pre-occupied air of his fellow-traveller, held with him the following discourse. "My friend, why are you so sorrowful?"—"I am not sorrowful, sir; on the contrary: I heard our soldiers were in want of horses, and therefore intend to present them with mine. O, the excellent beast!" "And why are you so thoughtful, my good man?"—"Sir, it is because I have known my horse for a long time; my horse has always worked with me, and now I shall be left to work alone. But we ought not to regret what we give to our brethren." "My friend," replied the nobleman, with emotion, "could not we contrive to make a bargain with each other? Would you not sell your horse to me? I will give you 30 dollars for it, 15 of which you may give to the Dictator, and with the remaining 15 you can purchase an excellent work-horse."

It was with joy the bargain was concluded; but soon afterwards the countryman hastened to overtake the nobleman, and said to him, "Sir, I thank you for your goodness, but I beseech you, take back your 30 dollars. I have got an idea still better than yours. I too will turn soldier; thus I and my horse will not separate, but serve our country together."

Among the emigration in mass of the landed proprietors of the duchy of Posen, able to bear arms, one made a visible sensation. Marcinkowski, a young physician, had obtained regard of all, both by his knowledge in the practice of his art, and that sublime love of mankind which is the lot of a few superior minds. At an age when the pleasures of life have so much attraction, he was seen renouncing every comfort, scarcely allowing himself an indispensable rest. Leaving the comfortable mansion where his reputation had placed him, he hastened to carry his earnings to the hut of the poor. His door was never closed against the unfortunate, so that he seldom could enjoy a moment's leisure; even the time for his meals depended on these short intervals, when his assistance was not claimed by any suffering being; in short, he lived only for the benefit of others. To the observation of a friend about the excess of this self-neglect, Marcinkowski replied, "The time of the poor is more valuable than mine."

Chosen to fill the office of physician in an hospital of the Sisters of Charity, it was with joy he accepted a situation the duties of which did so well agree with his sentiments. One will easily believe, that no salary was accepted by Marcinkowski; his zeal seemed to increase his means, He en-

dowed this establishment with a portion of his income; but still more precious than gold were the continual benefits which, by his soothing consolations, this benevolent man administered to the sick, and which, more effectually than physic, contributed to recover them. The love of his country was the strongest passion of his noble heart. Scarcely had the news of the events of Warsaw reached Posen, when the Doctor took a resolution as irrevocable as sudden.

He was under the control of the civil and military authorities. He immediately addressed to them the following letter:—

"I beg to be relieved from the engagements which retain me here. I consider no obligation more sacred than to devote myself to my country, which at this moment calls all her sons to arms. When this letter will reach its destination, I shall be far from hence, and on the glorious road which no human power can make me abandon."

The sudden departure of the Doctor was an important event for the town of Posen. How many voices united to call down the protection of Heaven upon him and the cause he had embraced! But nothing could be compared to the despair of the sick in the hospital; their cries and sobbings were re-echoed through the vaults of the wards; and the Chaplain was compelled to address them in a speech, in which he reminded them that the Most High is the first protector of the poor and the orphan. But while this heart-breaking scene was affecting all, what was the remark of the person to whom the eloquent and laconic epistle of Marcinkowski had been directed? "Indeed," said he, "it is not surprising: that man had always something singular about him." Let us pity those who are unable to qualify superiority and greatness of mind otherwise than by stamping it with singularity.

After the memorable night of the 29th November, the Grand Duke remained for three days longer encamped near Warsaw. Besides the regiment of the horse guard, retained by its chiefs, Vincent Krasinski and Kurnatowski, he had about 7000 Russian troops under his command. Constantine, however, considered his cause as lost: instead of trying the assault, he offered to negotiate with the administrative council, who, for the moment, ruled the new order of things. The council agreed to the proposal; and on the 2d of December, a deputation, composed of Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Lubecki, Count Wladislas Ostrowski, and Joachim Lelewel, left the town for the enemy's camp. Admitted into the presence of the Czarewitch, the deputies perceived at the very first moment, that in him a great moral revolution had taken place. Thus a violent political shock develops not only the strength of nations, it also operates powerfully upon the spirit of every individual. That despotic confidence which does not admit even the possibility of a doubt had forsaken Constantine. For the first time in his life, experience had taught him that there exist other rights than those of the despot, and that the latter may be subjected to strange vicissitudes. From his habitual impetuosity, he had fallen into a sort of dejection. He listened in silence to the conditions which the deputies had come to propose to him, as the only means of accommodation, when one word, all on a sudden, called forth again those fits of violence which were inherent in his character. Count Ostrowski addressed him thus:—"Yes, Prince," said he, "it is the faithful execution of the constitution, the base of social order, that we demand of our Sovereign." "Of your Sovereign, of your Sovereign!" cried the Grand Duke, rushing suddenly before the Count, a well-known sign of wrath, "tell me who will dare to place himself between the Sovereign and the constitution? Who will dare?" At this question, the noble deputy retreated two steps, and leaning on his sword, caused it to make a clash—a clash which was understood by all the assistants, and which caused his terrible interlocutor to shudder.

At the moment when an artillery officer had pointed a cannon, he had his two legs shot off by a bullet. "The cannon is well pointed; fire!" cried he, falling. Off went the shot, set a waggon on fire, and spread terror and death among the ranks of the enemy.

During the battle of Grochow, a boy, fourteen years of age, showed the intrepidity of a hero. This young soldier, named Ferdinand Danowski, carried away by an inconceivable bravery, had, in the middle of uninterrupted musket shots, advanced to an isolated elevation. There calmly facing the enemy, he did not cease firing; and it was not till after he had killed three soldiers and the officer commanding the troop, that he fell himself, struck by a ball. Being removed by his comrades who had run to his assistance, and who could not suppress their emotion, he said to his officer, without suffering a single complaint to escape him, "Save me, Colonel, I may still render some service to my country."

Garezynski, formerly a staff officer, nearly sixty years old, re-entered the ranks of the army as a private, and fought by the side of his son at the battle of Kurow. They were surrounded by a number of about twenty Russian dragoons. In vain did they endeavour to ward off their blows; the young man received a deep wound. Garezynski, seeing this, displayed a desperate bravery, and our soldiers had time to save the son and father.

A courier, sent by Marshal Diebitsch to the Emperor, having been taken by a lancer, offered him 400 ducats for his deliverance. "Though you were to give me 4000," replied the honest soldier, "I am a Pole, and shall not suffer you to pass." He immediately took his prisoner to the head-quarters, presenting him to the General-in-chief, but without speaking of the action which he had performed with as much simplicity as nobleness. It was the courier himself, who, still more moved with admiration, related to the General all that had happened, exclaiming, "In all the armies of the Emperor, you would not find one single individual resembling this man."

ON PROFESSOR BOER'S DOG-LATIN ESSAYS.

"Canibus data præda Latinis."—*Virg.*

Böer in German was as smooth as satin;
But, lo! some demon whispers, write in Latin!
Lur'd by his devilish instigant, he tries,
And every Latian muse before him flies.
Dear Doctor, we would willingly do much
To anglicize thy essays, if High Dutch;—
Nay, some can even read Greek, Turkish, Moorish,
But what frail mortal man can fathom Böerish?

IGNOTUS.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.—SIR,—Should you think the contents of the following letter worthy consideration, I beg your insertion of them:—

The translators of Horace have unfortunately rendered Persæ, Persians; whereas, the Persians were, in the days of the Sabine bard, sunk as a

nation. The writers of the Augustan era invariably designate by Persæ, the Parthians. A mistake very similar has been made by the illustrious admirer and translator of Cicero, who rendered Getæ (See Ciceron. Ep. ad Att. 145.) "Goths," who were first heard of two hundred and fifty years after the persecuted orator's assassination.

It may fortune that some of your many readers were not aware of the fact; and to English readers, unskilled in classic lore, such intelligence would not be ungrateful.

Leaving to your experienced judgment, whether or not to insert the foregoing remarks in your valuable periodical, I have the honour to sign myself,

Your humble Servant,

P.

April 23, 1833.

We have had much gratification in the perusal of *L'Europe Littéraire*, a new French Journal of remarkable excellence. Some of the Essays are full of a philosophical yet natural beauty that raises them to the height of standard compositions.

We propose shortly giving an article on the present state of the French periodical press, not forgetting the merits of the *Revue de Paris*, (edited by M. Pichot, author of the very interesting work on Charles Edward,) nor the various talent of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

In answer to a Correspondent, who comments on an article in the Magazine of last month, called "Sketches at Paris," we beg to say that the author sent it us from Paris, where he has resided some years. We do not quite agree with his views, however amusing may be his portraits. We shall give early insertion to a very different kind of article, on the State of French Society, by the author of the paper on Talleyrand, published some time since in this Magazine.

Sonnets by A. F. B.

Poems by Theta.

Communications for the author of "The Permanent Epidemic" at Mr. Colburn's, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Recollections of College.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The Rev. Rowland Hill died on the 11th ult., at his house in Blackfriars-road, after an illness of about a week. Mr. Hill was born in August, 1744. He was the son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., of Hawkestone, an ancient and highly respectable Shropshire family. His elder brother, Sir Richard Hill, for several sessions sat in the House of Commons as member for the county: he was a man of distinguished piety, benevolence, and eccentricity, and was the author of a tract, entitled "Pietas Oxoniensis," in defence of the young men who were expelled from the University of Oxford, in 1766, for praying and expounding the Scriptures. This has given rise to the erroneous notion that Mr. Rowland Hill was one of the number. The present Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, is nephew to the venerable personage who is the subject of this brief memorial.

Mr. Hill was educated at Eton College, whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. with some *éclat*. Before he was of age to take orders, he occasionally preached at the Tabernacle, and at the Tottenham-court-road Chapel, which threw some impediment in the way of his receiving ordination. The Bishop of Bath and Wells at length was induced to admit him to deacon's orders, which was the highest step he was permitted to attain in the hierarchy. Mr. Hill was, however, always tenacious of his clerical character, regarding himself as an episcopal clergyman. One of the first public occasions upon which he distinguished himself was in delivering a funeral oration on the death of Mr. Toplady, who had forbidden a funeral sermon to be preached on the occasion, and who, moreover, had expressed his disapprobation of some of Mr. Hill's uncanonical proceedings, although his young friend stood high in his esteem. In 1783, Mr. Hill laid the first stone of Surrey Chapel, which was opened in 1784; but although he was usually considered as the pastor, preaching there constantly during the winter, the chapel was not licensed as under his pastoral care. He generally spent a considerable portion of the summer in visiting various parts of the United Kingdom, preaching in places of worship of almost every denomination which would admit of his services, and occasionally to large assemblies in the open air. The remainder of the summer he usually passed at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, where he had a house and a chapel. About the time that he opened Surrey Chapel, he married Miss Mary Tudway, sister of Clement Tudway, Esq., M.P. for Wells, by whom he had no issue. Mrs. Hill died a few years ago.

Few ministers of the Gospel have had to bear the scornful brunt of opposition—to contend against religious animosity—and to bear on through good report and evil report, through so long and active a career, as Mr. Hill. Few have challenged the encounter so boldly, or sustained it so single-handed. The independent and ambiguous ecclesiastical position which he assumed, as theoretically a Churchman and practically a Dissenter,—a Dissenter within the Church, a Churchman among Dissenters,—necessarily involved him, especially in the earlier part of his career, in continual polemic skirmishing. His very catholicism sometimes put on an aggressive form; for of nothing was he so intolerant as of sectarianism. But while he thus made himself many opponents, his blameless character precluded his having any personal enemies. The sarcastic or censorious polemic was forgotten in the warm-hearted philanthropist, the indefatigable evangelist, and consistent saint. It is quite true, that Mr. Hill both said and did things, occasionally, which few other men could have said with good effect, or done without imprudence. But the unimpeachable integrity and purity of his intentions, the sanctity of his life, the charm of his manners, the dignity of true breeding which rescued from vulgarity his most familiar phrases and his most eccentric actions, conspired to secure for him, through life, the affectionate veneration of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, or understood his character. In Mr. Hill, no ordinary degree of natural shrewdness was combined with an unsuspecting and guileless mind. This sometimes laid him open to imposition. Deep and accurate as was his acquaintance with human nature, he was not always quick-sighted in reading its appearances in the individual. He understood the heart better than the moral physiognomy of

character: and thus his shrewdness did not preserve him altogether from forming mistaken estimates. His generous benevolence was a distinguishing trait of his character; and he seemed to have the power of inspiring his flock with a similar spirit. On two occasions on which collections were made in the churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, (the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, and the subscription for the relief of the German sufferers,) the collections at Surrey Chapel are recorded to have been the largest raised at any one place. The sum annually raised for charitable and religious institutions at Surrey Chapel, has been from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* As a preacher, Mr. Hill was extremely unequal, as well as systematically unmethodical; generally rambling, but pithy, often throwing out the most striking remarks, and sometimes interspersing touches of genuine pathos, amid much that bordered upon the ludicrous. But even in his most grotesque sallies, there was a redeeming simplicity of purpose and seriousness of intention. You felt that the preacher did not mean to trifle; that there was no attempt at display, no unhallowed familiarity in his feelings, or want of reverence to sacred things. In his more private expository exercises, he was generally grave and edifying, with few inequalities, and often highly impressive. In the devotional part of the service, he was uniformly chaste, solemn, and fervent. Of late years, the majesty of venerable age that invested his appearance added not a little to the impressive effect of his instructions. We shall never forget his rising to rebuke the tempestuous discord of the Bible Society Anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, in May, 1831. The keen yet mild reproof came from his lips with almost the force of prophetic authority; and the strong good sense of the few sentences he uttered, went directly home to the minds of the auditory. His physical powers had long been in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the end of his existence.

Among the publications of Mr. Rowland Hill are the following:—"Imposture Detected, and the Dead Vindicated," 8vo. 1777.—"Sermon on the Death of the Rev. J. Rouquet, of Bristol," 8vo. 1778.—"Answer to J. Wesley's Remarks upon the Defence of the Character of Whitfield and others," 8vo. 1778.—"Sermon preached on occasion of Laying the First Stone of the Chapel in the Surrey-road," 1783.—"Aphoristic Observations proposed to the consideration of the public, respecting the Propriety of admitting Theatrical Amusements into Country Manufacturing Towns," 8vo., 1790.—"Expostulatory Letter to W. D. Tattersal, A.M.," in which the bad tendency of stage amusements is seriously considered, 8vo., 1796.—"Journal of a Tour through the North of England and parts of Scotland, with Remarks on the Present State of the Church of Scotland," 8vo., 1799.—"Extract from a Journal of a Second Tour from London through the Highlands of Scotland, and the North-western parts of England," 8vo., 1800.—"A Plea for Union, and a Free Propagation of the Gospel, being an Answer to Dr. Jameson's Remarks on the Author's Tour," 8vo., 1800.—"Village Dialogues," 2 vols., 1800.—"Apology for Sunday," 8vo., 1801.—"Cowpock Inoculation Vindicated," 12mo., 1806.—"A Warning to Christian Professors," 12mo., 1806.—"Investigation of the Nature and Effects of Parochial Assessments being charged on Places of Religious Worship," 1811.—"Letter on Roman Catholic Emancipation," 1813.

REV. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, M.A., F.A.S.

On the 18th March, at Littlehampton, in Sussex, of a lingering illness, the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, M.A., F.A.S., Rector of Earnley, Vicar of Leominster, and Prebendary of Ferring, in the same county. By his amiable manners he was endeared to all who knew him, but his parishioners in particular will long retain a grateful recollection of his pastoral care and attention. His addresses from the pulpit were equally admired for the soundness of the doctrines they contained as for the persuasive and impressive manner in which they were delivered, and they were continued long after the effort became extremely detrimental to his declining health. A few weeks before his death, Mr. Cartwright officiated in the pulpit on the same day, both at Littlehampton and Leominster, and administered the sacrament to a large number of communicants. His wasted appearance, combining with the earnestness and energy of his discourse, made on this occasion a deep impression on the minds of his affectionate auditory, who listened in almost breathless anxiety to catch the last thrilling accents of that melodious voice which was so soon to be for ever silent. Mr. Cartwright was the author of a "History of the Rape of Bramber," which is highly esteemed for the correct and extensive information it affords; and was also a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other antiquarian publications.

He was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, well known on account of his scientific and literary attainments (especially as the inventor of the power-loom); and was also nephew to the late venerable and excellent Major Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright has left a widow and three sons; the eldest of whom is adjutant of the 23rd regiment of native infantry in Bombay; the second a midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the Rattlesnake, Captain Graham; and the third, intended for the navy, is at Dr. Burney's naval academy at Gosport.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority. 8vo.

The operation of the Poor-laws, be it for evil or good, is in their administration: that the miseries which this has created, amounting almost to the demoralization and ruin of the people, require the prompt and effectual interference of Parliament, these extracts fully demonstrate. The Commissioners assure his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, that the modes in which the Poor-laws are administered, the motives to their mal-administration, and the results of each form of mal-administration, are so numerous and so diversified, that a complete statement of them, even without comment, would fill a much larger volume than that which they now present to his lordship. The details in confirmation of this statement are fearful; the baneful effects of the system, as it is now carried on, not in the agricultural districts merely, but through the whole country, are steadily and rapidly progressive. What is to be done? Either the Poor-laws will destroy the country, or the country must annihilate their mal-administration. Half measures will not avail. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Out-door pauperism must cease. Employment must be found for all that can work, and that employment must be sustained by adequate wages; and parish relief afforded only to the aged, the infirm, and the destitute, who cannot help themselves. What other changes are implied before the working poor can be brought to this condition of independence, we are not prepared to discuss; but one thing is certain, the Poor-laws cannot continue as they are; and our charitable institutions must not operate as premiums on idleness and profligacy.—Mr. Chadwick's evidence is of remarkable value.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey, author of an Essay on Moral Good and Evil. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work professes to give to the general reader, and the student of moral philosophy, a condensed and correct outline of the leading theories of moral duty, which are either in common circulation in our seminaries of learning, or are referred to in the writings of our most popular theoretic moralists. A short biographical notice accompanies the analysis of each system, which, for the most part, are taken from Aikin's General Biography, the Edinburgh and London Encyclopædias, and other similar sources.

The author refers all the systems he has examined to six distinct heads—1st. The eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions; 2nd. That utility, public or private, is the foundation of moral obligation; 3d. That all morality is founded upon the will of God; 4th. That a moral sense, feeling, or emotion, is the ground of virtue; 5th. That it is by supposing ourselves in the situation of others, or by a species of sympathetic mechanism, that we derive our notions of good and evil; and 6th. The doctrine of vibrations and the association of ideas. Those whose doctrine is mainly founded upon the first principle—that of the eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions—are Dr. Cudworth and Mr. Locke; Bishop Cumberland, who adopts, however, the principle with more qualifications than several others; Mr. Wollaston, by his fitness of things; and Dr. Clarke, by the truth of things; Dr. Price, Mr. Gisborne, and Dr. Dewar.

Those writers who ground their theories upon the doctrine of utility, or, as it is termed, the selfish system, are rather numerous. Mr. Hobbes is the first on the list; Mr. Hume and Mandeville are of the same school: Pope and Bolingbroke, that is if the former understood his master, take the universal weal as the standard

of morals. Paley, Godwin, and Bentham advocate the same principle. Archbishop King stands alone in maintaining that the will of God is the sole foundation of virtue,—if we except Dr. Paley, who has coupled this principle with the system of expediency. Those who are advocates for a moral sense are Shaftesbury, Bishop Butler, Dr. Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Professor Stewart, and Dr. Thomas Brown; Dr. Cogan's theory seems grounded on the same views. Dr. Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments is the only one which is grounded solely on the principle of sympathy. Dr. Priestley and Dr. Hartley are the only two writers who maintain that the association of ideas is the ground of good and evil. Mr. Blakey observes, "That there are none of these different systems that are not, in some degree, founded on truth; but the great imperfection which runs through them all is, that they attempt to generalize too much. We cannot resolve all the moral feelings and habits of our nature into one general principle." And he adds, "I readily confess, however, that as a *mere theory*, I am inclined to approve of Archbishop King's, in preference to any other." Perhaps were we to pursue the subject, we should arrive at the same conclusion. In our apprehension, relation is the great basis of morality; and as it is only by a divine revelation that we can come to a knowledge of this, in all its bearings, as we are connected with the Deity and each other, and with the present and a future state, we must decide upon the nature and obligation of virtue according to the revealed dictates of Heaven. Hence arises the necessity that the will of God should be made known to us; and when this is ascertained, the reasonableness of implicit obedience to whatever it requires.

The work is executed with considerable ability, and will be read by all who desire to obtain an acquaintance with the elements of moral science, and with the sources whence a more extended knowledge of the subject may be derived, with great advantage.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye; containing a new Mode of curing Cataract without an Operation; Experiments and Observations on Vision; also on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light; together with Remarks on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles, Reading-glasses, &c. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Oculist; and Aurist in Ordinary to his Majesty, &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

Before we proceed to give an account of this work, it may not be uninteresting or misplaced to state a few particulars relative to the author. Mr. Curtis, a gentleman whose name as an aurist has for many years stood among the foremost in this country, is descended from a family in which skill in the healing art, and the sciences connected with it, seems to be hereditary. Mr. William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, who instituted the herbarising at Apothecaries' Hall, and was the author of the "Botanical Magazine," the "Flora Londinensis," &c. was his uncle; John Curtis, his grandfather, a member of the Society of Friends, was a surgeon of no inconsiderable repute, at Alton, in Hampshire; and his father was long eminent as a physician. Having enjoyed the benefit of early instruction under the latter, in due time Mr. Curtis came to London, and diligently attended the lectures of the most celebrated professors in the metropolis; and, after obtaining his qualifications from the Royal College of Surgeons, he was appointed one of the medical officers to the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, where he served nearly six years. His conduct here appears to have given the greatest satisfaction to the various authorities; and, in consequence, he was promoted to the rank of a principal medical officer to the depôt of prisoners of war at Forton, in which there were nearly 5000 men. While at Haslar, he had also the good fortune to be introduced to his present most gracious Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, on the occasion of his inspecting that establishment, and to obtain a warm expression of his commendation of his zeal and ability. At the close of the war Mr. Curtis returned to London, well versed, not only in the theoretical details of his profession, but having had the most ample opportunities of seeing disease, and, as we have shown above, having, by the testimony of the most competent persons, zealously profited by his advantages. About the year 1816, he began to make the diseases of the ear his more particular study; and seeing the numbers of the poor who were afflicted with such maladies, he successfully devoted all his energies to the formation of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. In this good work he was assisted by many of the brightest ornaments of rank, wealth, genius, science, and philanthropy; and the institution may now be said to stand upon a secure and lasting basis, being

supported by their Majesties the King and Queen, by several other members of the Royal Family, and by the most distinguished nobility and gentry: a glance over the list of patrons will fully bear us out as to the truth of what we here assert. But Mr. Curtis's enterprising mind was not yet satisfied; and having, in his extensive practice in all the various affections of the ear, had continual occasion to notice the intimate connexion existing between the eye and ear, and having been convinced of this fact by the circumstance of having, in many cases, cured amaurosis, dimness of sight, &c., by remedies intended only for aural complaints, he has been induced to give the subject that full and deliberate consideration which its importance deserves; one of the first consequences of which is the present Treatise, in which he explains his motives, views, and expectations, besides giving us a capital, yet popular, account of the principal diseases of the eye, illustrated by some valuable cases confirmatory of the success of his plan of treatment. But we must now lay before our readers some account of this work.

After an instructive Introduction, Mr. Curtis enters on his subject, and divides his work into six chapters; in the first of which he treats of the physiology, or structure and uses, of the different parts of the eye; and ends it with a description of the organ in quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects: this latter portion is very interesting, and will well repay an attentive perusal. Indeed, it seems to be the aim of Mr. Curtis to amuse while he instructs; and instead of following the plan of some writers, who think that scientific knowledge ought to be conveyed only in a dry and unattractive form, he strews around his path the lighter flowers of literature, and does not disdain to enliven his subject with classical story and historical allusion. The second chapter is on the external diseases of the eye; and the third on those that are internal. Under the first class are ophthalmia, epiphora, ulceration, specks and opacities of the cornea, pterygium, staphylama, and iritis; and under the latter, cataract, cancer, and amaurosis. Of cataract, Mr. Curtis says,—

"It is necessary thoroughly to examine the eye, and to be satisfied that the disease is actually cataract, as it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to determine whether the cataract be *spurious* or not. In all cases of incipient cataract, I should recommend, occasionally, a moderate abstraction of blood from behind the ears, and the application of a small blister to the nape of the neck, or behind the ears, which should be kept open some weeks. After the chronic inflammation is subdued, the cataract is to be touched every morning with a solution of the potassa cum calce, beginning with a weak solution, and increasing it gradually. In the incipient stage of cataract I am convinced much good may be done, and a cure effected; but when the disease is become confirmed, and the patient is old and feeble, there is little to be expected, and an operation had always better be avoided."

It does appear to us that this plan of treatment is so judicious, and at the same time so simple, that it must recommend itself to the judgment of all who read it. The remarks on amaurosis, and the prescriptions for it, are equally deserving of praise, and show that the object of Mr. Curtis is to cure at the least possible amount of pain and inconvenience, and not, as we regret to say is the case with but too many oculists of the present day, to advise operations where, if they knew any thing of the organ they profess to treat, they must be aware that there is not much chance of success.

A chapter on Light comes next; appended to which are selections from a series of experiments and observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light, by Lord Brougham, when only sixteen years of age. We are sure we need add nothing more than this bare statement to induce our readers to peruse them with avidity.

The sixth chapter is on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles. It contains advice of paramount importance to all who wish to preserve their sight unimpaired to old age, and is agreeably diversified by various matters: for instance, we are told that "his late Majesty, George IV. was always particularly careful of his eyes; and it is by no means improbable that the afflictive blindness of his revered father, during several of the closing years of his life, was often present to his mind, and was the main cause of his care in this respect. The spectacles he used for viewing distant objects were No. 6; for nearer objects, No. 2; but it is very singular, that for reading he wore only preservers of 36 inches focus." The chapter is also enriched by some valuable notes from Sir David Brewster, Dr. Smith's work on Optics, Dr. Young, &c., to which we can only refer our readers.

A few miscellaneous remarks, selected from various portions of the work, shall close our notice.

The following curious physiological fact, as regards the eye of the opossum, is

new to us:—"The size of the crystalline lens varies in proportion to that of the vitreous humour, and sometimes very considerably. My friend Dr. Weatherhead," adds Mr. Curtis, "found the largest lens, in this point of view, in the eye of the opossum, one of which he presented to the Zoological Society, and which is now in their gardens."

The ensuing shows how anxious Mr. Curtis is to obtain information on all that concerns the structure of the eye and ear:—"I was present at the dissection of an ostrich by Mr. Brookes, in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; and was afterwards favoured with a more particular examination of the eye and ear of this gigantic bird, called by the Arabs *the ship of the desert*."

After giving, in the Introduction, a masterly *coup-d'œil* over the structure of the human body, we have these striking remarks:—

"But, wonderful as all this is, and much as our astonishment is excited by the nice adaptation of means to their various ends, yet another principle remains to be noticed, more wonderful than these—I mean the soul—the immortal *ἓεν*—about the seat of which much has been written, hitherto unsuccessfully, and which some have supposed to be in the pineal gland, others in the corpus callosum, others in the cerebrum, and some in the cerebellum. Yet much as this purely speculative question has engaged attention, it is strange that so few endeavours have been made to answer the practically-important query of—'Where is the principal seat of disease?' Instead of discussing what we *can* know nothing about, would it not be wiser and better to seek to solve this great problem? If it be in any one part more than another, I should be inclined to think that part is the semilunar ganglion and solar plexus, situated near the stomach, and connected with the great sympathetic nerve, which exercises such a leading influence on all the organs of the body, and more particularly on those of the eye and ear."

The importance of an accurate acquaintance with the functions of these ganglia has induced Mr. Curtis to spare no pains to accomplish this object; he has accordingly, he tells us, recently had an opportunity of carefully examining them, when he divided with a scalpel the semilunar ganglion and solar and cœliac plexuses, in the dissecting-room of the King's College, in the presence of the demonstrator of anatomy, Mr. Partridge, of which he gives a full and particular account.

Mr. Curtis's object in publishing this work, is "to prove that in diseases of the eye the best results may be expected from mild means, if employed in time; and to show that a very large portion of the operations now performed on this organ are not only unnecessary, but are in fact injurious, and destructive of the end for which they are undergone. Indeed, Professor Thomson of Edinburgh, and the late Mr. Abernethy, have both affirmed, *that the triumph of surgery is to cure without an operation.*"

Of the cases we have said nothing; they are plain, straightforward statements of facts, without any wordy adornments, and convince us that the aim of the author in them has been *res, non verba*. We may add, that they bear out the statements made in the Pathology in a manner the most complete. We cordially recommend the work to all classes troubled with affections of the eyes; but to our own craft it addresses itself with particular emphasis, as well as to barristers, clergymen, and indeed to all whose employments are literary. The value of the hints and cautions in the chapter on preserving the sight, &c. is so very great, that they should be engraven on the palms of the hands of all such individuals.

John Milton, his Life and Times; Religious and Political Opinions; with an Appendix, containing Animadversions upon Dr. Johnson's "Life of Milton," &c. &c. By Joseph Ivimey, author of the "History of the English Baptists," &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

JOHN MILTON and JOSEPH IVIMEY!—The historian of the English Baptists, and the author of the "Paradise Lost!" The greatest and the meanest names in our literature thus strangely associated was a problem which at first startled us, but we soon solved it, when we remembered that inferior minds frequently mistake arrogance for ambition, and that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." What could persuade the coarse, unclassical, bigoted Baptist, who stamped infamy upon himself by a vain endeavour to sully and obscure the glory of the great liberal of his party,—the illustrious Robert Hall,—what could induce this man to undertake the Life of Milton; a task so entirely beyond his sphere, and for which he does not possess a single qualification? Two reasons, besides his overweening and ludicrous vanity, will account for this amazing presumption: it afforded him an opportunity of wounding the feelings of the English Catholics of the nineteenth century, by identifying them with popery as it existed in this country soon after the dawn of the

Reformation, and which Milton so powerfully assailed; that his leading motive was, doubtless, the notion that he could add something to the glory of his sect by connecting the name of Milton with their distinguishing tenet—that of adult, in opposition to infant baptism. This he might have done in the Baptist Magazine, or in some single page of some forthcoming Homily, without attempting his life. If a jury could be summoned to decide on this remarkable case, they might, perhaps, bring in a verdict of "insanity;" we are sure it would not be "justifiable homicide."

Mr. Ivimey begins his preface with an assertion which he must know is not borne out by facts. "The former biographers of Milton," he tells us, "have exhibited him principally in his character as a *poet*, but have obscured his features as a *patriot*, a *Protestant*, and *Non-Conformist*." Is this to be endured, when Dr. Symmons's book is probably in every library in the empire? How dare Mr. Ivimey affirm that the character of Milton is not fully and universally portrayed in the liberal and enlightened pages of this beautiful piece of elegant and attractive biography! Was HE likely to obscure the lustre of the patriot or the Protestant, who thus describes himself in his preface—"I glory, as I profess myself to be a WHIG, to be of the school of SOMERS and of LOCKE, to arrange myself in the same political class with those enlightened and virtuous statesmen who framed the BILL OF RIGHTS and the ACT OF SETTLEMENT; and who, presenting a crown which they had wrested from a pernicious bigot and his family, to the HOUSE OF HANOVER, gave that most honourable and legitimate of titles, the FREE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE, to the Sovereign who now wields the imperial sceptre of Britain."

Mr. Ivimey also blunders in the first page, and *mistakes* from ignorance in the very next paragraph to that in which he misrepresents from prejudice. He attributes the translation of Milton's "Treatise of Christian Doctrine" to the present Bishop of Chester; he ought to have known that it was translated and published by his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, when he was Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and Librarian to the King. When the size and price of Dr. Symmons's work are considered, what are we to think of Mr. Ivimey when he declares "that the Lives of Milton have usually been so *large* and *expensive*, that they have been placed out of the reach of the generality of readers?" and is it likely that his coarse, vulgar, ungrammatical, and sectarian performance, nearly as large as Symmons's volume, and not much less in price, will supersede this admirable specimen of good writing, just criticism, and liberal and manly thinking? We cannot, therefore, flatter his "hopes that a small volume, comprising everything of importance respecting this *noble-minded* and *gigantic* man, will not be unacceptable nor unprofitable to the *bulk* of his countrymen." We want no Protestant Dissenting life of Milton. If Robert Hall had undertaken to give to the world Milton's Life and Times, would he have dreamed of such a thing as binding him to a sect? Hall was, perhaps, the only Non-conformist of modern times that could have done justice to such a theme. He could

> "Soar aloft where Milton sits;"

while poor Joseph Ivimey never waddled beyond the precincts of a barn-door in his life. We imagine that educated, high-minded, and liberal Protestant Dissenters will feel themselves under very slender obligations to this their good Baptist brother for meddling with things too high for him.

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. Vol. II. 12mo. Select Library. Vol. VIII.

We noticed the former volume of this work, and commended it in terms which, we believe, it justly merits. The present is, in all respects, equal to it. The Memoir of David Brainerd is a masterpiece of biography. Mr. Carne has a true perception of moral as well as of scenic beauty; and his descriptions are frequently touched with sublimity and pathos.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. Vol. I. 12mo. Theological Library. Vol. IV.

We notice this first volume of the "Life of Archbishop Cranmer," chiefly for the purpose of announcing that such a work is in progress; and that it is our intention to enter much more at large into the contents of the entire work when we receive the second volume. We now only remark, in passing, that Mr. Le Bas writes under a very natural bias: he is something of a high-churchman; and is enamoured of his subject, not so much on account of its intrinsic excellence, as

from its connexion with the hierarchy, of which he is a great admirer and strenuous defender. "The master-builder of the Protestant church of England," in our view, was not the best architect in the world. He was too full of the old model to give us the plain and simple structure of a complete and thorough reformation. He was first a persecutor; and therefore cannot be truly considered as a martyr. Those who use the sword, sometimes perish by the sword. Cranmer and Calvin were good men; but as they professed to understand the Gospel, and to teach it to mankind, they ought to have displayed its spirit. We will never extenuate the guilt of persecution, nor listen with patience to apologies offered in behalf of intolerance, whether the offender be Thomas à Becket, Thomas Cranmer, or the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, or any other Reverend or Right Reverend that may choose to sit in judgment upon the conscience of his brother. Protestantism implies the right of every man to think for himself in matters of religion; Popery denies this right; it assumes infallibility, and persecution is the natural and necessary consequence. The Protestant cannot persecute, without branding both himself and his system with the grossest inconsistency.

Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 vols.

Major Archer, during his residence in India, acted as Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere, and had, therefore, peculiar opportunities of making himself acquainted with many scenes and persons of which travellers, under less favourable circumstances, must have continued ignorant. The jealousy of the native Princes is well known; but their tents were uncovered at the approach of a British magnate and his train. Major Archer has turned his advantages to good account. His work contains much that is both useful and interesting: it is written in a plain and simple style, with more attention to fact than to ornament. The more valuable portions are those which relate to the visits of the Commander-in-Chief to the courts of the native Princes; the ceremonies observed, the amusements prepared, and the character and habits of the various groups in attendance.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dunfermline. 12mo.

A very seasonable and valuable work. Its philosophy is unimpeachable, and its theology pure and elevated. The sceptic, whether he derives his sophisms from nature or revelation, is here answered. The author assumes the principle that man is a rational, immortal, and accountable being, in a course of education for a higher stage of existence; and he has undertaken to instruct him in all that it concerns him to know in his probationary state. He, of course, attaches infinite importance to the revelation of His will with which the Almighty has favoured us in the Holy Scriptures. The Gospel, he tells us, is closely allied to natural religion; and its accordance with the appearances of the world, and the constitution of the human mind, is a proof of their common origin. It brightens our prospects under the trials of life, and gives clearer and more comprehensive views of faith and duty than the volume of creation affords; yet, as there are many valuable works on evangelical truth in common circulation, instead of enlarging on this part of the subject, Mr. Fergus has satisfied himself with giving a general view of the evidences of divine revelation; of its harmony with the intimations of nature; and of the duties of piety and obedience to which it leads. We heartily concur with him in the hope that the serious consideration of the whole may, under the blessing of God, help to confirm the faith, comfort the heart, and encourage the pious exertions of those who love the truth and desire to obey it. In this volume, and in the generality of treatises which reach us from the other side of the Tweed, we observe a commendable absence of sectarian antipathies and prejudices. These writers do not place their particular church above Christianity: in this their discretion is equal to their charity.

Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet-Laureate. Vol. I. 12mo. Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XL.

Dr. Southey is unquestionably one of the most industrious men of this working generation. He that has written so much, and who has so many readers among all classes and all parties, must possess considerable talents and a large fund of general information. Dr. Southey, with qualifications of a very superior order, is a

man surfeited with prejudices—prejudices in politics, in religion, and in literature; he has given to party what was meant for mankind. But he is, notwithstanding, a writer of great power, and is peculiarly gifted in making the worse appear the better cause. The present undertaking exhibits his talents and acquirements in a favourable point of view; and this introductory volume discovers great patience of research, great facility in the use of his materials, and a wonderful power of communicating his own impressions to the minds of his readers. He has raised a monument to the naval glory of his country in these pages, which is worthy of the biographer of Nelson, and which will place him high among the chroniclers of her fame. "*O si sic omnia!*"

Entomological Magazine. No. III.

This is, to our taste, by far the best number of this interesting periodical that has yet appeared. The exquisite letter by Rusticus, on the Hop-fly, will render it highly serviceable to the grower of that very precarious plant. Rusticus seems not only thoroughly to understand his subject, but has the happy knack of making it intelligible to others. In our last notice we gave a long extract from this writer: we shall now select for quotation an article of a far different kind, yet no less excellent in its way—a Monody on the Death of the celebrated French author, Latreille, who has been, during the last fifty years, continually publishing works on natural history, all of which are held in the highest estimation. The verses are appropriate, and full of good poetry as well as good feeling.

"A voice of sorrow floats upon the gale,
'Tis Science weeps—she weeps for thee, Latreille!
At length thy bright career is o'er,
Thy honoured voice shall teach no more;
And we, who doatingly have hung
Upon the wisdom of thy tongue,
All eager lest a single word
Should chance to pass thy lips unheard,
That, as a father's to his child,
Instruction poured in accents mild,
Not only to bright science true,
But advocating virtue too—
Now drop upon thy hallowed bier
The honest tribute of a tear.

"Oh, Frenchman! dost thou wonder? wouldst thou know
Whence comes this lay, and whose this strain of woe?
And deem'st thou that no honest hand
Can hold the pen in foreign land,
And thus with grief unfeign'd bewail
Thy own, thy loved, thy lost Latreille,
Nor seek to hide his sterling worth,
Because thy country gave him birth?—
Oh! learn that our impartial eye
Finds merit under any sky;
Our pearls of knowledge have been strung
From every land, in every tongue;
And shall we ill for good return,
Nor let the palm where won be worn?
No! when our Fire-fly spreads her wings,
An equal light on all she flings;
A guardian banner is unfurled
For merit over all the world!

"And, Briton, as thou readest, put to rest
All envious feeling, if such haunt thy breast.
The mighty has resign'd his trust,
The teacher mingles with the dust;
And surely we shall seek in vain
To find on earth his like again.
O, let not then thy niggard frown
Attempt to dim his radiant crown;
But keep his matchless worth in view,
And honour give where honour's due;
Boughs of the weeping-willow bear—
Wreaths of the gloomy cypress wear;
And with us pay thy tribute here—
One heartfelt sigh, one parting tear."

The Political Text Book.

The Political Text Book comprises a view of the origin and objects of government, and an examination of the principal political and social institutions of England. This volume is recommended to all by its convenient size (for a great book is a great evil); to the many by its extraordinary cheapness; to the few by the judgment, care, and good taste by which it is pervaded. We find that the titles of its principal divisions are those "of society and government;" of "political rights, duties, and restraints;" of "the source, creation, and distribution of wealth;" of "property; and of political and religious distinctions." Under these several heads are arranged some most judiciously selected extracts from the writings of Swift, Smith, Rousseau, Price, Paley, Paine, Montesquieu, Milton, Mandeville, Locke, Junius, Hume, Helvetius, Hodgskin, Godwin, Franklin, Cooper, Burke, Bolingbroke, Blackstone, Bacon, and Bentham. It is almost to be regretted, though certainly an error on the right side, that we should have so little from the compiler himself; for the little of his own composition with which we are favoured creates no small desire for more; marked as it uniformly is by a spirit of humane and enlarged philosophy, and by a style possessing all the properties of harmony, perspicuity, and force. Of this excellent little volume it may, with perfect truth, be said, that there is no one important subject of politics, political economy, the principles of morals and legislation, or anything which could bear upon social institutions or public happiness, in which the reader may not have the reasonings and opinions of men the wisest, the ablest, and the most benevolent, that ever adorned or enlightened the human race. This publication is, at the present moment, most opportune; for the great struggle between the dominant few and the oppressed many has commenced in right earnest; and the period of its duration, as well as the success of its final issue, are wholly dependent upon the kind and extent of popular knowledge.

Sermons preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea. By the Rev. William Edelman, A.B., late Curate of that Parish. 12mo.

All that we can say of the late Chelsea curate is that in our opinion, few rectors preach so well; and that we wish all the parishes in the empire were supplied with curates such as Mr. Edelman. The sermons are plain without being coarse; their whole tendency seems to be to enkindle and to keep alive a spirit of rational devotion, as the great incentive of Christian virtue. Mr. Bradley's sermons are, we understand, in great demand among the orthodox clergy. Mr. Edelman's, we think, are quite equal to them, both as to sentiment and composition, and we cordially recommend them to the same class of readers.

The True Doctrine of the Latin Subjunctive Mood proved upon the Authority of the best Latin Classics. By the Rev. R. Bathurst Greenlaw, M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. 8vo.

At a time when the knowledge, or rather an intimate and deep acquaintance, of the classics, is confessedly so rarely to be met, it has given us no slight degree of pleasure to find a gentleman pursuing his study of the dead languages with so much classical ardour as to raise him to the arduous undertaking of extracting truth, where so many of our very first scholars had found the bottom of the well too deep for them to reach. Mr. Greenlaw, notwithstanding the wearying duties of a school, —notwithstanding the many disappointments, the constant anxiety, which we conclude no schoolmasters are exempted from,—has, convinced of the truth of the doctrine he propounds in the book before us, ardently seized every leisure moment in following it through all the windings of its recess; and the fruit of this honourable labour are the pages now before us.

Dr. Crombie, Dr. Copleston, the present Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr. Parr, are among the number of our classics who have attempted to unravel the doctrine of the Latin subjunctive mood, and to lay down and explain rules for its right use and proper application; but all the results of their endeavours have, instead of simplifying, tended to involve the use of the subjunctive mood in greater uncertainty and doubt. Each has proposed a number of rules, more or less, all having an infinity of exceptions; and in consequence of this accumulation of rules and exceptions, the subjunctive mood had become a second Tower of Babel, surrounded by builders all using different methods in its construction. The object of Mr. Greenlaw's work is to prove "that the Latins were guided by some fixed and easy principle" in their use of the subjunctive mood—what that principle is—and that it is an universal test admitting of no single exception.

The Private Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, considered as an Example to all his Disciples, and a Demonstration of his Mission. By Thomas Williams. 12mo.

We are too much pleased with the contents of this volume to quarrel with its title, which does not give a just view of its pretensions. Mr. Williams has been long before the public as a polemic and a theologian, a biblical critic, a translator of Solomon's Song, and the editor of the Cottage Bible,—a work which is learned without ostentation—which sometimes condenses in a page the substance of a volume—which patiently unravels real difficulties and starts no imaginary ones—which the scholar can consult with advantage, and which the poor man cannot read without receiving instruction and comfort. The present volume is a beautiful narrative of the entire life of the founder of Christianity. It distinguishes between the man Christ Jesus and the Divinity to which the human nature was united. In the one he is exhibited as an example; in the other as the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, who, by miracles of power, and by sustaining the suffering being of humanity, achieved the redemption of mankind. The practical tendency of the whole constitutes its chief excellence. We congratulate the author on the continued vigour of his faculties. At the age of seventy-five a man does not want the compliments of a circle he expects so soon to leave. But yet it may gratify him to know that, in the estimation of his contemporaries, his last work is not a whit inferior to those which he produced in the meridian of his life, and that it appears to them the most appropriate close to his numerous and useful labours in the cause of virtue and happiness.

The Tyrol. By the Author of "Spain" in 1830. 2 vols.

We have had frequent occasion to praise the works of Mr. Inglis. He is an agreeable and enlightened traveller, and an hour spent in his company is always well spent. If the ground over which he has lately journeyed has been less fertile than Spain, he has found, at least, enough to yield ample recompense for his labour.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp during the Siege of the Citadel in December 1832. By Captain the Hon. C. S. W. 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.

The Bridgewater Treatises, Kidd on the Physical Condition of Man. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Northcote's Fables, 2d series, post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.; large paper, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Black Death in the 14th Century, from the German of Dr. Hecker. By Dr. B. Babington. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols. 8vo. 20*s.*

The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes and Illustrations. By the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 18*s.*

Criminal Law; being a Commentary on Bentham on Death-Punishment. By H. B. Andrews. 8vo. 7*s.* bds.

Quintana's Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Record Commission, a General Introduction to Doomsday Book; with Three Indexes. By Sir William Ellis. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.* bds.

History of the French Revolution. By A. Alison. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.* bds.

History of Dissenters. By Bogue and Bennet. 2d edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* bds.

Chitty's General Practice of Law, Vol. I., Part I. Royal 8vo. 18*s.* bds.

The Bridgewater Treatises, Whewell's Astronomy and General Physics. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Cory's Ancient Fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldæan, Egyptian, and other Writers. 8vo. 21*s.* bds.

Cory's Metaphysical Inquiry on Ancient and Modern Philosophy. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Library of Romance, Vol. IV., the Stolen Child. By John Galt. 12mo. 6*s.* bds.

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

The Port Admiral, a Tale of the War. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XII.—Belinda, Vol. II. 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

Sir Gilbert Blane's Dissertations on Medical Science; New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XV.—Don Quixote, Vol. III. (complete in 3 vols.) 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.

Tour in Upper India and parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.

Present State of the Canadas. 18mo. 3*s.* cloth.

Faust, a Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.

The Government of India. By Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Rev. R. Bland and others; new edition, by J. H. Merivale, Esq., F.S.A. 8vo. 14*s.*

THE DRAMA.

The Drama has been even more than usually barren during the past month. The influenza appears to have threatened long before it came; and when it did come and actually closed the doors of our theatres—of all save one—it seemed more like a public relief than a public affliction; so far, at least, as the large houses were concerned. Of novelty, at Drury Lane and Covent-Garden, there has been none. M. Laporte has wisely abstained from expenditure that produces nought; and Captain Polhill was but little disposed to go out with a flash—to terminate his career in glory. He has given place to Mr. Bunn; and Mr. Bunn, as the new lessee, has not yet had time to satisfy us as to whether he means to continue the old plan or to invent and follow a new. We shall wait with considerable anxiety to ascertain his decision upon this matter. If he can do no better than his predecessor has done, why then

"Farewell, a long farewell,"

to all the greatness of old Drury, and to all hopes of its prosperity.

The English Opera Company, at the Adelphi, is proceeding well, and we understand successfully. Few men have higher claims upon public support than Mr. Arnold—no theatre a better right to anticipate patronage on the part of all who regard the drama. Mr. Morris, at the Haymarket, has contrived to secure a very efficient *corps dramatique*—efficient we say, taking the present state of the "profession" into consideration; for perhaps, within the last half century, there has not been so lamentable a lack of talent—either original or acquired—wherewith to support the acted drama. Our great lights have either gone out or gone off—Kean in the doctor's hands, Kemble in America, Young enjoying the *otium*, &c., and Macready—we know not where. It is, therefore, to Warde, and Vining, and Kean, junior, and a few more of the true melo-dramatic school, that Shakspeare is to be confided,—if he be fool-hardy enough to show his once honoured countenance upon the boards of either of the "big" houses. We look, with deep anxiety, to the coming of a time when matters will be otherwise—when genius may be fostered, encouraged, and rewarded, as in the days when to write for and to act upon the stage were considered among the higher and more noble efforts of which the human mind is capable. Our notice of this month cannot embrace the new drama of Mr. Sheridan Knowles; and we regret it. Although we do not class him with the Beaumonts and Fletchers and Massingers, the persons of the better age of English dramatic literature, we estimate him sufficiently high to hail with pleasure any production from his pen. If he stands almost alone, at the present moment, or at least far above all competitors, it is not because there are none that *can* compete with him, but because there are none that will, while it is neither honourable nor profitable so to do. A better era is, we trust, at hand—we have sunk so low that it would be difficult to sink deeper.

FINE ARTS.

THE WATER COLOUR GALLERIES.

The water colour galleries, old and new, are now open to the public. Both have deserved well, and both will, doubtless, be successful. It is known that the elder, however high may be its merits, is a sort of monopoly. It consists of a company from whence competition is comparatively excluded. Its members have had their recompense; they have earned it, and they have had it. The new—the "associated society" have adopted another plan, one more in keeping with the character of the age—more liberal; we will add more just. This body will also meet with its reward. They will earn it, and they will have it.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Faraday read a lecture on Mr. Brunel's new mode of constructing arches. Mr. Brunel lately raised an experimental structure at Rotherhithe, consisting of a pier and two semi-arches, one on each side. One of these is the half of an arch 100ft. span; the other the half of an arch 80ft. The portion of a bridge which is thus formed is 4ft. 6in. in width and 95ft. in length; it weighs about 105 tons, is loaded at the shorter end with 11½ tons of iron, to keep it in equipoise: it is built of brick and Roman cement, and stands upon no other support than the pier; nor was any other centering used in its construction than two or three small boards, which hung from the structure itself. These extraordinary results arise from the use of ties in the upper courses of brick-work, of which the bridge consists. The ties are of hoop-iron, about three-quarters of an inch wide and one-fifth thick; these are here and there embedded horizontally in the cement, making the joints, and trussing, as it were, the bridge, and preventing the projecting arms constituted by the semi-arches from falling. They support the arches in a manner equivalent to that of the powerful and costly centering usually referred to in the construction of large arches. Mr. Faraday explained these points, and the manner in which the practical details were carried on, by reference to experimental trials, drawings, and a model, upon a large scale, of a proposed bridge over the river Thames. The anticipated advantages of the mode are, the use of cheaper materials than stone—of substances lighter, not only in their specific weight, but because of the smaller quantity required,—diminution of the workmanship, and, consequently, of expense,—less costly foundations and centerings,—avoidance of settlements,—and non-interference with the river beneath. The value of the Roman cement in the proposed mode of construction, its hardness, its adhesion to iron, wood, or even hempen ties, were stated, and illustrated by many trials: and important numerical results were given upon these and correlative points.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

To George Biddell Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, the Society's medal was this year awarded, for a paper, read before the Royal Society, on an Irregularity of Long Period in the Motions of the Earth and Venus. Amongst the less perfect parts of the system developed by Newton, may be reckoned that which relates to the cause of certain small irregularities or disturbances in the motion of the planets. After a lapse of sixty years, Clairaut was the first that investigated the method by which the cause of the planetary disturbances is explained, and their effect computed. From the time of Clairaut to the present, the list is but small of those who have ventured to attack this profound and intricate inquiry. In it, however, are to be found the names of D'Alembert and Euler, (who, with Clairaut, may be considered the founders of the planetary theory,) La Grange, and La Place, by whose researches it was shown, that the apparent anomalies in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, which seemed at one time to impair the Newtonian system, have only tended more effectually to strengthen and confirm it: but Professor Airy's is the first successful attempt made by any Englishman, since the time of Newton, to improve the planetary tables; and in the paper alluded to, his investigations leave behind those of Euler, La Grange, and La Place, although the latter was assisted by Burckhardt.

BATH LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

At a recent meeting Dr. Kay read a paper "on the Erect Posture of the Body, as peculiar to Man," of which the following is a brief outline:

After congratulating the Meeting upon the formation and increasing prosperity of the Institution, and expressing a hope that, in the absence of other communications, his present "feeble, and perhaps premature effort, to advance the objects contemplated in its establishment," would shield him from the charge of intrusion, and insure to him, "as a volunteer in the newly formed corps," the lenient clemency of his fellow associates; Dr. Kay made some general remarks upon the study of natural history, more especially that branch of it which embraces man and the inferior animals; tracing the superiority of the former to his "moral and intellectual relations with the world around him. As constituted lord of the creation, man walks forth in all the pride and majesty of undisputed authority—unquestioned

supremacy. It is true, the lower tribes of animals, the subjects of his unlimited' his despotic sway, no longer fawn, and gambol, and disport themselves for very pleasure at his feet—it is true, 'the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea'—it is true, they instinctively shun his approach, and betake themselves to their separate and secret places of retreat, and leave man the solitary tenant of the scene—or, at a distance wait and watch his every movement, disdaining closer interview. All this man knows and feels, and would fain it were otherwise; and yet, the fear which hastens flight—the liberty that would not be enslaved—and the caution that prompts to watchfulness—constitute some of the most pleasing and interesting subjects of his study." The writer anticipated an objection that might be raised as to the "expediency of seeking to establish a position generally admitted,"—observing very justly, that "peculiarities might exist in various animals, and yet the precise character of these differences which constitute generic distinctions, not always be equally conspicuous—or, if apparent, duly appreciated—the peculiarity might exist, and yet its specific nature be difficult of demonstration." Reference was made to several authors who had broached the opposite doctrine—Moscati, in a paper published in 1771, and entitled "Von der Körperlichen evesentlichen unterschiede Zwischen der structur der Thiere, und der Menschen;" and to Monboddo, in his well-known work.

In the prosecution of his subject, Dr. Kay endeavoured to show—first, that the erect posture is adapted to the conformation of the human subject; and, secondly, that it is peculiar to man. That to preserve this posture, it is requisite—first, that the parts should be so disposed as to be maintained in a state of equilibrium; secondly, that the centre of gravity should fall within the space occupied by the feet; thirdly, that the feet should have a surface sufficiently broad and secure for the purpose of standing." In support of the first proposition, Dr. Kay entered into a particular enumeration of the principal anatomical peculiarities observed in the human frame; showing the beautiful adaptation of each to its respective office, considered in relation to the erect attitude. This description, though highly scientific, would hardly, we conceive, possess sufficient interest for the general and unprofessional reader.—The second inquiry was then discussed, viz. whether the "erect posture is *peculiar* to man." This led the writer to a brief recapitulation and summary of the preceding peculiarities of organization, and to the introduction of others not previously named. From the centre of gravity not falling within the space occupied by the feet—from the relative situation and connexion of the cranium with the vertebral column—from the particular construction of the inferior extremities—it was clearly proved, that the line of gravity must always be distorted while the quadruped supports itself on two feet only; whence the inference was fairly deduced, that "man is the only animal possessing the essential requisites in the necessary degree." It was not denied that some animals, *e. g.* the bear, ape, &c. might be *taught* to walk erect, or to assume the attitude of the more distinguished biped—but it was, nevertheless, maintained, that this position, even under the most favourable circumstances, always appears irksome, constrained, and painful. In proof of this assertion, the Simia satyrus of Linnæus, or Ourang outang, was selected from the class Quadrum, and as approximating nearest in its external character to man—various eminent authorities were cited, (Cuvier, Deamand, Vosman, &c.) to show that, though this ape, or, as it has been not inaptly styled, "burlesque upon human nature," resembled man in the construction or disposition of certain parts, it in reality formed no exception to the general rule. The following conclusions were regarded, therefore, as legitimate—1st, That of all the inferior animals, the Simia satyrus approaches nearest in its general form to the human subject.—2d, That this animal can and does occasionally support itself in the erect posture, though with apparent difficulty.—3d, That the same horizontal, semi-depending posture, or that observed by the quadrumand inclining, is natural and proper in the Ourang-outang, in common with all the ape tribe.—4th, That though it resembles man in various particulars, there exist differences sufficiently well marked, to show that man could never degenerate into an ourang-outang, nor an ourang-outang be elevated to the rank of the human species. We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Kay's paper in his own words: "Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the consideration of man as intended to preserve the erect posture—we have, as yet, spoken of him as differing from the brute only in his external form, his outward character—but there is a dignity, a majesty, it would seem, in the human countenance, which strikes awe and terror into the brute beast. It is true,

man is endowed with reason—it is true, genius lightens up the fire of his eye—it is true, wisdom sits enshrined at the portals of his lips, and renders eloquent the very music of his voice; but lower that stately, towering form—conceive man, if it be possible, on a level with the brute; and what would reason avail him? (I speak by comparison) what his genius? His boasted talent and commanding eloquence, what? It may be fancy—imagination, with its fictions, may mislead—but were the same Almighty fiat which singled out a Nebuchadnezzar, and made him a very beast of the field—were the same power which created man as he is, again to be put forth in all its energy, and in a moment to reduce every human being to the state of the disgraced monarch—from that moment, methinks, man would cease to lord it over the brute—the fear of him would go forth upon the earth no more—the hungry lion and the famished tiger, no longer recognizing the human form, would mark him out as their prey, and glut their savage appetites with his blood.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homine sublime dedit; cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

VARIETIES.

House and Window Duty.—A notice on this subject has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons. The sums paid by each county are—Bedford 6,992*l.* 2*s.* 1½*d.*, Berks 25,664*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, Bucks 14,924*l.* 10*s.* 0½*d.*, Cambridge 15,462*l.* 8*s.* 6½*d.*, Chester 23,421*l.* 18*s.* 11½*d.*, Cornwall 13,062*l.* 14*s.* 11½*d.*, Cumberland 9,059*l.* 1*s.* 1½*d.*, Derby 14,622*l.* 5*s.* 3½*d.*, Devon 48,892*l.* 5*s.* 1½*d.*, Dorset 16,265*l.* 17*s.* 0*d.*, Durham 14,788*l.* 3*s.* 10½*d.*, Essex 42,754*l.* 12*s.* 10½*d.*, Gloucester 61,591*l.* 19*s.* 5½*d.*, Hereford 10,063*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, Hertford 23,701*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*, Huntingdon 5,218*l.* 9*s.* 1½*d.*, Kent 89,577*l.* 17*s.* 1½*d.*, Lancaster 153,056*l.* 3*s.* 5½*d.*, Leicester 18,178*l.* 12*s.* 9½*d.*, Lincoln 25,663*l.* 0*s.* 10½*d.*, Middlesex 1,039,857*l.* 12*s.* 10½*d.*, Monmouth 6,355*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*, Norfolk 331,570*l.* 18*s.* 7½*d.*, Northampton 16,600*l.* 6*s.* 6½*d.*, Northumberland 22,762*l.* 1*s.* 8½*d.*, Nottingham 19,444*l.* 1*s.* 4½*d.*, Oxford 18,118*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*, Rutland 2,250*l.* 0*s.* 2½*d.*, Salop 20,366*l.* 15*s.* 4½*d.*, Somerset 109,241*l.* 2*s.* 7½*d.*, Southampton 53,220*l.* 14*s.* 11½*d.*, Stafford 27,167*l.* 18*s.* 3½*d.*, Suffolk 25,032*l.* 18*s.* 11½*d.*, Surrey 191,344*l.* 13*s.* 6½*d.*, Sussex 64,952*l.* 2*s.* 10½*d.*, Warwick 44,594*l.* 9*s.* 6½*d.*, Westmoreland 6,063*l.* 8*s.* 4½*d.*, Wilts 22,353*l.* 1*s.* 8½*d.*, Worcester 25,781*l.* 1*s.* 6½*d.*, York 100,549*l.* 1*s.* 8½*d.* The places which pay most are Westminster, London, Bath, Liverpool, Southwark, Brighton, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Hull, Newcastle, Norwich, and Leeds, each of which places pays above 10,000*l.*; Greenwich comes next.

Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances.—A return of the amount of Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances since 1792 has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was, in 1792, 4,000*l.*, and those of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, each 3,500*l.*, whilst the salaries of the other Judges were each 2,400*l.*, not including fees. Augmentations to these salaries took place in 1799 and 1809, and in 1825, when the salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was fixed at 10,000*l.*, that of the Chief Justice of Common Pleas at 8,000*l.*, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer at 7,000*l.*, and each of the other Judges at 5,500*l.* The retired allowance of the Chief Justice of King's Bench, in 1799 was 3,000*l.*, and of the Puisne Judges 2,000*l.*—In 1813 the retired allowances of the Chief Justices were augmented 800*l.*, and those of the Puisne Judges 600*l.* each. A further augmentation took place in 1825, making the total amount of the retired allowances at present—for the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 4,000*l.*, for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 3,750*l.*; and for the Judges, 3,500*l.* The salary of the Lord Chancellor, in 1792, was 5,000*l.*, exclusive of fees. These fees, in 1832, made the salary amount to about 14,700*l.* No change took place in the fixed salary from 1792 until last year, when the salary of the Lord Chancellor was fixed at 14,000*l.*, with a retired allowance of 5,000*l.* The salary of the Master of Rolls is now 7,000*l.*, and that of the Vice Chancellor 6,000*l.*, with a retired allowance of 3,750*l.* each.

From a parliamentary return, printed by order of the House, it appears that there are 50,796 licensed victuallers in England, and that 24,293 of that number brew

their own beer. In the district of Coventry there are 1,240 victuallers, and 1,115 brew their own beer. In Leeds there are 998, and 904 brew; in Halifax, there are 1,003, 880 brew; in Manchester, 1,343, and 817 brew; in Sheffield, 1,083, and 901 brew; while in Durham district, out of 1,437, only 152 brew; and in Liverpool, only 167 brew, out of 1,610. In Reading, 47 out of 814; in Norwich, 43 out of 1,050; and in Rochester, 32 out of 1,056. The total number of licensed brewers in England is 1,753; and the number of persons licensed for the general sale of beer, and who brew their own, is 13,102. The brewers in Scotland are 216, and brewers in Ireland 216. The export of beer from the United Kingdom amounts yearly to 70,136 barrels, of which 28,881 go to the East Indies, and 13,461 to the West Indies.

The Suitors' Fund.—Chancery.—An account of this important fund has just been laid before Parliament. It is a fund arising from a per centage on the property of suitors in Chancery, and the salaries of the officers of the Court of Chancery are paid out of it. In 1800, the fund was invested in stock to the amount of 643,177*l.* The dividends amounted to 19,544*l.* and the salaries paid out of it to 4,604*l.* After 1810, the fund and the salaries greatly increased. In 1832, the total amount of the fund invested in stock was 2,146,007*l.* The dividends amounted to 59,242*l.*, and the salaries to 45,077*l.*; leaving a balance of 54,000*l.* out of the dividends. The salaries comprise those of the Lord Chancellor, the Vice Chancellor, the Accountant General, Registrars, their clerks, and the porters.

The receipt stamp duties for 1832 amounted to 23,932*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* on twopenny stamps; 28,359*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* on threepenny; 38,324*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* on sixpenny; and 49,485*l.* 16*s.* on shilling stamps. A total of 145,200*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*

The following return of the number and property of lunatics confined under the authority of the Crown, has been made to the House of Commons:—

	£.	*s.*	*d.*
399 Lunatics, whose annual incomes are . . .	269,158	1	9
57 have less than 100*l.* per ann., amounting to . .	3,254	11	9
61, who have 100*l.*, but less than 200*l.*	8,675	2	0
50, who have 200*l.*, but less than 300*l.*	12,130	0	3
31, who have 300*l.*, but less than 400*l.*	10,050	15	10
152 who have 400*l.* and upwards	235,047	11	11
48, whose incomes are not ascertained . . .	000,000	0	0
	£269,158	1	9

The number of quarters of malt which paid duty from the 10th of October 1831, to the 10th of October, 1832, was 4,845,828. The amount of duty was 4,976,694*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* The number of quarters used in distillation in the United Kingdom for the same period was 440,756.

Savings' Banks.—The amount of monies invested in Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies in the United Kingdom, and standing in the names of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, is 13,540,039*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* The investment of this capital is—in 3 per cents, 5,513,050*l.*; 3½ per cents., 592,015*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; Exchequer bills, 1,839,000*l.* 1*s.*

The amount of the expenses paid by the Treasury on account of committees of the House of Commons for the year 1832, was 9,076*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* The most expensive items are, Committee on East India Affairs, 1,018*l.* 19*s.*; Irish Tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; Disturbed State of Ireland, 1,091*l.* 18*s.*; Factories' Regulation Bill, 1,577*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

Wool.—England and Wales feed 36,000,000 of sheep, each of which yields a fleece of four pounds weight, or 144 millions of pounds, which, at 1*s.* per pound, is worth 7,400,000*l.* These, manufactured, produce 20,000,000*l.*, leaving a profit of 12,000,000*l.* per annum to the various manufacturers.

Coals.—By a return to the House of Commons, the quantity of coals, culm, and cinders imported into London in 1830, amounted to 2,079,275 tons; in 1831, to 2,045,292 tons; and in 1832, to 2,139,078 tons.

Cotton.—The imports of raw cotton manufactured in this country in 1781 were only 5,000,000 lbs.; in 1800, it had increased to 86,000,000 lbs.; in 1820, to 147,000,000 lbs.; in 1830, to 250,000,000 lbs. The annual value is not less than

36,000,000*l.* sterling; the wages paid 22,000,000*l.* sterling; and it keeps in employ 1,250,000 persons, or twenty-five times as many as were engaged in it fifty years ago. In Manchester alone 187,000 persons are engaged in the cotton trade.

East India Company's Debt.—It appears by accounts recently published that the total debts of the East India Company amount to 30,774,092*l.*; of which 22,913,990*l.* is held by Europeans, and 7,860,102*l.* by natives.

The number of persons employed under the Board of Excise in Scotland, and the total amount of the salaries paid them for the year ending 5th of January, 1832, appear, from a Parliamentary return, to be as follows:—1,035 persons employed, salaries 110,726*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The Phœnix Park, Dublin, contains 1758 statute acres, enclosed by a wall; 400 acres of it are appropriated to the Government, and the remainder to the public accommodation. The annual outlay for improvements and maintenance is upon an average 1,800*l.*

A return of the number of commitments under the game laws, from the 1st of November 1831, to the 1st of November 1832, has been made to the House of Commons. We select those where they appear most numerous. Aylesbury, 104; Bury St. Edmund's, 117; Cambridge, 43; Derby, 100; Devizes, 165; Dorset, 36; Knutsford, 68; Lewes, 77; Maidstone, 69; Oxford, 151; Petworth, 82; Preston, 57; Reading, 58; Salop, 49; Southwell, 102; Stafford, 60; Winchester, 142.

The number of pounds of soap made in England, from the 5th of Jan. 1832, to the like period in 1833, is 109,104,119 pounds of hard, and 7,547,067 pounds of soft.

The number of Bankruptcies in 1822 was 1,419; 1823, 1,250; 1824, 1,240; 1825, 1,475; 1826, 3,307; 1827, 1,688; 1828, 1,519; 1829, 2,150; 1830, 1,720; 1831, 1,886; 1832, 1,722.—Total, 19,376 in 11 years.

Unrolling of a Mummy.—An extremely interesting examination of a mummy took place a few days ago at the Charing-cross Hospital, in the presence of several gentlemen who had been invited by Mr. Pettigrew to witness the process. Mr. Pettigrew having made some remarks upon the subject of mummies generally, proceeded with the development of the mummy under observation. He remarked, that between the different layers of cloth there was gum and bituminous matter, and that the foot was soft, which promised well for the authenticity of the mummy.—[The general interest now became very great, and every step was watched with the utmost curiosity.] It was here discovered that the foot was gilt; it was presently discovered that the legs were gilt; the hands were lying by the sides, and near the abdomen was found a small mass, which appeared as if it might have been a papyrus covered with bituminous matter; the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand were strongly gilt. Mr. Pettigrew remarked, that a mummy which was unwrapped in the Haymarket some time since occasioned doubt whether the gilt was applied at the time, as the accounts had described the nails only as being gilt; but this instance set the matter at rest, for the body appeared to have been gilt all over. The subject was a male, and the beard was extremely perfect, rather curled and red. Several insects were found, which had been preying upon the skin. Some remarkably light, fine crystals were found near the right hand, and some small pieces of grey wool near the back of the neck. The mummy is supposed to have been preserved in wax. The bituminous matter appeared to have been applied exceedingly hot, making the removal of the coverings very difficult. Mr. Pettigrew observed that he was sorry there would not be time to proceed to the examination of the mouth, in which it was not uncommon to find a piece of coin. During Mr. Pettigrew's various remarks and his unravelling of the mummy, there were frequent strong expressions of the great satisfaction and gratification which he had afforded.

New Fire.—Mr. J. Hancock, of North End, Fulham, has, we are assured, invented a compound which burns under water, and which continues inflammable in any accumulation of moisture. It is in all respects similar to the much celebrated Greek Fire. He proposes to apply it not to human destruction, but to the saving of the lives of miners. It is the most perfect and unerring fuse for blasting ever contrived; the wet, damp, and water, which often interfere, being no hinderance to its effect and definite action. It may, too, be accommodated to time, as a yard

will burn out in one or two minutes, or in five or six minutes, as desired. It is, moreover, as cheap as any fuse that ever was made.—*Literary Gazette.*

An eminent botanist has calculated that since the discovery of the New World, 2,345 varieties of American trees and plants, and 1700 from the Cape of Good Hope, have been transplanted into Europe; and that these being added to the introduction of exotics from China, the East Indies, New Holland, and other parts of Asia and Africa, and the confines of Europe, make the varieties of cultivated plants with which the temperate climate of Europe has been enriched amount to 120,000.

The expenses of committees of the House of Commons since 1830, have been altogether 12,629*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* The inquiries which have cost most of this sum are the Carrickfergus election forgeries, 1,225*l.* 3*s.*; East India affairs, 1,475*l.* 1*s.*; disturbed state of Ireland, 1,091*l.* 18*s.*; Factories Regulation Bill, 1577*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* There is one item for the Regent-street Act of two guineas only. The Dramatic Literature Committee cost 175*l.* 9*s.*; the Waterloo New-street Bill, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Windsor and Buckingham Palaces, 260*l.* 5*s.*; civil list charges, 15*l.* 18*s.*; steam-carriages, 74*l.*; Evesham Disfranchisement Bill, 432*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.*; Irish tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; West India colonies, 394*l.* 8*s.*; silk trade, 657*l.* 7*s.*; Bank Charter, 386*l.*; slavery, 691*l.* 15*s.*; Liverpool Election Bill, 151*l.* 17*s.*; observance of the Sabbath, 292*l.* 10*s.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Vaccination.—At the meeting of the Académie de Médicine, Paris, of the 26th ultimo, M. Gerardin read a report of the state of vaccination in France, by which it appeared that, since 1827, the number of persons vaccinated had diminished very nearly one half! This fact is worthy the attention of the committee in our own country, now occupied in investigating the vaccine question. It appears that from the time the functions of the Vaccine Board of France and the maintenance of vaccination were intrusted to the Academy of Medicine, aided by a few prizes distributed annually by the Government to the most zealous inoculators, the number of persons subjected to the protecting influence of the cow-pox has progressively diminished. The event alluded to took place nine years ago; and the apprehension of the consequences has recently become so great, that, in a paper of the 28th ult. which now lies before us, the press is urged to co-operate with the Academy in procuring the intervention of "authority." In 1827 the number vaccinated in France was 404,495; in 1831 it amounted only to 214,360!—*Medical Gazette.*

The number of refugees at present in France, who have borne arms in unsuccessful revolts against tyranny, or otherwise suffered in the cause of liberty, amounts to between 8,000 and 10,000 persons. The French Government, with a generosity rarely equalled, has obtained from the Chambers for their support a sum of 5,000,000 francs, or about 200,000*l.* This exemplary act of beneficence received not only the support of the legislature, but was anticipated by the zealous wishes of the people of France.

The Cotton Trade.—In France, in 1831, the cotton spun was 74,000,000lbs., besides the British yarn smuggled through Flanders. In Alsace, power looms are increasing fast. Average wages of spinners, 5*s.* 8*d.*; time of labour, 12 to 14 hours. In Switzerland in 1831 the cotton spun was 18,816,000lbs. No. 40 costs 14½*d.* when cotton is 8*d.* 3-5th; wages 4*s.* 5*d.*; wages in similar mills in Britain, 8*s.* 4*d.* In the Prussian and Rhenish Provinces in 1830 the cotton spun was 7,000,000lbs. Power looms have been profitably introduced. In Saxony, cotton spinning is just commencing, and fast augmenting; in 1831 there was spun 1,200,000lbs. cotton; average wages 3*s.* 6*d.* They spin as cheap as the British as high as No. 50 warp, and No. 80 weft. In Lombardy in 1831 the cotton spun was 4,000,000lbs. In Austria it is fast advancing; in 1831, 12,000,000lbs.; average wages 3*s.* 9*d.* In India, the new mill, twelve miles above Calcutta, works every day, 91 hours in the week. The spinner managing one mule earns 1*s.* 9*d.*; his pieces (three number) 9*d.* to 1*s.* each. No. 20 to No. 40. In the United States, in 1831 the cotton spun was 77,550,000lbs.

Cholera in France.—The sum of 1,277,860 francs 46 centimes was expended by

the French Government during the prevalence of this disease; 229,534 persons were attacked, and 94,665 died. In the department of the Seine the mortality was dreadful; out of 44,811 cases 21,531 proved fatal. In Paris, one out of 33 in the population died.

Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburgh.—During the year 1832, this institution published thirteen special works, exclusively of five others, which were privately printed by some of its members. Independently of originating the undertaking of a complete "Russian Flora," which the Academy has intrusted to the most eminent botanists in Russia, it has also instituted a scientific inquiry of considerable importance; namely, the ascertaining of the barometric heights on the shores of the Baltic, under the care of Messrs. Kupffer and Lentz.

There are a number of forest academies in Germany, particularly in the small states of central Germany, in the Hartz, Thuringia, &c. The principal branches taught in them are the following:—Forest botany, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry: by which the learner is taught the natural history of forests, and the mutual relations, &c., of the different kingdoms of nature. He is also instructed in the care and chase of game, and in the surveying and cultivation of forests, so as to understand the mode of raising all kinds of wood, and supplying a new growth as fast as the old is taken away. The pupil is, too, instructed in the administration of the forest taxes and police, and all that relates to forests considered as a revenue.

The number of languages spoken in Europe are 587, Asia 937, Africa 476, America 1,064, making in all a total of 3,064.

RURAL ECONOMY.

PERHAPS no department of gardening requires more skill than the laying out of grounds. The culture of plants and tilling of the ground are comparatively mechanical, and may be practised by persons of the meanest capacity; but to lay out grounds requires a portion of mind as well as technical skill. A landscape gardener should have somewhat of a painter's eye; he should be able to conceive the idea of a whole, and should understand how to execute detached parts in such a manner as to make each appear perfect in itself, and yet to combine harmoniously with the rest. It is bad taste to have a highly architectural villa set down abruptly in the midst of park scenery. A house is avowedly entirely a work of art, and there should be a gradual transition from it, by means of gardens, &c., also betraying marks of the hand of man, to the wild beauties of nature. Agreeably to this principle, the ground nearest the house should be highly and richly cultivated, and should display something of an architectural character in its forms and general appearance; it should consist of beds of flowers planted in masses. These beds may be of any kind of geometrical shapes, always taking care, however, to have the forms such as to harmonize with each other, so as to produce a whole, and in such positions that one could not be displaced or substituted for another without destroying the effect. It is a fundamental principle in laying out grounds, that there should be either a real or an apparent reason for every curve. A knot of trees, a bed of flowers, a statue, or a vase, will suffice to excuse a bend in the walk or plantation, which, without some such object, would be extremely unsatisfactory to the eye. In pleasure-grounds nothing can have a more beautiful effect than a fine smooth green lawn, with a few low evergreens jutting out upon it with their branches touching the ground, in such a manner as to break the formality of a straight, or even curved, unbroken line as a boundary. A smooth green lawn, however, can only be obtained where there is an open space, as grass never grows well under trees, and is besides difficult to clip and keep in order. Dug earth has also a bad effect among trees, and occasions a great deal of labour to keep it neat. The best mode is to cover the ground with ivy, which will look well both in summer and winter, and will soon form an excellent covering; it will not injure the trees, and will rather serve to protect the roots from the frost. A few ferns may be introduced among the trees with excellent effect, and nothing is finer in the process of vegetation than to watch their volute-like heads slowly unrolling themselves, and expanding into large, spreading, fan-like leaves.

Crimson Clover.—The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the

"Code of Agriculture," p. 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated in our gardens as a curious and rather pretty-looking annual:—"It is a subject of astonishment, that this valuable plant (the *Trifolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes, or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucern, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry. If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed merchants of this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that it is an annual plant, and therefore should be only employed in alternate husbandry.

On obtaining improved Varieties in Corn.—"I would suggest," says a correspondent in the "Gardener's Magazine," "the advantages which probably might be derived from sowing, in the same field, the seed not of one sort of wheat only, but the seed of various sorts; so that when the wheat comes into blossom, the pollen from each may be diffused among the intermixed wheats, and thus give rise to a new and better seed or grain. It is a well-known fact, that numberless varieties are produced among flowers, take the poppy for instance, by sowing in the same bed the seeds of different kinds. And Mr. Knight has shown what may be done by fertilizing one sort of pea with the pollen of another. Yet, so far as I know, agriculturists have never yet availed themselves of these facts, in regard to the cultivation of that staff of life, wheat corn. It is obvious that, for the success of this experiment, all, or the greater part, of the different sorts of wheat should come into blossom at the same time. Those who wish to adopt practically this suggestion may do it, even this season, very conveniently, by transplanting, as soon as the frosts of spring are past, plants of different kinds of wheat into each other's immediate society."

USEFUL ARTS.

Railroads.—A patent has been lately granted to H. Scrivenor, Esq., the Secretary of the British Iron Company, for an improvement in the construction of Iron Railways, which appears likely to be attended with important results, in reference to this extensive branch of our manufactures. It may be necessary to premise, for the information of some of our readers, that railways consist of two parts, the rail itself, and the chair or pedestal on which the chair rests; that both of these were formerly made of cast iron, and that cast iron for such purposes is a very inferior material to wrought iron, being much less calculated to resist any of the sudden jars or strains to which railways are peculiarly liable. About twelve years since, a Mr. Birkenshaw obtained a patent for making the rails of wrought iron instead of cast, which was found to be a great improvement, and consequently came almost immediately into general use; but the chairs or pedestals still continued to be made of cast iron (notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages of such construction), on account of the supposed impossibility of rolling iron of the necessary shapes for constructing the chairs, unless at a very great increase of expense. This difficulty Mr. Scrivenor has succeeded in removing. The advantages contemplated by this invention are numerous:—the first and most important to the public is increased safety; the next, reduction of expense to the proprietors of railroads, as well in the first cost of laying them down as in the subsequent keeping them in repair. The steadiness and safety of the rail depend on the stability and security of the chair or pedestal on which it rests. These can never be obtained with a chair of cast iron, because that metal is not calculated to withstand the frequent jars and shocks which are occasioned by the sudden stoppages of the immense weight constantly passing along the rails. From this cause the cast-iron chairs frequently crack and

split, and consequently become unsafe and unfit for use, thereby entailing a constantly recurring expense on the proprietors as well as insecurity to the public. All these evils are intended to be obviated by the chair for which Mr. Scrivenor has obtained a patent, which, being made of a better material, requires less weight of iron, and is therefore less expensive, and can moreover be constructed at the same works as the rail, and the chairs and rail can consequently be exactly fitted to each other, whereas, at present, the rails are constructed in one place, and the chairs in another. This invention promises to be attended with equal advantages to the public, to the inventor, and to the proprietors of railroads. These are only a few of the benefits that will accrue both to the public and to the proprietors of rail-roads by the use of the patent chair.

New Oven.—This oven is formed of three separate sheets of iron or tin, and is in the form of a segment of a cylinder: in making it, sheet metal of suitable dimensions is bent round so as to form about three-fourths of a circle, the edges are then joined by a flat piece, which forms the bottom of the outer case. A second piece of sheet metal is then bent into the same form, but is to be the segment of a smaller circle than the first, so that, when slipped into it, there will be the space of an inch between them; this, when in its place, is to be riveted to the bottom of the outer case. A plate is to be put on at the back end, and a rim fixed, enclosing the space between the two at the front. The space may be filled with charcoal, or other bad conductor, or may be occupied by air only. Through both these vessels two holes for flues are to be made at the top, one near to each end, and these are to lead to one common pipe, furnished with a damper; another hole is to be made for the escape of steam. Heat is to be applied by a round stove, or furnace, under the middle of the oven, a hole being perforated through the bottom sufficiently large in diameter to receive it; and a ring of cast or of wrought iron is riveted to the bottom, in order to give the requisite strength to this opening.

A third box, made in the form of the other two, constitutes the oven proper. This is made exactly in the form of those already described, and is to be slipped into its place within them, leaving a space between it and the second box, and also between its back end and the first, which space is for the passage of smoke and heated air from the fire, around the oven to the flues. The bottom of this is exposed to the action of the fire in consequence of the perforation made through the outer box. When this last is secured in its place, a door is to be fitted to it in the usual way.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

There is no alteration to state in the general appearance of the manufacturing districts since last month; the improvement which gradually took place in the commencement of the year has not suffered a reaction, but it does not seem to be still advancing. The London wholesale houses, which supply the country shop-keepers with light and fancy articles of drapery and mercery, complain that their customers have not been disposed to make their spring purchases to the extent to which they generally go at this season.

In some articles of colonial produce, particularly in Coffee, there has been a considerable advance in price; but, unfortunately, this is not to be traced to a more healthy state of trade, but is founded, partly on the prospect of deficient crops, and partly on a feeling of apprehension of the intercourse of the mother country with her colonies meeting with some serious impediment from the angry feeling which exists in them, particularly in Jamaica, where Lord Mulgrave has been placed under the necessity of exercising a vigorous authority, in the dismissal of officers high in command.

The Sugar Market has been very firm throughout the month, and in the better qualities of British Plantation an advance of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. is still maintained—the inferior fully supporting the prices of last month.

In East India Sugar there is no alteration to state, but in Mauritius a very considerable improvement has taken place during the last fortnight, amounting to 2*s.* per cwt., good Brown being now sold for 49*s.*

The demand for Foreign Sugars has been very dull, until the close of the month, when some considerable private sales were effected at a trifling advance; Havanna, yellow, 24*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; good white, 30*s.* to 31*s.*; Pernams, low to good white, 24*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; Bahia, good white, 25*s.*

Refined Sugars, which with difficulty supported former prices early in the month, have lately had a favourable turn, and have advanced 6*d.* per cwt. in Crushed, and 1*s.* in Lumps; 29*s.* to 29*s.* 6*d.* being asked for the former, and the latter selling freely at 61*s.*

The last average price of Sugar is 1*l.* 5*s.* 3¼*d.*

An extraordinary advance has taken place during the last month in the prices of all

descriptions of British Plantation Coffee, but more particularly in Jamaica, the various qualities of which have risen 5*s.* to 8*s.* per cwt., good and fine ordinary now selling at 86*s.* to 90*s.* This has given some impulse to the Foreign and East India Market, which was previously very languid, and some large sales have been made at better prices.—Ceylon, of good quality, 56*s.* to 57*s.*; Sumatra, 50*s.* to 52*s.*; St. Domingo, 54*s.*; Brazil, 56*s.*; Cuba, 70*s.*; and Mocha, for which 68*s.* was asked a short time ago, has sold for 74*s.*

There is a tolerably good demand for British Plantation Cocoa for home consumption, and fine qualities bring 73*s.* to 74*s.*; 100 bags of Grenada sold lately by public auction at 60*s.* to 68*s.*; Brazil is quoted nominally at 21*s.* to 23*s.*

The Cotton Market continues very steady in demand, and the quotations admit of no alteration.

In Spirits there is but little doing; the strong inferior qualities of Jamaica Rum are in some demand at 2*s.* 7*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* Brandy is of heavy sale at a slight reduction in price; the best marks being quoted at 3*s.* 11*d.* to 4*s.* A parcel of Arrack, ordinary Batavia, was sold lately at 2*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* from 5 to 6 above proof.

The sale of Indigo, which terminated on the 22d, affords the following results, indicative of the improvement in prices: Bengal, good and fine shipping, 2*d.* to 4*d.* above last sale; middling and ordinary shipping and consumers, 3*d.* to 6*d.* advance; and Madras, from last sale's prices to 2*d.* more.

The following is the East India Company's declaration for the Tea sale on June 3d.

	lbs.
Bohea	1,700,000
Congou, Campoi, Souchong, and Pekoe	5,100,000
Twankay and Hyson Skin . .	1,200,000
Hyson	800,000
Total . .	8,300,000

The quantity declared is less than that of the last sale, by

Bohea	100,000
Twankay and Hyson Skin .	100,000

The Tea Market is firm, and Congous are at ½*d.* per lb. premium.

There has been more business done lately in Spices, but without any material alteration in prices; large parcels of Pepper have been sold at 3¼*d.* to 3½*d.*; 600 bags of Pimento, at 4¼*d.* to 4½*d.*; 700 chests of Cassia Lignea, at 73*s.* to 76*s.* 6*d.*

The Wool Market being scantily supplied, former prices are fully maintained.

The Corn Market has been exceedingly dull throughout the month; the finer qualities of Wheat have maintained their prices, and have had a steady sale, but the inferior qualities have moved with difficulty. The better qualities of Barley are declining in price, the season for malting being nearly terminated; and Oats sell heavily at former prices. Peas and Beans of the best descriptions are somewhat in demand.

The Funds have undergone but little fluctuation during the last month, and the settling day, the 12th ult., passed over without the announcement of a defaulter. Bank Stock has risen 7 to 8 per cent., from the prevalent expectation that Ministers will not be able to enter upon the question of the Charter in the present Session, and India Stock has advanced 2 to 3 per cent. There was an impulse given to Spanish Bonds, about the middle of the month, from the circumstance of the Cortes being about to assemble, but it being ascertained that it will be merely a meeting of ceremony, prices have relapsed to former quotations; some equally groundless expectations gave a temporary stimulus to Colombian Bonds.

The closing prices of the various public securities on the 25th, were as follows:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, 87 five-eighths, three-fourths; ditto for the Account, 87 three-fourths, seven-eighths—Three per Cent. Reduced, 86 five-eighths, three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 94 one-fourth, three-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 95 one-fourth, one-half—Four per Cent. (1826), 101 seven-eighths, 2 one-eighth.—India Stock, 228 one-half, 229 one-half.—Bank Stock, 193 one-half, 194 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 49, 50.—India Bonds, 25, 27.—Long Annuities, 16 seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths.

FORRIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 88 one-fourth, one-half.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 60 one-half, 1.—Chilian, 20 one-half, 1 one-half.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 16, 17.—Danish Three per Cent. 72 one-half, 73.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 45 five-eighths, three-fourths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 84 five-eighths, seven-eighths.—French Five per Cent.—French Three per Cent.—Greek Five per Cent. 35, 7.—Mexican Six per Cent. 31 one-fourth, three-fourths.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 50 one-half, 1 one-half—Portuguese New Loan, 5 one-half, one-fourth, discount.—Russian Five per Cent. 102 one-fourth, three-fourths.—Spanish Five per Cent. 19 one-fourth.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 10, 11.—United ditto, 12, 15, 12, 15.—Colombian Mines, 9, 10.—Del Monte, 28, 29.—Imperial Brazil, 62, 63.—Bolanos, 135, 145.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 19, 1833, TO APRIL 16, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

March 19.—D. I. NOAD, Copthall-court, agent. A. ISAACS, Petticoat-lane, Spitalfields, rag-merchant. J. JOWETT, Great Queen-street, furnishing ironmonger. R. FIDDES, Hackney, tavern-keeper. J. IKIN, Leeds, merchant. A. NICOLL, Conduit-street, Bond-street, tailor. W. DAWSON, Yeadon, Yorkshire, grocer. G. & H. SCHONSWAR, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants. J. HUDSON, Haslingden, Lancashire, plumber. W. BADGER, Merthyr Tidvil, Glamorganshire, grocer. J. HALL, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, builder. C. HAWKSWORTH, Liverpool, licensed victualler.

March 22.—W. T. MITCHELL, Woolwich, builder. J. WOOLLETT, Newbury, Berkshire, tea-dealer. W. THRELKELD, Winchester-street, Broad-street, grocer. W. BARRINGTON, Sandbach-heath, Sandbach, Cheshire, silk-throwster. A. BOOTH, Bury, Lancashire, shopkeeper. T. HOUGHTON, Ormskirk, Lancashire, scrivener. G. MAY, Clay-cross, Derbyshire, shoemaker. W. HANKIN, Kirkdale, near Liverpool, stonemason.

March 26.—W. PERACHON, Whitechapel-road, baker. J. LEECH, Norton-folgate, tea-dealer. J. V. TUCKER, Sun-street, Bishopsgate-st., edge-tool-maker. C. LONG, jun., Croydon, maltster. T. STROUD, Crown-street, Soho, goldsmith. T. HANCOCK, sen., Willoughby, Warwick, butcher. T. MOORE and A. GORDON, Rainhill, Lancashire, glass-bottle manufacturers. G. JOHNSON, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. R. THUNDER, Bath, grocer. J. DISTIN, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, ironmonger. J. FIRTH, Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.

March 29.—J. ROBSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-owner. M. NATHAN, Skinner-place, Size-lane, stationer. F. PRESTON, St. George's-place, Hanover-square, confectioner. A. M. GREIG, Great St. Helen's, wine merchant. E. M. BOUCHIER and S. BONSOR, Oxford-street, tallow-chandlers. B. BREEDS, Hastings, Sussex, lime-burner. D. FRASER, Pulteney-terrace, Pentonville, ship-owner. J. MARDON, Euston-place, Euston-square, saddler. W. SMITH, Lymington, Southampton, surgeon. J. D. STAINBANK, Honiton, Devonshire, grocer. J. TOWERS, Strand, insurance-broker. W. TIPLER, Banbury, Oxfordshire, currier. W. YORKE, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, ironmonger. J. FAIRBARN, Castleford, Yorkshire, grocer. J. ASTBURY and S. DAVISON, Eccleshall and Stone, Staffordshire, brewers. J. WHITE, Newark-upon-Trent, victualler. R. NELL, Grantham, Lincolnshire, bookseller. J. MORRIS, Cheltenham, baker.

April 2.—C. METCALF, Leeds, common brewer. J. MEEK, Strand, wine-merchant. J. ATTREE, Brighton, grocer. J. and W. SLATER, Strand, wax-chandlers. J. CHARLESWORTH, Copley-gate, Yorkshire, merchant. S. STEVENS, Bryerley-hill, Staffordshire, builder. J. and R. J. MATCHETT, Derby, grocers. G. BAREHEAD, New Malton, Yorkshire, corn-merchant. R. CURTIS, Warrington, Lancashire, tanner. T. WATKINSON, Liverpool, tobacconist.

April 5.—W. RATTENBURY, East-lane, Bermondsey, shipwright. C. BOLLIN, Barossa-place, Queen's Elms, Chelsea, plumber. R. FERGUSON, Old Broad-street, dealer. J. BLACKBURN, Minories, builder. T. TYRRELL, Little Trinity-lane, victualler. J. ELLIS, Prince's-street, Hanover-square, tailor. W. GARBUTT, Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, brick-manufacturer. J. W. and T. F. BOWGIN, Bristol, plumbers. G. and R. HILTON, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. C. KEET, Ryde, Isle of Wight, grocer. R. FISHWICK, Bury, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. J. STEAD, Leeds, saddler. F. BALKWILL, Plymouth, corn-factor.

April 9.—J. GRIMBLE, sen. and J. GRIMBLE, jun., Elm-street, Gray's-inn-lane, coach-spring-makers. T. WOODHOUSE, jun., Milk-street, Cheapside, hosier. W. ARMITAGE, Sowerby-bridge, Yorkshire, victualler. T. DAVIES, Liverpool, currier. D. WATSON, J. MAGINNIS, and S. PERRIN, Beswick, Lancashire, glass-manufacturers. J. BOOT, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, victualler. T. T. ISEMONGER, Little Hampton, Sussex, merchant. J. EVANS, of the Tything of Whistones, Worcestershire, horse-dealer. D. THACKERAY, J. THACKERAY, and J. BALDWIN, Walton, Lancashire, brewers. H. A. BACON, Sheffield, printer.

April 12.—J. HAWKINS, Old Quebec-st., Oxford-street, victualler. G. F. SENIOR, Goswell-street, engineer. T. MORLIDGE, Manchester, builder. J. EDLESTON, Manchester, spinner. A. MELLOR, Blackmoor, Aldermanbury, clothier. J. BLAKE, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, victualler.

April 16.—R. HARRIS, Cannon-street, St. George's East, biscuit-baker. R. WHITESIDE, Pilling, Lancashire, miller. R. BROWN, Mattishall, Norfolk, general shopkeeper. J. LOWE, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, victualler. W. TILLS the younger, Stutton, Suffolk, miller. W. JOHNSON, Leamington Priors, Warwick, builder. H. DAVENPORT, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. T. TURNER, Liverpool, ironmonger. J. E. CHAPMAN, Little Harrowden, Northamptonshire, farmer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

March 26.—The Law Amendment Bill was considered in Committee. Lord Eldon and Lord Wynford opposed the special pleading correction clause, which was, however, eventually carried on a division.

March 28.—The Lord Chancellor presented his promised Bill for the establishment of Courts of Local Jurisdiction.

March 30.—The House of Lords met for the purpose of receiving the Irish Disturbances' Bill with the Amendments. It was read a first time and ordered to be printed.

April 1.—The Bishop of Bristol presented a petition from the Clergy, &c., of Bristol, against the Irish Church Reform Bill. Lord Eldon stated that he would rather perish than consent to the passing of the Bill. Lord Wharncliffe and the Bishop of London having presented petitions for the better Observance of the Sabbath, said they could not give the Bill their support, as they considered the provisions it contained would not be palatable to the country. Earl Grey moved the adoption of the Commons' Amendments to the Irish Disturbances' Bill. Lord Ellenborough and the Earl of Eldon contended, that if the outrages could be suppressed by such mild measures as now remained for their suppression, then the representations on which the Bill proceeded had been ill-founded, unless it could be shown that the state of crime in Ireland had recently diminished. Earl Grey thought that, although alterations had been introduced, the Bill remained as effective as ever, in some respects, but he was bound to admit, not in all: that there was an improvement in the state of Ireland, was proved by the result of the circuits, and he fully believed that the introduction of the Bill had produced a powerful and a favourable effect. The Duke of Wellington said, by the present amendments, offences were to be tried by common law, while the preamble set forth, that such law was inefficient. If justice could be administered by the ordinary tribunals, the provision was unnecessary, but if witnesses were unable to give evidence in safety, the Courts-Martial were requisite. Lord Plunkett defended the amendment, and said that the progress of the Circuit showed the improving state of Ireland. After much debate, the amendments were all agreed to.

April 2.—The royal assent was given by Commission to the Irish Disturbances' Bill.—Lord Plunkett moved the second reading of the Irish Juries' Bill, which called forth a great deal of opposition. Lord Wicklow said, if Ministers, instead of labouring to assimilate the laws of the two countries, would endeavour to assimilate the condition of the people of each kingdom, more good might result. He asked for authority for representing that the present Jury system did not work well. Lord Plunkett defended the Bill, and contended that it was most desirable not only to secure impartial Juries, but to satisfy the people that the best means for accomplishing such objects were adopted. The Bill was eventually read a second time.

April 3.—The Lord Chancellor brought forward his Chancery Amendment Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be printed. The House went into Committee on the Irish Juries' Bill, and several amendments were proposed and agreed to.

April 4.—On the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the House adjourned to Tuesday the 16th inst.

April 16.—Lord Wynford moved the second reading of the Common Law Amendments' Bill. Lord Lyndhurst opposed the Bill, and observed, that the opinions of the Judges coincided with his opinion, that, instead of diminishing, it would increase delay and expense. Lord Eldon also opposed it. The Lord Chancellor admitted that there was much in the Bill that could not be approved, but he would not go so far as to resist the principle of the Bill. It was eventually, however, rejected.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 25.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed a wish that the motion regarding the Irish Church Temporalities should take precedence of the Committee of Supply; but this was opposed, on the ground that many Members were absent who expected the Estimates would be settled first. The Chancellor of the Exchequer therefore moved that the House resolve into a Committee of Supply, to consider the Navy Estimates. Mr. Hume opposed the motion, asserting that the House ought to have a financial statement of the resources of the country before framing the Estimates. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that it had been the intention of Government to state, early in the Session, details illustrative of the finances; and the business which had hitherto occupied the Session had alone prevented the adoption of that course. Mr. Hume finally withdrew his amendment, and the House resolved into a Committee of Supply; and Sir J. Graham moved resolutions on the Navy Estimates. The resolutions led to much discussion; in the course of which Sir E. Codrington made some extraordinary attacks on the Administration of which Sir R. Peel and Mr. Croker were members. The Chancellor of the Exchequer postponed the contemplated Committee on the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland.

March 26.—Mr. Robinson submitted his motion for a Select Committee to revise the taxation of the country, to consider its pressure on productive industry, the propriety of commutation, and of substituting a property tax in lieu thereof. The Hon. Gentleman, in a speech of some length, urged the House, before the financial statements were brought forward, to express its opinion, not as to the reduction of taxation, but as to the expediency of ascertaining whether it could not be differently, and less injuriously, imposed by means of a property tax. Mr. Warburton seconded the motion. After considerable discussion, the Government not acceding to the motion, from a wish not to be pledged as to the tax named, the motion was negatived on a division.

March 27.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the further consideration of the report of the Irish Disturbances' Bill. To prevent verbal errors, &c. it was found requisite to re-commit the Bill. Mr. O'Connell reserved his opposition till the third reading, when he should take the sense of the House. In the Committee, a long discussion arose on the Amendment previously adopted, that the Lord Lieutenant should not proclaim any district, on the ground *merely* of obstruction to the payment of tithes. Several Honourable Members condemned the language as absurd; it was, however, defended, as quieting the alarms of many, and retained on a division. Sir J. Hobhouse afterwards brought forward the Army Estimates. The first resolution only was carried.

March 28.—In the Commons, Mr. Ewart obtained leave to bring in a Bill for giving prisoners a full defence by counsel in Criminal cases. Sir F. Vincent obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the law of libel.—Mr. Wilks obtained the appointment of a select committee to consider the general state of parochial registries, &c. in England and Wales.

March 29.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the third reading of the Disturbances' Suppression (Ireland) Bill. Mr. Cobbett moved an amendment, that the Bill be read a third time this day six months. On this question the House divided; for the amendment, 86; against it, 345. The Bill was then read a third time, and passed.

April 1.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer again brought forward the Irish Church Reform, moving three resolutions, as the foundation of the Bill, which the forms of the House had required to be withdrawn. Mr. Lefroy complained of the plan, and said that the Church receipts were greatly exaggerated, but that the lay-impropriators received too much. The first resolution, after considerable debate, was read and agreed to.

April 2.—The Report of the Hertford Election Committee was brought up, and bribery being declared, the members were unseated. A petition was presented, complaining of the recent return for Marylebone, and a committee thereupon is to be balloted for May 21st.—The debate on the resolutions regarding the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland was resumed. The resolutions were ultimately carried. On the report of the Mutiny Bill, Mr. Hume moved a clause to abolish flogging in England. Sir Francis Burdett condemned the practice, and said that had Sir J. Hobhouse continued Secretary War, a clause would have been proposed

of a mitigating quality. Lord Palmerston considered the present system was requisite to secure the discipline of the Army. After some further debate, Sir F. Burdett proposed an alteration in the amendment, to limit flogging to offences of open mutiny, stealing, and drunkenness on guard. The House then divided, when there appeared a majority of eleven against the clause. Mr. Hume said he should for the present leave the question in the hands of the Government.

April 3.—Mr. W. Patten brought forward his motion for a Commission to inquire into the treatment of children employed in factories; and stated that the previous inquiries were *ex parte*, as the masters had not been heard. Lord Ashley resisted the motion, considering that after all the evidence that had been collected on the subject, during a succession of years, by both Houses, the Commission was unnecessary. After a long discussion the House divided, and the motion for the Commission was carried by a majority of one.—The Mutiny Bill was read a third time and passed.—The report of the Committee on the Church Temporalities' Bill was brought up, and ordered to be taken into consideration after Easter.

April 4.—Mr. Spring Rice moved for a new writ for Coventry, Mr. Ellice having accepted the office of Secretary at War since his election. The Hon. Gent., in the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved the adjournment of the House till Monday the 15th inst.

April 15.—After some conversation on the amount of the judges' salaries, the House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. Sir J. Graham therein moved various resolutions for grants on Navy Estimates, the discussions on which occupied nearly the whole of the evening.

April 16.—Sir E. Wilmot obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the Act relating to the proceedings in indictments against offenders who had been previously convicted of felony. Also, to alter and amend the Act relating to proceedings by indictment against persons under the age of seventeen charged with simple larceny. Mr. Lennard obtained leave to bring in a Bill to remove the punishment of death from the offence of breaking into a dwelling-house, stealing therefrom, and putting the inmates in bodily fear. The motion called forth a great deal of interesting discussion. Mr. Faithfull proposed a resolution that the Church of England, as by law established, is not recommended by practical utility; that its revenues have always been subject to legislative enactments; and that the greater part, if not the whole, of those revenues ought to be appropriated to the relief of the nation. The debate was cut short by the Chancellor of the Exchequer declaring that he could not enter into a polemical discussion. The motion was negatived.

April 17.—Mr. R. Grant addressed the House at considerable length in support of his motion for emancipating the Jews; and contended that the Jews were entitled to the same act of justice as had been extended to the Roman Catholics. Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion, maintaining that it was characterized by that spurious liberality which had already done so much to disturb existing institutions; and that, if the present motion were adopted, there would be no reason for preventing the Brahmins and others from being qualified to administer the Protestant government of this country. Mr. Macaulay supported the motion in a speech of considerable length. Mr. Hume and Mr. Bolton also supported it. Sir R. Inglis said he had a few words to say in explanation, but, in the absence of his Majesty's Ministers, he would not detain the House. The resolution was then put and carried without a division.—Mr. O'Connell moved for the proclamation and other papers connected with the proclaiming of the city as well as the county of Kilkenny. Sir J. Hobhouse conceded all the papers, except the correspondence of the Lord Lieutenant. After a lengthened discussion, the House divided on that part of the motion, when there appeared a majority against it of 115.

April 18.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the commutation of Tithes, by which a perpetual and equitable commutation would be effected, to be adjusted either at a corn or money rent. His Lordship during his speech alluded to the recent statements of the income of the Church, which he proved had been greatly exaggerated.

April 19.—Mr. Hume moved for a return of the number of persons, with their names and respective amounts (and when granted), receiving pensions under the 57th of Geo. III.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer made his "Financial Statement." He com-

menced with detailing what the present ministers had done in fulfilment of that pledge of economy on which they entered office. They had reduced 1,387 places, the income of which was 231,400*l.*; being a saving to the country, after deducting for compensation, &c., of 193,000*l.* There was, besides, a reduction in the diplomatic salaries of 91,000*l.* Amongst the reductions of places were three parliamentary offices. They had also brought upwards of 560 persons from the retired list into actual service; thereby saving the halfpay. He also entered into enumerations of the income and expenditure of the country. There was a surplus of 1,487,143*l.* last year, which covered the preceding year's deficiency, and left an excess of 235,000*l.* There was also a diminution in the expenditure last year to the amount of 2,492,320*l.* The state of the finances was such as to leave a surplus. His opinions against surplus were well known, he having always thought that reduction of taxation was preferable to surplus revenue—an opinion that, perhaps, he had too sanguinely followed. The present year's income he estimated at 46,494,128*l.*; the expenditure (including charge of 30,300,000*l.* on the Consolidated Fund) at 44,922,219*l.*; leaving a surplus of about 1,571,909*l.* Having stated that he *could not* at present propose *any reduction on malt* or *newspaper stamps*, he proceeded to name the following reductions:—

On tiles (the duty on slates having been repealed), total repeal of duty—amount 37,000*l.*

On Advertisements, instead of 3*s.* 6*d.* duty on each advertisement, as at present—2*s.* on the first insertion, 1*s.* 6*d.* on the second insertion, and 1*s.* for every subsequent insertion; estimated a reduction of one-half, or 75,000*l.*

On Marine Insurances—the duty on coastwise insurances to remain, the *foreign* insurances to be *reduced*—loss to the revenue (the whole duty now producing 220,000*l.*)—100,000*l.*

Assessed Taxes, as far as regards shops, warehouses, &c., to be reduced, so as to operate as one-third reduction in particular cases; but on houses and windows in all other cases, there is to be *no reduction* of those taxes: out of 2,570,000*l.*, this partial reduction will make a loss to the revenue of 100,000*l.*

Taxed Cart duty to be entirely repealed; amount 35,000*l.*

Shopmen's Tax also to be entirely repealed—amount 40,000*l.*

On Clerks, Book-keepers, &c., entire repeal—amount 55,000*l.*

On Stewards, &c., entire repeal—amount 9,500*l.*

The reduction in the Assessed Taxes he estimated at 244,000*l.*

Raw Cotton, the duty imposed in 1831 to be repealed. The whole duty at present produced 626,000*l.*—of that 326,000*l.* was raised by the duty of 1831; he, however, estimated the repeal of the 1831 duty on raw cotton would cause a loss to the revenue of 300,000*l.*

The Duty on Soap he proposed to reduce *one-half*. The amount raised by the present duty was 1,186,000*l.*, but as he calculated that the reduction would cause an increased consumption he estimated the loss at not more than 593,000*l.*

These, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, were all the reductions of taxation that he deemed it safe or practicable to propose at present. The amount is 1,349,000*l.*; but taking into consideration the increased consumption that will be occasioned by reduction of duty, he thought the loss to the revenue eventually would not be more than 1,056,000*l.*, and, upon that calculation, he added, there would still be a surplus revenue to the amount of 516,000*l.* An extended conversation followed, in which Mr. Hume, Sir R. Peel, Mr. Baring, &c., took part. Many Members, while expressing their gratification with the statements illustrative of the satisfactory condition of the finances, and at the amount of surplus, which allowed further reductions of taxation, said that more satisfaction would have been given to the country by some positive and general reduction of the house and window taxes; or, in the event of reduction not being practicable, by a revision of the taxes, particularly of the house tax, so as to render the burden less partial and oppressive. The propositions were eventually agreed to; and the report of the Committee of Ways and Means is to be presented on Monday.

The following ministerial changes have taken place:—Privy Seal—Earl of Ripon, in the room of the Earl of Durham. Colonial Secretary—the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, in the room of Viscount Goderich. Secretary for Ireland—the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, in the room of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley. Secretary at War—the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, in the room of Sir J. C. Hobhouse. Viscount Howick has been succeeded by John Lefevre, Esq., as Under Colonial Secretary.

THE REVENUE.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Year and Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Yr. ending Apr. 5, 1833.	
	Decrease.	Increase.
Customs ..... £	.....	432,047
Excise	.....	21,088
Stamps	188,970	.....
Taxes	.....	15,443
Post Office	79,006	.....
Miscellaneous	.....	2,799
Total Ordin. Revenue	267,976	471,377
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works	.....	26,988
Total Income.....	267,976	498,365
Deduct Decrease....	.....	267,976
Increase on the year.	.....	230,389

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Qr. ended Apr. 5, 1833.	
	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs ..... £	.....	43,628
Excise	.....	33,645
Stamps	.....	82,076
Taxes	59,970	.....
Post Office	.....	2,000
Miscellaneous	9,337	.....
Total Ordin. Revenue.	69,307	161,349
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works	.....	378
Total Income.....	69,307	161,727
Deduct Increase.....	.....	69,307
Decrease on the Quarter	.....	92,420

The usual returns of the net produce of the revenue for the quarter just ended are thus of a mixed character, presenting upon the whole financial year, as compared with the last, an increase of 230,389*l.*; but upon the quarter itself a deficiency to the amount of 92,420*l.* The most unfavourable items in the account are those of the "Stamps" and "Post Office," in both of which the falling off is uniform upon the year and quarter; the first being 188,970*l.* upon the year, and 82,076*l.* upon the quarter; and as regards the Post Office, the deficiency is 70,006*l.* as to the year, and 2000*l.* to the quarter. The Assessed Taxes, on the other hand, show an increase upon the two periods—upon the first, of 15,443*l.*, and upon the latter of 59,970*l.* The "Miscellaneous" also have proved more productive by 2799*l.* upon the year, and 9337*l.* upon the quarter, than their returns in the last year. The Customs give an excess of 432,047*l.* over the receipts of last year, but are less by 43,628*l.* upon the quarter; and the Excise also, though better upon the whole year by 21,088*l.*, betrays a falling off upon the quarter to the amount of 33,645*l.* The amount of Exchequer Bills required for the coming quarter is estimated at 4,282,654*l.*

THE COLONIES.

JAMAICA.

Mr. Whitelock, a magistrate of Savanna-la-Mar, had been deprived of his commission by Lord Mulgrave, for having put his signature to certain resolutions passed by the Colonial Church Union of Westmoreland, of which Society Mr. Whitelock was chairman. In the letter written by Mr. Whitelock, in reply to the notice of the Governor's intention to remove him, he expresses his satisfaction at the event, inasmuch as he considers it impossible that "any administration of justice can take place, beneficial to the peace of the country, so long as the Governor, in the exercise of his authority, continues to pursue a course marked by extreme partiality, and adopts every possible mode of evincing his hostility to the constitution of that country." The island still appears to be in a state of extreme excitement.

CANADA.

Accounts have been received from Lower Canada, which state that the Committee appointed by the Legislature to form a new Constitution had agreed upon one as follows:—An elective Legislative Council, chosen by landholders having a net income of 10*l.* in the country, and 20*l.* in the cities, to have been resident one year

within the circle where the election takes place. The eligibility is to be restricted to subjects of his Majesty, having attained 30 years of age, and having resided in the province for a period of not less than 15 years, and possessing property in the province of at least 100*l.* value for those elected for the country, and 200*l.* for those of Quebec and Montreal. The duration of the Council is to be limited to six years, and removal is to be made of one-sixth part every year, it being to be determined by lot during the first five years which member shall retire. When a vacancy occurs, the new member is only to be elected for the remaining period left unfilled by his predecessor. The number of the members to be equal to that of the counties, cities, and divisions thereof, or other circles sending members to the House of Assembly, with the exception of boroughs whose population does not exceed 2,000 souls, who would only have to vote in the counties of which they made a part, so that the number of Councillors would be nearly half that of the House of Assembly. The Speaker, or Chairman, to be chosen by the members, subject to the approval of his Majesty. Judges to be ineligible, as well as the Clergy. The members of the present Legislative Council are not to belong to the new one, except they are re-elected; or if his Majesty's Government persist in retaining them, they are to be considered as supernumerary members. The Legislative Council is not to be subject to dissolution. The members are not to accept otherwise than by Bill any place of profit or honour, during good pleasure, excepting those of Justice of the Peace, and of Militia, nor become accountable for the public money, nor receive any, directly or indirectly, from the Executive Government, without subjecting themselves to a re-election. Individuals offering themselves as candidates, must make oath to their qualification, and if not present, their electors must make affirmation of the same to the best of their knowledge and belief. The members, when elected, were to take the same oath previous to taking their seats. When members were elected both for the Legislative Council and the Assembly, they were to choose which they accepted of.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

M. Lionne, the editor of the "Tribune," has been condemned to the maximum of the punishment allowed by law, amounting to a fine of 400*l.*, and three years' imprisonment.

Dismissals from the French Army.—The following distinguished staff-officers have just been dismissed from the French army, by an ordonnance dated the 30th ult., in consequence of their not having taken the oath of allegiance required by the law:—The Ducs de Guiche, d'Escars, de Polignac, the Prince de Croi-soire; Marquises de Rouge, d'Espinay, St. Luc, de Conflans, de Coislin; Vicomtes St. Priest and de Berbier; Counts de la Roche-Jacquelin, de Brecon, de Mesnard, de St. Hubert; Barons Crossard, de Damas. Among these, the Ducs de Guiche and d'Escars, the Prince de Croi-soire, Viscount de St. Priest, and the Baron de Damas, hold the rank of Lieutenants-General; the remainder hold that of Maréchaux-de-Camp.

The King's Speech upon Proroguing the Chambers on Thursday.—"Gentlemen of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies,

"After the long and important labour of this Session, I feel, above all, the necessity of thanking you for what you have already done for France and for myself.

"The Monarchy and the Charter are strengthened by your energetic devotion. You have understood and supported on every occasion the real interests of France, and the constitutional throne; you have afforded to my Government the most hearty support.

"France already reaps the fruits of it. There are no longer hopes on which we may venture to indulge. We have entered upon a new era of prosperity. The country is become tranquil, and confidence is restored. Commerce and industry are exhibited with an activity the most profitable. In every quarter labour secures the comfort of the people, and gives strength to the order which universally prevails.

"These improvements produce despair amongst the factious, whose disappointment evaporates in threats. They shall be impotent, Gentlemen; your honourable example will support the courage of all good citizens. The firm support of my Government will never be wanting to them; and the tranquil development of our institutions, the national security at home and abroad, will be our reward.

"To attain this object, it is indispensable that the finances and the general administration of the State shall be restored to their regular footing. The provisional state of things, in which the influence of circumstances has kept us up to the present moment, is a serious evil for the country and its Government. When it shall cease, the examination of the expenditure will become more efficacious; the voting the supplies will be freed from all embarrassment; the public authorities will be in possession of all their powers, and the country of all its guarantees.

"It is this powerful motive which has determined me to ask of your patriotism a new session. I shall order that it be immediately opened. The financial measures, which will, at length, reduce in some degree the public expenses, will be immediately submitted to you. You will, at the same time, terminate the important plans of organization, which have already been submitted to your deliberation.

"I cannot but congratulate myself upon the state of our relations with foreign Powers. Events have proved that the question which divides Holland and Belgium may be resolved without disturbing the repose of Europe.

"The state of the East pre-occupies all minds; but there is reason to believe, that a speedy determination will re-establish tranquillity in those countries. Be assured that there, as elsewhere, France will maintain the line of conduct and occupy the station which become her; and I am confident that whether the support of her dignity, or the security of her prosperity, or the preservation of her liberties, be in question, the nation will never be deceived in what it has a right to expect, and that she will render justice to our common efforts."

SPAIN.

The Cortes are convoked for the 20th of June next, for the sole purpose of taking the oath of fidelity to the future Queen. The forms prescribed for the convocation of this assembly will render it a mere piece of religious or feudal pageantry; and if the Government can exercise a control over its proceedings, the meeting will be rigorously kept from all political discussion. But if this be the case,—if the Deputies are to be packed by the Administration, and restrained from any free expression of opinion when they assemble,—will their sanction be of much service as the confirmation of a disputed title?

PORTUGAL.

On the 4th instant, being the Queen's birthday, Don Pedro made the following promotions:—Marquis Palmella made Duke of Fayal; Count Funchal, Marquis of Funchal; Brigadier-General Torres, who defended the Serra Convent, made Baron Bernardo de Sa; the Governor of Oporto, who lost his arm on the 27th of September, a Baron; with several other promotions.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

At Lewisham church, Edward Ross, second son of the late Rev. Thomas Ross, of Ross Trevor, in the county of Down, to Ann Mayon, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay.

At Duncrub, Perthshire, Captain Thomas Knox Trotter, the younger, 17th Lancers, of Ballindean, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Rollo.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. J. Hobart Seymour, M.A., Prebendary of Gloucester, eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir M. Seymour, Bart., K.C.B., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Culme, of Tothil, Devon.

At Kentchurch, near Hereford, G. Bentham, Esq., only son of the late General Sir S. Bentham, K.S.G., and nephew of the late Jeremy Bentham, Esq., to Sarah, youngest daughter of Sir H. J. Brydges, K.C., LL.D., late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia.

Sir John Brooke Pechell, Bart., to the Hon. Julia Maria, only surviving daughter of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

Francis James Saumarez Savage, Esq., youngest son of Colonel Sir John Boscawen Savage, C.B. and K.C.H., to Susannah Jane, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Eveleigh, LL.B., vicar of Lamberhurst and Aylesford, in the county of Kent.

Andrew Starky, Esq., of Spye-park, in the country of Wilts, to Charlotte, daughter of William Wyndham, Esq., of Dinton, in the same county.

At Chichester, Adam Urquhart, Esq., of Edinburgh, to Miss Mary Lydia Maltby, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.

Died.]—Suddenly, on the 8th of March last, at his residence in Charlotte-street, Leamington, of a disease of the heart, William Weston, Esq., deeply lamented by his family.

At Helstone, Cornwall, aged 68, Samuel Drew, M.A., editor of "The Imperial Magazine," and author of an extraordinary work on the Immortality of the Soul. Mr. Drew was originally a shoemaker, and left London a few months ago to die on the spot where he was born.

On the Island of Boa Vista, South America, R. Nicholson, Esq., formerly of Coleman-street. He was barbarously murdered by ruffians in his own house, in the presence of his wife and children.

At her house in Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, the Dowager Lady Strachan, aged 67.

At St. Omer, J. T. Fane, Esq., late M.P. for Lyme Regis, and nephew to the Earl of Westmoreland.

At Bermuda, in the 70th year of his age, Vice-Admiral Sir William Charles Fahie, Knight Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, and of St. Ferdinand and of Merit.

At the house of her mother, the Dowager Lady Astley, Anne, the wife of Thomas Potter Macqueen, of Bedfordshire, Esq., and sister of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart., M.P. of Milton Constable, Norfolk.

At her residence in Grosvenor-square, the Dowager Julia Lady Petre, relict of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, and youngest sister of Bernard Edward Duke of Norfolk, in the 64th year of her age.

At Bath, William Murray, Esq., of Glencaird, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, North Britain, formerly of Montreal, Lower Canada, in the 83d year of his age.

In Bruton-street, the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Foley.

At Antony, Caroline Anne, wife of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, and sister of the present William Henry Lord Lyttelton.

In Langham-place, Sir James Langham, Bt.

Anna, youngest daughter of H. Corbould, Esq., of Crescent-place, Burton-crescent, aged six years.

In Grosvenor-square, Henry George, Earl of Carnarvon, in the 61st year of his age.

At Brasted, Kent, aged 76, William Walton, Esq., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and one of the King's Counsel.

Miss Mary Flaxman, aged 66. She was sister to the late eminent sculptor, and allied to him not more nearly by blood than by congeniality of character; she partook of his devotional spirit, his pure benevolence, and his refined taste, though she had not that genius and those talents which have conferred on our departed countryman a European celebrity.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The following gentlemen are to form the Factory Commission which is immediately to be sent into the manufacturing districts, in compliance with the vote of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Wilson Patten:—Mr. Thos. Tooke, F.R.S., Mr. L. Horner, Mr. Stuart (the American traveller), Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Power, Mr. Tuffnell (Poor-Laws' Commissioners), Mr. Spencer, Dr. Woolriche, Dr. B. Hawkins, Dr. Loudon. One or two more medical men are to be added.

Navigation of the Port of London.—The following order has been issued by the Committee for the Improvement of the Port of London:—"Ordered, that the harbour-masters do see that the provisions of the by-laws for keeping open a free and unobstructed passage-way, of not less than 300 feet, are scrupulously enforced, and particularly in the Lower Pool; that they do not allow at any time a greater number of ships or vessels being moored at the several tiers than is directed by the said by-laws."

The bas-reliefs, illustrating the naval and military victories of Great Britain during the reign of George IV., have been placed at the top of the new palace, instead of on the marble arch, as originally intended. They were executed by Westmacott, and cost 60,000*l*.

At a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates, Mr. Rotch was elected Chairman of the Sessions. The numbers were announced to be—for Mr. Rotch, 45; for Mr. Jessop, 4; for Mr. Halcomb, 0. Mr. Swabey had previously withdrawn from the contest.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Human Remains discovered.—A discovery highly interesting to the antiquarian has brought to light the remains of warriors whose powerful arms, at least 1800 years ago, gave laws to our ancestors. Some workmen employed in digging for stones on Limloe-hill, a few miles from Royston, discovered the remains of several bodies, one of which, in a most perfect state, was timely saved from their mutilation. It was carefully taken up by Mr. Deck, practical chemist, of Cambridge, in whose possession it now is, and will form very nearly an entire skeleton. This extraordinary preservation of perishable remains from so remote a period is in a great measure to be attributed to its being found imbedded upon a dry chalk soil:

its position was east and west, with the left arm across the body, and the right arm extended by its side. Upon the breast were numerous pieces of broken pottery, evidently the remains of urns of fine workmanship, and several coins of Claudius and Vespasian, and Faustina.

DEVON.

A small brass medal has been found in a field recently ploughed up near Glastonbury. The obverse represents a venerable half-length figure of St. Patrick, attired in a cope, with a rich mitre on his head; his right hand is raised in the act of blessing; his left supports the archiepiscopal cross. The inscription is "S. Patr. Vet. Scotiæ Sev. Hiber. Ap." The reverse presents the half-length figure of an Abbess, holding a lily in her right hand, and the crosier turned from her, resting on her left shoulder, with this inscription, "S. Brig. V. Hiber. SS. Insvlæ. Pat." St. Bridget, or Bride, died about the middle of the sixth century.

KENT.

Preparations are making for building a new quay on the southern side of the Pent near Dover. The work will shortly be commenced.

YORK.

Discovery of a Roman Relic.—As the workmen were engaged in removing some old buildings in the Mint yard, York (where it is intended to form the new street from Blake-street to Bootham-bar), they came to a flat stone about three feet long and two feet broad, which on removing displayed on the under side a Roman inscription, every letter of which was perfect, and surrounded by curious carving in equal preservation: DEO' SANCTO SERAPI TEMPLVM' ASO LO' FECIT CL' HERONYMIANVS' LEG LEG' VI' VICT.' The inscription may be thus translated—"This temple, sacred to the God *Serapis*, was erected (A Solo) from the ground, by Claudius Hieronymianus, legate or lieutenant of the Sixth Conquering Legion." This curious piece of ancient sculpture is supposed, from the inscription, to be nearly 1700 years old. It is at present deposited in one of the rooms at the Guildhall.—*York Paper.*

IRELAND.

Ancient Statue.—There is now preserved in the Carmelite Church, in Whitefriar-street, Dublin, a very interesting sample of ancient sculpture—a statue of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, carved in Irish oak, as large as life. The style of the execution is dry and Gothic, yet it has considerable merit, and is by many attributed to some pupil of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and manner it seems to belong. There are some traditional circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue, which are interesting. It was originally a distinguished ornament in St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious reverence than of admiration for the beauty of its construction. (See Archdall's Monasticon.) Its fame, however, was lost when the religious house in which it was deposited was suppressed. The Abbey was given to the Earl of Ormond for stables for his train, and the beautiful relic alluded to was condemned, and supposed to have been consigned to the flames. One-half of the statue was actually burned, but it was fortunately the less important moiety, and when placed in a niche, the deficiency is somewhat concealed. The portion remaining was carried by some person to a neighbouring inn-yard, where, with its face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated to the ignoble purpose of a pig-trough! In this situation it remained until the irreligious tempest had subsided, and the vandalism of the Iconoclasts had passed away, and then it was restored to its ancient respect in the humble chapel of St. Michan's parish (Mary's-lane), which had timidly ventured to rise out of the ruins of the great monastery, to which the statue originally belonged. During the long night of its obscurity a great change had, however, taken place in the spirit of the times more dangerous to its safety than even the abhorrence of its Iconoclast enemies. No longer an object of admiration to any except the curious antiquary, it was considered of such little value by its owners, that within the last few years the ancient silver crown which adorned the head was sold for its mere intrinsic value, and melted down as old plate *. The statue itself would most probably have shared the fate of its coronet, had it been composed of an equally precious material, but fortunately it was rescued for a trifling sum, by the Very Rev. John Spratt, prior of the Carmelite-convent, Whitefriar-street, where it is at present deposited, at the epistle side of the high altar.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

* This crown is generally supposed to have been the identical one used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, in Christ's-church, Dublin.